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THE

CENTENARY SOUVENIR.

CONTAINING

A HISTORY

OF

CENTENARY CHURCH, CHARLESTON,

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND LABORS

OF

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE,
FATHER OF THE PASTOR OF CENTENARY CHURCH.

CHARLESTON S. C.
1885.

1. M. E. Church. - U.S. History.
2. Charleston, S.C. - Churches (Meth. Epis.): Centenary Church.
3. Theology.

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TO

MY FAITHFUL AND LOVING CENTENARY CONGREGATION

AND TO

MY FRIENDS OF ALL CREEDS AND COLORS,

This Book

IS DEDICATED BY

W. H. LAWRENCE.

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ping in three churches, viz., Old Bethel, St. James, and Zion Presbyterian Church on Calhoun Street. The congregation worshipping in this latter church had been driven from Trinity M. E. Church, South, by the continued bombardment of the city. All these congregations were connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Old Bethel had its own building, but the colored members of St. James and Trinity had occupied the galleries of their respective churches. As the whites had generally fled they now occupied the body of the churches. Shortly after Brother Lewis's arrival the congregation was requested to leave the Presbyterian Church, and they returned to Trinity. The brethren repaired the breaches made by the shells of the late bombardment, and the sisters swept and garnished the house, so that to re-enter the old church under the auspices of freedom was a time of rejoicing.

At this period representatives of the African M. E. Church were in the city persuading the colored people to unite with their denomination, which had preserved a separate organization as a colored church in the North for half a century. This movement drew away members from all these congregations.

When Andrew Johnson began the work of reconstruction the white pastors and congregations returned, and began to demand their churches from their colored brethren. They saw no necessity for the presence of the "Yankee" preachers in the city, and felt that white and colored members might worship according to the plan of the old *regime*. At a communion service at Trinity two Southern white pastors proposed this arrangement. The brethren asked time for consideration. Then began an earnest contest. Revs. Samuel Weston, J. A. Sasportas, Jacob Mills, Chas. H. Holloway, and others as representatives of their people were invited to many consultations with the authorities of the M. E. Church, South, to arrange some plan to continue to worship with the

Southern whites. The congregations of color were attached to the old spiritual battle grounds and to their old pastors. On the other hand, Brother Lewis represented the "Old Mother Church," or the "John Wesley Church," as some enthusiastically called it. They said they had not been consulted in the division of 1844, and as they had not withdrawn or been expelled they claimed their membership in it. Could Brother Lewis give them churches if they left their old places? Brother Lewis said he would hold fast to the Church in the North, and they would all hold on to God in prayer, and churches would certainly be provided.

On the day appointed for the decision with regard to the Trinity congregation the people were addressed by the Southern white pastors. They appealed to old associations, and made a strong impression. They said "stay with us in your old places in the galleries." Brother Lewis arose and said: "Brethren and sisters, there will be no galleries in heaven. Those who are willing to go with a Church that makes no distinction as to race or color, follow me to the Normal School on the corner of Beaufain and St. Phillips Streets."

The congregation rose to a man, and marched with enthusiasm to the Normal School. The Spring Street Church was held by the colored people against all comers for a long time. Application was made to the United States authorities to dispossess the colored people of the building, but without avail. Brother Lewis now had three congregations to minister unto. In this work he was gladly assisted by a number of local preachers whom he had licensed as preachers of our Church.

In December, 1865, Bishop Baker sent Rev. Alonzo Webster, D.D., a member of high standing in the Vermont Conference, to Charleston, to help Brother Lewis in his great work of reorganizing the South Carolina Conference of the *M. E. Church*. Dr. Webster began life's business as

a farm-hand, but found means to enter the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, at Newbury, Vermont. He joined the New Hampshire Conference in 1837, was transferred to the Vermont Conference, and in 1844, while stationed at the seat of the Conference Seminary, was married to Miss Laura A. Peaseley. He occupied important positions in that Conference. He was stationed at the capital city, was presiding elder of the Springfield District, and for four years occupied the position of secretary and financial agent of the Vermont Bible Society under a commission from the American Bible Society. While in this position Middlebury College honored him with the degree of A.M. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Alleghany College. For nine years he held the position of editor of the Vermont Christian Messenger. This paper was placed by him on a firm basis, and still exists. Rev. R. H. Howard, of the New England Conference, in a recently published letter, refers to his ability as a journalist. He believes that Dr. Webster might have held easily and adorned with special gifts the editorial chair of one of our great official organs.

He was chaplain of the Vermont State Senate, and held other important trusts in his native State. During the civil war, as chaplain, he was present at the battle of Gettysburg, and in Grant's famous campaign of the Wilderness. He never flinched amid the most dangerous perils.

Rev. T. W. Lewis gave Dr. Webster a cordial greeting. The congregations were delighted with his sermons and his sympathetic spirit. His first sermon was preached in the Normal School. Brother Lewis was grandly holding the congregations in daily expectation of aid to reorganize our Church. In Dr. Webster he received suitable assistance. Dr. Webster is a hard worker, an original, forcible, and fearless preacher, and stands by the right regardless of consequences. He is an independent thinker and a careful organizer. These brethren now began to plan to furnish

their devoted adherents with houses of worship and careful supervision. Means were to be employed to reach the poor with all the blessings of the gospel.

It was agreed that Dr. Webster should take charge of the work in the city, while Brother Lewis went into the country to meet and organize large congregations now anxiously awaiting his coming.

Here Brother Lewis did efficient service. He organized churches in Orangeburg, Columbia, Sumter, and other towns. He sought out suitable brethren for preachers and organizers of work in the various sections of the State. He looked for young men to educate for teachers and preachers. In no age of the world did a laborer in Christ's vineyard work more faithfully or unselfishly. He travelled by rail, by stage coach, by private conveyance, on horseback, and on foot; he slept in the humblest cabins, and accepted all kinds of food. At Greenville he found a large congregation of strong and intelligent people. Two brethren came to him who have since become very prominent in the Conference. One of these was the Rev. V. H. Bulkly. This brother was reared in Charleston, amidst peculiar advantages; he entered the ministry and gathered congregations in waste places, which were organized into what are now flourishing churches; he became presiding elder, and so favorable was the impression made by him upon the bishops, that he was selected as one of the representatives of the Church at the Ecumenical Methodist Council, in London, in 1881.

Rev. J. R. Rosemond was the other brother. He was born in 1820, licensed to preach in 1850, by Rev. O. A. Darby, of the M. E. Church, South, and served that Church many years as a faithful colored preacher. In 1867, Brother Rosemond was ordained deacon, and sent to take the up country for God and Methodism. In spite of opposition on the part of Southern whites to the Yankee Church, he succeeded in establishing about eighty preaching places along

the North Carolina and Georgia lines. The churches at Spartanburg, Yorkville, Greenville, Anderson, and Walhalla, are some of the most flourishing which now recognize the Rev. J. B. Rosemond as their founder.

II.

THE history of the purchase of Centenary Church is an interesting evidence of God's care for his work. The people worshipping in the Normal School early observed a day of fasting and prayer, that God would supply them with a suitable building. Bishop Baker heard of this touching instance of faith; he promised the brethren that the missionary society would assist them to secure a church. It was discovered that the Wentworth Street Baptist Church was for sale. This society had been so crippled by the war, that it was determined to unite with the congregation worshipping at the Citadel Square Baptist Church. The Wentworth Street property is an elegant brick structure in the Corinthian style of architecture, with a fine lecture-room attached. Its estimated value is $75,000.

Negotiations were immediately begun, resulting in a bargain at $20,000. This amount the missionary society agreed to furnish. When the Baptist brethren discovered that their church was to fall into the hands of Northern brethren for the use of a colored congregation, they imposed further conditions, which seemed likely to prevent the sale. They said the money must be paid in gold, and during the banking hours of an appointed day. Gold commanded a premium of 50 per cent., which was an addition of $10,000 to the stipulated price. The Charleston people must raise this $10,000. Meetings were called, collectors appointed, and an heroic effort made. Some of the mothers in Israel even contributed

the money which had been sacredly laid away for their burial.

As there was not $20,000 in available gold in the city, a broker was authorized to purchase this amount in New York. The box of precious metal reached Charleston on the morning of the day when the money must be paid, or the bargain broken. The broker declined the draft of $20,000 of the missionary society, which the brethren presented. Mr. Geo. W. Williams agreed to cash the draft, but as exchange then commanded a premium against the brethren, this involved an additional outlay of a few hundred dollars. Mr. Thomas Tally and other well-to-do members of the church were fortunately able to command the needed amount. Mr. Williams's check was accepted by the broker, and a dray carried the box of gold to the lawyer's office, where the papers were to be signed. Just as the two thousand golden eagles were being rung upon the counter the minute hand of the clock began to count off the last half hour of the appointed time, and the property passed forever into the hands of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The deed was made out, from motives of prudence, on account of the unsettled condition of the country, to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held in trust by Alonzo Webster, Charles Holloway, George Shrewsbury, John Gibbes, Jacob Mills, Samuel Weston, January Holmes, and Archibald Walker, Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Charleston. This transaction took place on the 10th of April, 1866.

The rededication of the church according to the forms and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church was a day to be remembered. Rev. Dr. Webster preached the sermon. Many distinguished Northerners joined in the services and rejoicings of the occasion.

The third congregation remained to be provided for.

They had held the St. James Church, but it became evident that this arrangement was only temporary.

On Meeting Street, opposite Spring Street, was a pleasure ground known as Tivoli Garden. It was a well-shaded grove with a small hall in it. This was purchased for the St. James congregation. Seats were erected, and the property dedicated to the service of Almighty God. The Rev. T. W. Lewis preached the dedicatory sermon. A church was built here during the pastorate of the Rev. B. L. Roberts, which is now known as Wesley M. E. Church.

It became evident that some theological instruction was needed for the native helpers. A property was secured on East Bay Street, which was called Baker Theological Institute, in honor of the bishop of that name. Here these brethren resorted for instruction. Besides Revs. Bulkly and Rosemond, mentioned before, there came to this institute Rev. Abram Middleton, Rev. James B. Middleton, Rev. E. M. Pinckney, Rev. I. E. Lowery, Rev. E. J. Snetter, Rev. Lewis Rivers, Rev. Burrell James, Rev. Lemuel Arthur, and others. The oldest of these students was Brother Abram Middleton. He was born in Charleston in 1827, and, in spite of all the laws against negro education, was taught at a school kept by Mrs. Mary Ann Berry. Brother Middleton was converted in the great Charleston revival of 1843, while kneeling under a peach tree in his mother's garden. He entered our ministerial work with enthusiasm. He organized whole sections of the State into Methodist parishes. He built 28 churches, bought one, and gave another, making 30 in all. He remodelled and improved others besides parsonages. His trade as a carpenter served the Church well in this pioneer service. He had just finished remodelling the pulpit and building the altar at Centenary Church the day before he was ordained deacon by Bishop Scott. Bishop Haven appointed Brother Middleton a few years after to a place in the Conference cabinet. Marion Circuit, which he

now serves, is enjoying a remarkable revival. Rev. J. B. Middleton, a younger brother, was a delegate to the General Conference of 1872. Rev. E. M. Pinckney visited Great Britain as a member of the Grand Lodge of the World of the Order of Good Templars. Rev. Joshua E. Wilson, another Charlestonian, has been a member of a number of General Conferences, and was nominated by Dr. Daniel Curry, at the last General Conference, to be bishop of Africa, a place now so ably filled by Bishop Wm. Taylor. Rev. I. E. Lowery was educated by a Northern lady at Wilbraham, Mass., and has occupied some prominent appointments in the Conference.

Two brethren of the Conference whose lives Heaven had graciously lengthened to behold these days, were Revs. Samuel Weston and J. A. Sasportas. These brethren were highly respected under the old *regime*. They were both gentlemen of property. Rev. Samuel Weston was born in Charleston in 1804. He became identified with the Church in early life. He was an exhorter and class leader. From his class a number of young men went into the ministry, among them the Rev. Bishop Payne, the Nestor of the African Church. This class is now led by Capt. Henry T. Gradick at Centenary Church. Brother Weston was almost the central figure in the great revival of 1854. In the reorganization of the old Church he was of great service to Dr. Webster and Brother Lewis. He labored some time as an assistant to these brethren in Charleston, and was then appointed to the Camden charge. He served this charge so acceptably that he was recalled for another term. His last charge was Wesley M. E. Church, Charleston. He died in 1882. He was an Israelite in whom there was no guile.

The Rev. J. A. Sasportas was for many years a local preacher in the M. E. Church, South. He travelled long circuits as a junior preacher, serving acceptably white and colored *congregations*. His influence was very strong with

both races. In company with other prominent colored men he helped to sustain a school for a number of years at Rev. Chas. H. Holloway's residence on Beaufain Street, and by a judicious combination of strength obtained several grants of peculiar privileges for free colored people from the South Carolina Legislature. He has occupied prominent Conference positions, been a presiding elder, and done efficient service to education as a trustee of Claflin University. His son, Rev. F. W. Sasportas, is now presiding elder of the Port Royal District.

At the Baker Theological Institute the South Carolina Conference was organized, and held its first session under Bishop Baker. The Conference included what is now the Florida Conference.

The Rev. Wm. O. Weston, the son of the Rev. Samuel Weston, furnished valuable assistance to the Rev. Dr. Webster as pastor of the Charleston churches. He was a clear and strong preacher. He did much work in a clerical and official capacity in filling church records and class papers, and the various documents which a thorough effort at reconstruction demanded.

The year 1866 was full of labor. Churches were organized by the Charleston pastors in the vicinity of the city and on the adjacent islands. The Christian Advocate was then established at Charleston under the editorial supervision of Dr. Webster. A Rev. Mr. Randolph, a colored man of Northern birth, and a graduate of Oberlin College, assisted in the management of this paper. He was cruelly murdered while standing upon the platform of a car in one of the upper counties of the State. As he fell riddled with bullets his assassins quietly mounted their horses and rode away. So great was the excitement of the colored people over this event that an outbreak was with difficulty prevented.

III.

At the Conference of 1869, Rev. T. W. Lewis returned to Charleston as city pastor, and Dr. A. Webster was appointed as presiding elder of the Charleston District. This year begins an epoch in the educational history of the South Carolina Conference. The Hon. Lee Claflin, and his son, Gov. Wm. Claflin, offered means for the purchase and establishment of an institution of the higher grade of education. Brother Lewis and Dr. Webster selected as a site for this school the property of the Orangeburg Female College at Orangeburg, S. C. Dr. Webster became the first president, and obtained from the Legislature a charter granting it the usual privileges of such institutions under the name of Claflin University. While chaplain of the Senate, Dr. Webster secured the location of the State Agricultural College and Mechanics' Institute at Orangeburg, in connection with the University. Under the presidency of the Rev. E. Cooke, D.D., the State passed into the hands of the Democratic party, but an arrangement was effected whereby a branch of this institution was continued at Claflin, and some six thousand dollars of annual support thereby secured from the government. The first preacher of the Conference to graduate at this institution in the classical department, was the Rev. D. M. Minus. Born in 1848, married in early life, his history, since he joined the Conference, is an account of a long, persistent, self-sacrificing struggle for an education. Wherever his lot was cast he found tutors who helped to prepare him for college. His whole course was interrupted by the labors of various charges and the care of a large family. He is now pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, Orangeburg, and *principal of* a flourishing academy. Rev. E. H.

Coit, Rev. L. S. Blakeney, Rev. R. A. Thomas, Rev. S. Thomas, Rev. Thomas Simms, Rev. J. C. Pendergrass, Rev. J. L. Chestnut, Rev. E. M. Pinckney, Rev. Edward Kirby, Rev. Morris Stewart, Rev. P. D. Harris, Rev. Wm. McWillie, Rev. W. S. Bailey, Rev. W. S. Harris, and Rev. S. S. Butler are some of the members of the South Carolina Conference who have received training to a greater or less extent in some department of Claflin University.

In 1871 Charleston was visited by the scourge of yellow fever. The Rev. T. W. Lewis was in the midst of a successful pastorate. He was advised to leave the city, and did so. He returned prematurely, and was sent to Sullivan's Island. Here the fever attacked him. This prostration of a beloved pastor affected his people profoundly. Everything that love or skill could suggest was employed to save the precious life. Mrs. Elizabeth Dunbar, an experienced nurse, a member of Centenary Church, assisted the anxious wife in the care of her husband. All was of no avail. The enfeebled frame succumbed to the ravages of the destroyer. The closing scenes of this beautiful life had all the glory of an autumnal sunset. He gave directions that his body should be buried near the scenes of his last labors. He beheld visions, and uttered pious exclamations—and was gone! So passed away, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and after nine years of service in the South as a missionary and a pioneer, the Rev. Timothy Willard Lewis, a graduate of a New York college, a cultivated gentleman, a good preacher, a faithful servant of God, a martyr to the cause of God and humanity. His memory still lingers as ointment poured forth.

The body was brought to the city in a small boat; a vast concourse of people assembled along the wharves to meet his remains. Centenary Church could not contain the congregation that crowded to the funeral services. The Rev. William O. Weston preached the sermon. It was pronounced by competent judges to have been a production of

unusual excellence. It was a faithful review of a holy and consecrated life, and a fitting expression of gratitude for the service he had rendered the Church in the South. A funeral cortege, rivalling in extent, if not in magnificence, that which bore the great John C. Calhoun to his tomb in Charleston, accompanied the remains of Rev. T. W. Lewis to Magnolia Cemetery. A beautiful marble tablet to the memory of this sainted brother has been placed on the right side of the Centenary pulpit. The chairman of the committee which accomplished this work was Dr. M. G. Camplin.

In 1872 the Rev. Henry T. Fox, D.D., of the New England Conference, was appointed pastor of the Charleston Churches. He was a fine preacher, and atttacted large congregations. This year a memorable General Conference met in Brooklyn. Twenty-eight years before the delegates from the slave-holding States returned home with the determination that never again should Methodists from these States be represented in a General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After seven years of reorganization and successful labor, these very States were now sending delegates to represent the several Annual Conferences, recently organized, in this General Conference. The brethren from South Carolina were Revs. A. Webster, D.D., and J. B. Middleton, clerical; and Rev. Chas. H. Holloway and H. Cardozo, lay delegates. It was a pleasure highly appreciated by these brethren to vote for Gilbert Haven, the distinguished abolitionist, as a bishop to reside in the South.

Before Dr. Fox had completed two years of his pastorate he resigned to accept a professorship of English literature in the South Carolina University. This vacancy for the rest of the Conference year was partly supplied by a Rev. Mr. Lane, a brother who proved not to be a properly accredited minister. His removal on this account from the people, to whom he had become greatly attached, produced a little friction and excitement.

In 1874 the Rev. T. J. Abbott, of the New England Conference, was stationed at Centenary Church. Bishop Haven introduced him to this Southern work. It was determined at this Conference session to station a preacher over each one of the three Charleston Churches. Rev. J. A. Sasportas became, therefore, the pastor of Old Bethel, and Rev. B. L. Roberts of Wesley.

Brother Abbott began his work with much enthusiasm. The congregation fitted up for his residence one of the houses of the Magee estate, at No. 40 Beaufain Street, which has since been known as the Centenary Parsonage. This property of the Magee estate has a peculiar history. Some time before the secession of the slave-holding Conferences in 1844 from the Methodist Episcopal Church, when there was no M. E. Church, South, a Mr. Magee died, having willed his property to certain heirs, with the understanding that in the event of their death the property should go to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Charleston to sustain missionary work. This property passed through the hands of the last heir just after the reorganization of our Church in South Carolina. The question now was which denomination—the Methodist Episcopal Church or the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—should have the property. The matter is still in litigation. The M. E. Church, South, claims it because Mr. Magee was with them before the separation, and if he had lived would have continued with them after the change of name. The M. E. Church claims it because the will is made out in the name of that Church, and nobody can certainly know whether he would have continued with his Southern brethren or not. People change!

Possession is nine points in law. The M. E. Church has possession. The suit is not pressed, because many brethren of the M. E. Church, South, think it is no more than fair that the colored people, after long years of service with them, *should have something.* The property of the Magee estate

is now rented, and the profits equally divided among the three Churches—viz., Centenary, Old Bethel, and Wesley.

After serving three years Brother Abbot returned North, and the Rev. L. M. Dunton, at the Conference of 1877, was stationed at Centenary. This brother, with his accomplished wife, had come South to seek health in a change of climate. He taught for some time at Claflin University, and was then stationed at Greenville, S. C. From Greenville he removed to Charleston. He did good work at Centenary. He is a capital organizer and manager. He left the charge at the end of three years in splendid condition. The Church raised $1500 the last year to put the building in fine repair. Brother Dunton is now president of Claflin University.

The Conference of 1880 was held in Centenary Church. The great Bishop Simpson presided. His sermon on Sabbath morning before the ordination of elders will long be remembered. Although his wonderful powers had now lost some of their energy because of advancing years, yet there was the kindling of the old fire. The feeble frame swelled under the divine afflatus until he was again the mighty orator sweeping everything with resistless eloquence. He sent to Centenary the Rev. A. S. Dobbs, D.D., of the Erie Conference. Old Bethel and Wesley received from the Conference Revs. E. C. Brown and I. E. Lowery as pastors. A warm reception awaited Dr. Dobbs. His sermons attracted immediate attention. A series of lectures on his travels in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine brought him out as a marked man. It was his lot to appoint a number of young leaders to fill the places of those who had recently died. Although his judgment in these appointments was then questioned, yet time has fully vindicated that judgment. The leaders then appointed have been successful, and their consistent lives have won respect.

IV.

At the Conference of 1883, Rev. W. H. Lawrence, Professor of Ancient Languages at Claflin University, was appointed pastor of Centenary Church. Rev. H. Cardozo was stationed at Old Bethel, and Rev. E. C. Brown was moved from Old Bethel to Wesley Church.

The many changes in the previous administration had created more or less confusion, but the new pastor of Centenary was granted a cordial reception. The preceding pastor had predicted a revival, and the new pastor soon discovered signs of the coming visitation. The night service in the auditorium had been for some time abandoned. In its place a prayer meeting had been conducted in the lecture-room. The second Sunday night of this Conference year the auditorium was opened for service. The pastor began a series of revival sermons.

Preparations were made systematically to utilize the expected blessing. Old dissensions were buried, and extinguished friendships revived. Tracts were distributed, and friends were appealed to in person or by letter. The Church was urged to consecrate itself for special labor.

On Easter Sunday Rev. Jesse A. Clifton, pastor of Spring Street M. E. Church, preached with demonstration of the Spirit and with power sent down from heaven. At the conclusion of the sermon he invited penitents to the altar. The afternoon was stormy, and the congregation exceedingly small. About twelve young men, to the surprise and gratification of the congregation, arose, however, and approached the altar for prayer. Nearly all of them were then and there converted. The continuance of the storm prevented a meeting at night.

The next Sunday, April the 1st, the protracted meetings were formally opened by the pastor. A few conversions that night showed the divine presence. The following Monday night the Rev. Jesse A. Clifton preached again. A wonderful outbreak came after the sermon. Penitents thronged the altar and drowned the regular services with their agonizing cries. The Revs. Henry Cardozo, E. C. Brown, L. R. Nichols, Frank Brown, Samuel Washington, Paul Jefferson, M. V. Gray, E. P. Hooker, Bishop Stevens of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Elias Garden, Nelson Richardson, and Holloway, from the city and State, assisted the pastor in the pulpit work. Rev. Dr. Milburn, the celebrated blind preacher, and Rev. Dr. Hatfield, of New York, visited the church during the revival, and preached two excellent sermons. Rev. Drs. Junkin and Bracket preached on two Sunday nights while the meetings were in progress. Rev. Wm. McDonald, of Boston, was present at some of the services. Mr. Thomas Leitch, and some friends of Trinity Church, labored at the altar, and Brother Leitch gave us a sermon.

The six weeks' meeting resulted in the addition of about 350 members to the Church, and in about 500 conversions. Nearly every church was benefited by this revival. The fathers and mothers in Israel declared such scenes had not been witnessed since the great revival of 1854 at Trinity M. E. Church, South.

The revival built up the Church materially. All bitter remembrances and heart-burnings were effectually wiped out. The spring time had come, and the song of the dove was heard in the land. So kindly was the feeling of those who had recently found peace that a present of a handsome silver tea-service was made by them to the pastor. The time selected for the presentation was the third Sunday in May. Dr. A. G. Haygood, the author of "Our Brother in Black," was invited to preach in the afternoon. Rev. A.

Coke Smith, the pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, South, was present in the pulpit. Dr. Haygood preached an excellent discourse to a congregation filling every part of the building. After the sermon, Messrs. N. P. Russell, Daniel Bryan, and A. H. Kiddell, in the name of the young converts, presented to the pastor this token of their esteem. The pastor was "too full for utterance," and the Rev. A. Coke Smith relieved what might have been an embarrassment by leading the congregation in a fervent prayer.

The 21st of October was a big day at Centenary Church. One hundred and forty-one candidates for full membership were prepared for reception into the Church. The number was so large that they approached the altar in sections to receive the right hand of fellowship. So impressive was the scene that a large number of unconverted persons yielded to spiritual influences, and coming forward joined on probation.

On the 3d of December Mrs. Mary L. Dunton, the wife of Rev. L. M. Dunton, a former pastor of the Church, and now president of Claflin Unversity, lectured at Centenary Church. Her subject was "Stepped On." As the pastor's wife, she had not manifested any public gifts, and was very shy and retiring. It was a surprise to find her a lecturer of reputation in the highest Methodist circles of the North. A large audience expressed a high appreciation of her effort.

Bishop Bowman favored Charleston with a visit *en route* to hold the Florida Conference. He preached at Old Bethel, and lectured at Centenary on "India and Our Missions." The first year closed with much satisfaction to pastor and people. The receipts of this year were double the receipts of the previous year.

The year 1884 was a quiet year in the Charleston Churches. At Centenary the regular revival services resulted in a few conversions. It was a year of solid work, a strengthening of the Church in various forms of evangelical service.

After several years of suspension the Conference paper

was revived under the name of the "Methodist Messenger." Rev. A. Webster, D.D., was elected editor-in-chief, with Rev. W. H. Lawrence and Rev. H. Cardozo associate editors. Rev. E. C. Brown was elected treasurer and general business manager. Rev. H. Cardozo, the second associate editor, was born in Charleston, in 1830. He was educated in the best schools, and apprenticed to the Rev. Samuel Weston to learn the tailor's trade. In 1852 he was converted, and in 1858 he left the South on account of the evils of race prejudice. In 1868, after reconstruction, he returned. He took license as a local preacher. For two years he served as county auditor, and for four years thence following he was State senator. In 1876 he was stationed at Columbia. He found a membership of thirty-five. At the end of three years he left the Church with a building costing with the lot $8000 and with a membership of 165. In this grand financial work he was greatly assisted by the Church Extension Society. Bro. Cardozo is now pastor of Old Bethel Church.

Rev. E. C. Brown boasts that he was born a slave. When freedom came he was just able to spell in Webster's blue-back speller, "The sun is up and we are up too." Since then Bro. Brown has been constantly rising. He has held several prominent charges in the Conference. As pastor of Wesley Church he has made his influence felt throughout the State.

The first brother to give our new enterprise strong financial aid was Rev. B. F. Witherspoon, then stationed at Anderson. This brother was reared in Columbia, and has been very successful in the ministry. Rev. J. A. Brown has contributed some interesting articles to this paper, entitled "Scraps from Lydia." The brothers, Revs. James R. Townsend and A. G. Townsend, have been firm friends of the enterprise. They are Charleston boys. One is stationed at Sumter and the other is professor at Claflin University. Rev.

A. S. McLees, Rev. E. J. Frederick and Rev. F. F. Frederick, Rev. C. C. Jacobs, Rev. W. R. Jervay, Rev. F. L. Baxter, Rev. H. F. McElwee, Rev. A. Cooper, Rev. M. F. Black, Rev. W. G. Deas, and Rev. F. D. Smith are some who have helped to sustain the paper.

In the fall of 1884 occurred the regular Presidential election. Contrary to general expectation, Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, was elected. This event produced a dreadful state of uneasiness among the colored people. When the Democratic party went out of power twenty-four years ago it left millions of colored people in bondage. All the blessings of liberty had been enjoyed under a Republican administration. The return of the Democratic party to power looked like a virtual re-enslavement of the colored race. Of course, slavery, they knew, could not be re-established, but their condition might, under unfavorable auspices, be reduced to an experience of its degradation and sorrows. The pastors of the colored churches were interviewed by reporters of the News and Courier, and their thoughts upon this subject published. Revs. E. T. Hooker, W. H. Lawrence, J. E. Hayne, H. Cardozo, E. Winston Taylor, S. B. Garrett, and L. Ruffin Nichols, of Charleston; Revs. F. E. McDonald, M. G. Johnson, and J. C. Waters, of Columbia, thus spoke through the press to quiet the apprehensions of their colored fellow-citizens.

The year 1885 was a memorable year in Charleston. It opened with revival efforts in the white and colored churches. The eccentric, but consecrated, Rev. Sam Jones for two weeks shelled the city with gospel hot shot from batteries planted in the pulpits of Bethel and Trinity M. E. Churches, South. Besides these regular services, he preached a sermon or two to men only at the Citadel Square Baptist Church. By invitation of the pastor he preached on the last Saturday night of his visit at Centenary. A strong impression was made

by him on the community, and much fallow ground broken up. The Rev. Dr. Guersant preached for two weeks at the Westminster Presbyterian Church to the united Presbyterian congregations of Charleston. Meetings were opened at Centenary and the Morris Street Baptist Churches simultaneously. Several of the prominent workers of the Sam Jones's meetings kindly assisted at Centenary in the beginning of the work. The Rev. Dr. Curtis and O. H. P. Archer, Esq., ex-president of the Erie Railroad, both of New York City, were present the second Sabbath of the extra meetings, and rendered efficient service. It soon became evident that a work of magnitude was before us. It seemed almost as great as the revival of '83. When it closed a large number of converts were reported and many accessions to the Churches followed. All the Churches in the city were swept with this revival fire, and revival meetings continued long after the meetings at Centenary had closed.

In the summer there began a series of remarkable events. On the 8th of July, Mrs. Matilda McKnight was found near her home brutally murdered. A reward was offered by the city and State authorities for the apprehension of the murderers. The News and Courier urged the city to the work of following up every clue. The pastor of Centenary Church preached a sermon on the same line. A Pinkerton detective finally found evidence sufficient to arrest a white man by the name of Daly and a colored man by the name of Devine. When these men were brought before trial Justice Williman, their lawyer, it was thought, used efforts to prevent a colored woman, by the name of Amanda Martin, from testifying. As this was the main witness for the prosecution, Justice Williman thought the case had broken down, and dismissed the prisoners. Great indignation was felt throughout the city and State. A reporter of the News and Courier interviewed the pastor of Centenary Church with others.

On the following Sunday night the Centenary pastor preached from the text, "Be sure your sin will find you out." He said that if Mrs. McKnight had been a white woman, and her murderer a black man, he would have been lynched, and that if the murderer was found to be a white man, it was not probable he would be hung. He made some reference to an execution which had recently occurred in the city, in which, he thought, the hangman acted without a proper appreciation of his duty, and without suitable feeling. Unfortunately, the name of the hangman was mentioned, and so great was the excitement in the community that the hangman had the Centenary pastor arrested for libel.

The night of the arrest a dreadful storm came upon the city. In the morning a cyclone swept with awful devastation. Much damage was done to the wharves and shipping in the harbor. Buildings were unroofed, and steeples struck from the churches. The lofty spire of the Citadel Square Baptist Church fell upon an adjoining house, producing an awful wreck. The water from the harbor rose, inundating the lower part of the city. The cyclone following hard upon the heels of the arrest of the Centenary pastor was interpreted by many as being a judgment from heaven. It is remarkable that God should have selected a mode of punishment which inflicted so little injury upon the poor. That class that sympathized most with the wrongdoers, it was said, suffered the most. Still many of the colored people suffered. St. Marks Protestant Episcopal Church was greatly injured. The board of trustees offered the use of Centenary Church to this afflicted congregation, which called forth the following series of resolutions:—

WHEREAS, During the prevalence of the recent cyclone, which was so destructive to the property in the city, St. Marks Church building was damaged to such an extent as to prevent the congregation from using it for public worship; *and,*

WHEREAS, The trustees of Centenary M. E. Church, actuated by a spirit of brotherly love and Christian fellowship, kindly and considerately placed their lecture-room at the disposal of St. Marks congregation for divine worship: Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That the vestry of St. Marks Church return their heartfelt thanks and high appreciation to the board of trustees of Centenary Church for this manifestation of their generous consideration and Christian sympathy in the time of our distress.

Resolved, That the vestry, having accepted the offer previously made by the rector to use St. Timothy Chapel, were forced to decline the offer of the board of trustees of Centenary Church; nevertheless they feel deeply sensible of their obligation to your board for their timely and munificent offer.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be transmitted to the trustees of Centenary M. E. Church.

By order, RICHD. BIRNIE,
Secretary.

The next Sunday night the Centenary pastor preached on the cyclone. He dwelt upon the necessity of harmony between the races. He referred to the fact that Northerners are not received with the same cordiality in the South that Southerners are in the North. He hoped for the same freedom of speech in Charleston that prevailed in New York, Boston, or Chicago. This sermon provoked a newspaper attack, in which the facts mentioned on this line were denied.

On the return of the pastor from vacation a horrible condition of things was found in the city. Mr. Stephney W. B. Riley, a colored Democrat, the proprietor of a fine livery stable at the corner of Smith and Bull Streets, had just been shot by a prominent Charleston physician. It appears that

Mr. Riley was exceedingly popular with a certain class of white gentlemen of convivial habits in Charleston. These gentlemen were in the habit of visiting Mr. Riley's house to enjoy his liquors and cigars. This physician was particularly intimate with him. Only a few days before he shot him he dined at his house. The night before the shooting the physician went to the stables and had a dispute with Mr. Riley. The next morning he borrowed a pistol, and walking deliberately to the stables, demanded a retraction of what Mr. Riley had said. This was refused. He then drew his pistol and commenced firing. His victim cried out, "Don't shoot," and started to catch his hand. It was too late. The well-aimed ball penetrated his heart, and, with another ball in his head, he fell dead. The murderer deliberately stood over his prostrate victim and shot three more balls into his body after he was dead. He even turned his face over with his foot to get a better shot. Then the murderer surrendered himself to the officers of the law.

The funeral services were held on the following Sabbath at Centenary Church, of which Mrs. Riley was a member. It was a day of intense excitement in Charleston. A riot was momentarily expected. An outbreak was threatened at the very door of the church. A policeman of unsavory reputation, because of his cruelties to the colored people, undertook to make an arrest. A colored military company brought their bayonets to a charge, and the policeman fled. Revs. H. Cardozo, Jacob Mills, G. W. Le Vere, of the Zion Presbyterian Church, and Paul W. Jefferson, presiding elder of the A. M. E. Church, conducted the services at the church. A crowd of many thousands followed the procession.

As the time for the Court of Quarter Sessions approached a mass meeting was held at the Morris Brown A. M. E. Church, with Bishop Shorter in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Revs. L. R. Nichols, H. Cardozo, W. H. Heard,

E. C. Brown, and J. E. Hayne, on various subjects connected with the condition and prospects of the colored race. The address of Rev. J. E. Hayne was so fiery and sweeping in its denunciations of recent deeds of wickedness and crime that the Rev. E. J. Meynardie, D.D., of the M. E. Church, South, invited him to his house, where he thanked him for the address, and said it had no doubt caused the Grand Jury to bring in a true bill against the murderer of Stephney Riley.

When the case of the Riley murder was called there was a great anxiety to know how the murderer would be cleared. The defence was equal to the emergency. The prisoner testified that the deed was done in self-defence, and that his victim rushed upon him with a drawn knife. This testimony was valueless without corroboration. A white man was found to corroborate. This man saw the knife, although the examination showed he knew nothing about the murder except what he had heard. The witnesses for the State were all set down as unworthy of credence, because they were colored. The judge and the solicitor did their duty, but the jury were fixed. One of the jurymen, a Mr. J. E. Edwards, contrary to general expectation, was unwilling to bring in a verdict of acquittal, because he was so unreasonable as to insist on seeing the knife which made necessary the shooting in self-defence. The result was, therefore, a mistrial.

The next Sunday night the pastors of five colored churches were advertised to preach from the same text, "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." On the following Wednesday appeared "An Address to the Races," which was so calm and dignified a presentation of the condition and prospects of the colored race that it was well received by all classes except the "incorrigibles." On Sunday night the pastor of Centenary Church preached on the text agreed

upon for the week previous, "In those days there was no king in Israel," etc. A congregation that could not find sitting-room crowded every part of the church.

Thus God has led us on. Time heals; experience opens the eyes of generations passing, and goodness will at last triumph. Glory be to Him who rules on high!

FORMAL REMONSTRANCE

OF THE

CHARLESTON COLORED PREACHERS.

APPEAL TO THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT AND COMMON SENSE OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES FOR JUSTICE AND EQUITY.

On the second of November, 1885, a mass meeting was held in the Morris Brown A. M. E. Church, Charleston, S. C., with Bishop Shorter in the chair, to consider the condition and prospects of the colored race in America. On that occasion the following resolution was adopted :—

Resolved, That the pastors who have addressed this meeting be authorized to prepare and publish an address to the races on the subject-matter of this evening's discussion.

Agreeably with this, the undersigned respectfully submit the following paper :—

THE COLORED RACE IN AMERICA.

The position of the colored race in the United States is unique. For two and a half centuries they have dwelt for the most part within the old slave States as the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the white race. Yet to-day they are almost as much unknown and misunderstood by their white brethren as if they lived on some unvisited island in mid ocean. Of this ignorance the Southern whites are totally unconscious; they claim to understand the Negro thoroughly.

Everywhere, *however,* ridiculous notions concerning the

Negro are promulgated. A book of wide circulation through the South undertakes to prove that the Negro is not a man, but the highest order of beasts. An authority so high as the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, on information obtained from Southerners, "who know the Negro," gravely asserts that the Negro's skull and brain are so constituted that he can never reach the mental development of other races.

Before the census of 1880 showed the rapid growth of the Negro population of the South it was declared that the Southern Negro, without the fostering care of slavery, was dying out. Others affirm, without knowledge, that the Negro is so improvident and careless of the future that he can never acquire property, but must forever remain a pauper and a servant of servants. It is solemnly asserted that the Creator made the Negro without a conscience; that he is born a thief, a liar, and a sensualist, and that female chastity among the race does not exist. Time has exploded these theories, but still the Negro is not known. Much of this ignorance is invincible. Having once formed opinions on this subject, men are unwilling to change them.

THE PROGRESS OF THE RACE.

It is a lamentable fact that but little attention has been paid by our white friends to the progress of the colored race since the war. Freedom found the colored people destitute, ignorant, homeless, and without right or title in the soil. Slavery had produced moral and intellectual enervation. It would not have been strange had they turned robbers and highwaymen, and, in turn, terrorize and rob society, as society had for so long a time terrorized and robbed them. Instead, however, of turning outlaws the black men of the South went to work to improve their condition; and how much they have accomplished let facts and figures show. Ten years after emancipation they had deposited in their savings banks over $12,000,000. In the State of Georgia they own over 580,000 acres of land, and pay taxes on $9,000,000 worth of property. The last census shows us that the colored people of the South are assessed for over $90,000,000 of taxable property. In the State of South Carolina there are large property-holders among the colored people. Even under the blighting influence of slavery free people of color and some slaves acquired considerable pro-

perty in Charleston; and this has been done amidst the most unfavorable circumstances. A race that accomplishes this certainly shows the ability to become in time a prosperous and strong people if a fair chance be generally allowed them.

THE COLORED PEOPLE AT SCHOOL.

Nor have they been unmindful of the advantages of moral and intellectual development. The South is dotted all over with normal schools and colleges—every State has them—for the education of the Negro. No man can visit them year after year without acknowledging the progress made. The schools are supported principally by Northern benevolence. Be it said, however, to the credit of the South, that she is increasing the number of free schools for the education of the colored youth. It is the uniform testimony of teachers in all the schools that the colored children, other things being equal, do as well as the whites. And in higher education the colored youth show their ability to cope with students of any race. In languages, science, and arts they are working their way upon their own merits. Colored lawyers, editors, clergymen, physicians, teachers, merchants, and artists show what the race has accomplished in every department of mental activity. The Negro has built churches, parsonages, asylums, employed cultivated ministers and teachers, organized and conducted benevolent societies, and so proved his respect and veneration for morality and religion. Though slavery was not a good school for morals, yet there are men and women with characters clean and spotless: true in all their relations to God and man. We submit that this record of twenty years of progress is sufficient to awaken the regard of all lovers of humanity.

For four hundred years the present proud Anglo-Saxon wore the collar of base servitude. He was sold with his land and never raised a finger to end his slavery. It took him centuries after Columbus discovered America to rise to his present greatness. So that the African race in America can challenge the world's races to produce a parallel to its advancement in the first quarter of a century of its freedom.

THE LEGAL RIGHTS OF THE COLORED RACE IN THE SOUTH.

It is this race that has accomplished so much against such odds that now raises its voice in solemn protest against the cruel wrongs and injustice to which it is subjected. In the Southern States these brethren of a common Father dwell together. The white race boasts that behind it are a thousand years of civilization. The colored remembers that it was but yesterday that it came out of the house of bondage. The Constitution of the United States and the laws of our country say that these races are equal before the Courts and in the enjoyment of their civil and political rights. Public sentiment, as formulated by the press, the pulpit, and the forum, declares that the Negro has rights which the white man is bound to respect. It is with sadness that we are compelled to say that in the South this is practically untrue.

The colored people are deprived of their rights to the protection of life, liberty, and property. The strong tyrannize over the weak. It is denied that the colored man is unsafe, but God knows it is true. Any night a band of desperadoes may ride up to the humble cabin of an inoffensive Negro, and for some supposed wrong he may be dragged from his home and be cruelly beaten, and perhaps murdered. If a colored man is accused, through malice, of an insult to a white lady, he is likely to be hung, or shot down like a dog. Until recently there was no respect for colored women in the South; any crime might be perpetrated upon their persons, and if the criminals were white men there was no redress.

The whole machinery of the courts is in the hands of white men. If a Negro is arrested for stealing a hog he has a plain road before him. He goes from the trial justice's office to the jail, from the jail to the court-house, and from thence to the penitentiary. There is no disagreement about that. But let a white man be tried for killing a Negro, and you will find that the jury cannot agree. If the prisoner is a white man he gets the benefit of the doubt; if he is colored, the benefit of the doubt goes to the State.

Though colored men have the right to serve on the jury, not one in some of the counties of this State, is found in the *jury box, during* a whole term of court. White men are in

an overwhelming majority in the jury box, and colored men are in an overwhelming majority in the penitentiary.

It would seem as if many white people were striving to see how far back the colored man can be pressed towards ante-bellum slavery. The infamous chain gang now takes the place of the old time slave coffle, but its tortures are infinitely worse. Some of the newspapers of the State are now agitating the whipping-post. As the majority of the offenders are made to be Negroes, this will be a practical resurrection of the calaboose and the horrors of the "sugar-house."

When it comes to the exercise of political rights in the South, such a thing for the Negro is unknown. There has not been an election that could be called an election in eight years. The great number of ballot-boxes at the polls, the peculiarities of the registration laws, the closing of polls before the time, the removal of polls from one to another place, are means successfully used to hinder a free ballot and a fair count. It is not strange that the Governors of some of the Southern States assure their Northern friends that the "Negro is not so much interested in politics as he used to be."

A TIMELY REMONSTRANCE.

Now, what shall be done? Because of injustice and wrong many colored people go every year from South Carolina. A general exodus has been threatened many times. This will not do. The colored people know they are deprived of their rights, and a deep murmur is heard on all sides. It seems to be the policy of the present administration to turn all colored men out of office in the South. It is openly said that this is "a white man's government," and the Negro must be kept down." We must warn the white people in time. They may go on depriving us of our rights until forbearance ceases to be a virtue. It may not be long before the revolutions of St. Domingo in the times of Toussaint L'Overture will be repeated in the South. Recent events in and around Charleston, in the Prince Bowen case, in the McKnight case, in the Hutchinson case, on Edisto, the Riley case, and the murder of a poor lunatic at Summerville, and others in various sections of the State, have so aroused the colored people of this

city and elsewhere, that nothing but the influence of the pastors and the churches has prevented an outbreak.

Our people are a reading people. The ablest daily journals and monthly periodicals in the United States are read at our firesides. They need no one to tell them of their wrongs. They read all that is written, either for or against them. It is only another evidence of the supreme ignorance of the white race, when it is thought that we do not understand and smart under the wrongs which afflict us.

HARMONY BETWEEN THE RACES.

We now come to the expression of our views respecting the necessity of harmony between the races as a condition of progress. The prosperity of the South must depend on this. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Capital and labor, brain and muscle, must be united for their mutual benefit. Prejudice must be banished, and impartiality control us in all our dealings. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," is the dictate alike of natural and revealed religion. The colored people are willing to practise this Golden Rule. Our race has been patient in submitting to indignities and suffering wrongs. Even under the cruelties of slavery there were friendships established between the master and the slave. During the war the Negro protected and supported his master's family during his absence. The Negro has made the South what it is. He cleared its lands, raised its crops, built its homes, roads, churches, villages, and cities. White people in the South are attached to the Negro, but, as Carl Schurz says, "they show him much kindness, but scant justice." They would not take any other being on the face of the earth in place of the Negro laborer and servant. He is with them from the cradle to the grave. A colored nurse watches over him in infancy, and a colored nurse closes his eyes in death. What folly it is for two races thus connected to be at all at variance! The lack of harmony hinders the full development of the material interests of the South.

DRIVING AWAY CAPITAL.

The South needs outside capital and skill. We have an *abundance of* resources in land and water, woods and mine-

rals, brawn and brain, sufficient indeed to have made it far wealthier, but slavery has in the past been its bane, and the spirit of the dead corpse still hovers around it to the general injury. A gentleman, some years since, negotiated a loan, in Boston, on a rice plantation along our coast. On the day the papers were to be signed he went to the office of the money lender. This man stood reading a paper when the Southerner entered. He turned to him and said: "I cannot loan you this money on your plantation. This paper contains an account of a riot at Ellenton, S. C. A State that cannot keep out of race conflicts can furnish no security for capital. I would not dare to go there to collect on my mortgage if I were obliged to foreclose it." The unsolved problem between the two races keeps capital out of the South, and both races are forced to unproductive idleness. The trade of Charleston is suffering because of the folly of persisting in maintaining a conflict between the races.

THE LAND QUESTION—A WISE SUGGESTION.

Being largely an agricultural people, and the soil being the original source of all wealth, it is among this class that the labor reform is most needed, and there it should begin. The contract system in vogue there requires the laborer upon the plantations to accept "tickets," instead of cash, till the end of the year, for his wages. All his wants, outside of his rations of corn and bacon, must be obtained from merchants on these tickets at a ruinous discount. So that at the end of the year he is as poor, if not poorer, than at the beginning. In many instances it has resulted in the attachment, by accumulated debts, of the laborer to the soil in practical slavery.

Let all this be changed, let a full day's wages be paid for a full day's work. Let the colored man be encouraged in his desire to purchase lands. Where his employer cannot furnish all cash, let him pay in part in land. And soon will the wild forests and dreary wastes be converted into smiling fields of cotton, grain, and other products of the soil. And though large landed possessions may be fewer than before, yet the aggregate wealth of the State will be greatly increased, the products of the soil more diversified, more capital retained at home, and independence and contentment prevail. When *liberal inducements* are offered foreign colonists to settle in

the State, would it not be wise to make the same offers of lands to the native colored man? Could not the emigration to Arkansas and elsewhere be stopped by making the same offers of opportunities to acquire farms and homes which are made by the Southwestern States? Would not Negro settlers be as beneficial to South Carolina?

A CALL FOR JUSTICE IN THE COURTS.

Again, justice in the Courts, as in business matters, must be freely accorded as a matter of simple duty. Injustice causes distrust, discontent, and alienation. Here there is much to unlearn, so long as the colored man is regarded as naturally and necessarily inferior, so long as his life, his honor, and his property are considered as less sacred, just so long will offences against him be treated as less heinous and less punishable.

Justice is fitly symbolized as blindfolded, and holding in her hand an even-balanced scale. This must become a reality before harmony can be established. The revolution here needed must begin at the fountain-head. Legislation must make no invidious class distinctions. The pulpit must "cry aloud and spare not, and show my people their transgressions." The press must maintain a high sense of justice, and honor must be the defender of innocence, and a censor whose voice gives forth no uncertain sound. It should speak of the colored people in the same language of respect and appreciation as when it speaks of the white. The ordinary and now meaningless titles of Mr., Mrs., and Miss should no longer be withheld by the newspapers from colored people who are as respectable as the whites to whom they are given. It is both a solemn duty and a gracious privilege for those who are in positions of influence to lead the way in all reforms for the benefit of humanity. "To whom much is given, of them much will be required."

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

We thank God that already a few leaders of the people have recognized their obligations, and, adopting as their motto "Be just and fear not," have spoken in the interests of the oppressed. All honor to such men as Drs. A. G. Haygood, of Georgia; C. K. Marshall, of Mississippi; Car-

lisle and E. J. Meynardie, and Rev. R. W. Memminger, of South Carolina, and Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky. The better classes of the whites in the South, who lament the lawlessness and violence from which the colored people have so long suffered, should now come to the front and control public affairs.

THE NEGRO IS OUT OF POLITICS.

It is unfortunate that political differences have hitherto divided the races. The Southern whites declared that supreme necessity bade them get and hold the control of politics. The colored citizen could not but be enraged at their practical disfranchisement, and have hitherto refused to go over to the opposite party. As this condition of things cannot continue forever, wisdom would suggest a compromise. Let the color line be broken at the polls, and the past significance of party names disappear. Would it not be well that the titles "Republicans and Democrats" be exchanged for Liberals and Conservatives? There must of necessity be parties, as all men cannot see alike, but the survival of the fittest applies as well here as elsewhere. Said Thomas Jefferson, "God has no attribute that can take side with the oppressor." Let the colored race ally themselves with those among our white fellow-citizens who are willing to sever themselves from the dead past, accept the teachings of Providence, and thus realize the declaration of the Psalmist, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY.

Recognizing the truth of the proverb that "The gods help them who first help themselves," we now turn to the colored race, and would first call their attention to the necessity of industry and economy. It would, at first thought, seem unnecessary to speak of industry to a people who have all their lives been used to work, but since there is room for improvement we therefore speak. All that has been accomplished, or ever will be, is the result of labor. Diligence and perseverance make the path of life smooth and pleasant. They overcome every barrier, and resist all opposition. All men must labor both for their own and for others' good; our civil, *moral, and family* obligations all command us to labor.

And the present rapid progress that the civilized world is making in all things urges us to be up and doing. Unless we as a people keep up with that progress, some other people will displace us, and leave us to the poverty and wretchedness that will come of our own indifference. Industry finds something to do always and everywhere, and it recognizes the fact that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. It also recognizes the justice of giving the full amount of labor that is due before it can claim its compensation; it frowns upon all shirking as dishonorable and unjust. It lays the foundation for success and independence by unswerving fidelity to its contracts. Labor is dignifying, nothing thrives without it. It is not, as some think, a discredit, a compromise of our standing.

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Race prejudice cannot shut out competent and honest laborers. In this you will find a weapon with which you may conquer, sooner or later, even that inveterate foe. Selfishness says the most labor for the least money, but there is no surer way of being left to yourselves. The inhabitants of Britain rose from dwellers in caves to the occupants of palaces by industry. The men who have accomplished the most in arts, literature, and mechanical skill did so, not so much by their genius as by industry applied to the mind as well as the body. Industry weeds the corn, cleans the cotton, gathers the rice, steams the tobacco, sows the grain, and by the diligent use of the head and the hand succeeds in the great work of life. Genius, wealth, and greatness are dormant in the womb of industry. It makes the successful farmer, the skilful mechanic, the wealthy merchant, the independent gentleman, the refined and accomplished lady, the powerful race, and the great and prosperous nation.

ECONOMY THE SUREST ROAD TO WEALTH.

But a necessary concomitant to such attainment is economy, both of time and of means. It is the judicious management of all our possessions in a manner that will preserve for future needs whatever there is in them of future value, be it money, strength, or skill. One has said that "*economy is wealth;*" therefore gather up the fragments that

nothing be lost. It is not so much what we make as what is saved that brings wealth. It is easier to cage the bird in hand than it is to catch and then cage it. It is better to save ten cents of the money earned each day than to wait until higher wages will warrant the saving of fifty cents per day.

You can do this by cutting off the luxuries.

What is a necessity in the house of the man worth $50,000 is a luxury in the house of the man worth but $25,000; and what is a necessity in the family worth $10,000 is a luxury in the family of the laboring man working every day for his daily bread. Property holders are a power among every race; the oppressed and despised are the poor and ignorant. No man is likely to question the right of a man to act and think for himself who has by his industry and economy accumulated his $10,000 or $20,000. Wealth, as well as knowledge, is power! Look at the foreigners who come to our country; saving their pennies by learning to live upon a little, they are soon able to help their oppressed people across the waters. To be able to resist oppression, among other things, you must have money. Without a competency the race can never reach the desired position to make it independent and happy.

THE NECESSITY OF LEARNING TRADES.

And since skilled labor is always most in demand, we now ask your attention to a few thoughts on the necessity of learning trades. Webster defines the word "trade" as "the business which a person has learned, and which he carries on for procuring a subsistence or for profit, occupation, especially mechanical employment," etc. The necessity of learning a trade is seen in the fact that all official positions are precarious; all manual labor of a subordinate character which anybody can perform, subjects one to removal through rivalry or caprice, while the technical knowledge of any calling of head and hand, especially if it is advanced through diligence and experience, invariably commands patronage and good compensation. Need we therefore call the attention of parents to the supreme duty, next to the cultivation of the morals of their children, of having them learn trades? They let go a golden opportunity who, for the sake of gratifying a child's love for money or their own, instead of im-

proving their early years in the acquisition of some useful pursuit, spend it as the office-boy, messenger, waiter, or some such poor substitute. It was a law among the Jews of old to teach all their boys a trade, whatever may, after that, employ their talents. We fear that there is a want of interest among our people concerning this kind of education.

THE EDUCATION OF THE "NEGRO."

While we favor the higher education for those who expect to enter some one of the professions, or who feel called of God to the ministry, we are convineed that for the most of our youth the training most needed is *elementary* and *industrial.* We have to confess that the colored youth has labored under great discouragement in his efforts to acquire a trade. Prejudice here, as well as elsewhere, has been his barrier. How few shops there are which will take such an apprentice where there are whites. But, thank God, this difficulty is largely removed by the mechanical schools attached to those institutions of learning like Claflin University, in this State; Clarke University, in Georgia; Hampton Institute, in Virginia, and similar ones scattered over the South. If anything like pride deters any of our youth from learning trades, let us warn them that they will in the future pay dearly for it. Manual education is the preparation for a future work, to meet future obligations and responsibilities, hence the necessity of fitting ourselves for it.

It is said by an able writer that "A man untrained in any labor, unskilled in usefulness to society, is a barbarian, for civilized society rests upon the idea of mutual and skilled helpfulness on the part of all its members." Just this is what many young people do not see, and hence their desire to break away from school and the workshop, and with raw hands and minds go out to earn, as by chance, a few dollars to waste in pleasures.

The Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Boston, says: "The first thing that the illiterate classes need everywhere in our country for their permanent industrial elevation is six months in each year of thorough elementary training in schools managed by good teachers, for five or six years of their lives; and only a generation so taught can ever learn to work in connection with the labor-saving agencies which are revolutionizing *every sphere of human* industry." Again, the necessity of

learning trades is seen in the fact that the South is in need of more skilled laborers, and the colored youth, who is wise, will prepare himself to meet this demand, otherwise another class will be called to supply it, while they are forced to remain "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Says Prof. George Magoun, of Iowa College: "The labor of the South is subject in these years to a marvellous revolution. The only opportunity the freedman has to rise is by furnishing such skilled labor as the great changes going on in that splendid section of the land requires. How can he furnish it unless the education given him is chiefly industrial and technical?" The colored man as wage-worker and producer is in the majority in this section; let him hold his position by improving his opportunity; by growth in skill and experience, and, with all his disabilities, he will so successfully cope with others as to maintain his independence.

THE NECESSITY OF MUTUAL PATRONAGE.

Recognizing the force of the motto, "Union is strength," we would earnestly call the attention of our people to the necessity of mutual patronage. We think that there is no need of labored argument to prove the value of race patronage. The very condition of the Negro in this country must convince him that if he would advance to that degree of power and position of usefulness among the nations that the Almighty has made possible for all men, he must, as all other nations do, lend a helping hand to each other. When we patronize each other in any kind of business, we are helping ourselves. Our peculiar situation in this country has linked us indissolubly together. What concerns one concerns all. We are all treated as of the same grade in character and ability. If a few are indolent and improvident they are held up to the gaze of mankind as samples of the rest; if one Negro steals a bale of cotton, the race are branded as thieves. Fellowship in suffering must unite us closer in sympathy. Now what we need do is to come to the help of each in business of any and all kinds. We prefer the interchange of patronage between the races, if the whites will do the same, but they have so commonly shown the contrary spirit, except when it is to their advantage, that we are forced by the law of self-protection to regard race interests as of chief importance.

We must have more race pride; the old-time jealousy must be thrown off, and we must only bear in mind the fact that we are a nation, or, rather, a class who are battling against heavy odds, but determined, with the help of God, to win. It is sometimes said by our own people, as soon as one is rising in the world, "He is proud and stuck up;" and you withdraw your patronage from such. Meanwhile you have been patronizing those of the other race, who have grown rich off your patronage and now despise you!

THE LOVE OF RACE.

We would not for a moment encourage race prejudice, nor would we say anything to create animosity between the two races who live together, but we would inspire the colored man with more love of race. For there are some who are ashamed of their race, simply because they are under the ban of human prejudice. But if you have but a tenth part of Negro blood in your veins, you are placed under the same ban, and, therefore, your only hope is to hang together. No legislative enactment or amendment to the Constitution can help us so much as a union of efforts for the amelioration of our condition. We have all the elements of strength in us; all we need is the opportunity to use them, and that will, by the help of God and our own endeavors, come sooner or later. Religion, wealth, and education are the levers that can and will lift us up to greatness. We must patronize our own merchants, mechanics, attorneys, physicians, and others, provided that they are as reasonable as others. Said that philosopher of our own times, Horace Greeley, "There is no friendship in trade." He is our best friend who will in trade save us the most money. Till we learn thus to appreciate the enterprise and skill of our own people, we cannot expect the success and independence that command the respect of others. On the other hand, those of our race who expect our patronage must present as attractive places of business, as various a stock of goods, and the same accommodations as others. "Help us to help each other," should be our prayer and our practice, as well as our song.

COLORED TEACHERS IN THE SCHOOLS.

We cannot forbear, while on this subject, to allude to the *exclusion of our people* from the better class of colored

schools as teachers. It does seem unfair that after they have qualified themselves to become capable teachers, they should be shut out from the opportunity of instructing their own people, except in the poor country schools in which the compensation of the best does not exceed thirty-five dollars per month, and where the average length of the school year does not exceed four months! In the two colored schools in this city, supported by the public taxes, where there are about two thousand children, and about thirty to forty teachers, there are but four colored teachers, and they are only there because in the gift of that school building and furniture by the New England Relief Association to the city of Charleston, it was stipulated that one-half of the teachers were to be colored persons.

Here, fellow-citizens, are our grievances. We feel them sorely, and call for redress. It must not be expected that we can submit to their continuance, still less their increase. We are men and citizens of the Commonwealth; we are required to obey the laws, and are amenable thereto. We claim that all be subjected to the same requirement, regardless of color, rank, etc. We claim the same protection, the same liberty, the same rights. These are not now secured to us. It cannot requre a long time for a professedly Christian people to effect a reform in the administration of the laws and secure justice to all. We know that many deplore the existence of the things of which we herein complain, but action, early and positive action, is what is needed. Those in high places must take the initiative. And here we rest our cause.

J. E. HAYNE,
H. CARDOZO,
W. H. HEARD,
E. C BROWN,
L. R. NICHOLS.

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 19, 1885.

PART I.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

REV. RULIFF V. LAWRENCE.

BY

REV. E. H. STOKES.

THE EARNEST MINISTER.

ACTIVITY and earnestness mark the age. The whole realm of mind is in a furnace-glow, and matter, moved by mind, wheels into line like drilled battalions, and at the high command marches to victory. Everything is astir, for a million prayers daily go up to God for the oncoming of his kingdom, and Christ hastens to assume the universal sway. What a privilege to be an actor in this busy scene! At no period of the world's history have men been able to live so long, or do so much in so short a time—at no period has the drama of the world so rapidly unfolded. The nations of the earth seem to be marching, at the sound of mysterious music, to a higher and grander destiny. To be a silent or busy spectator of these countermarching hosts is to behold in actual life an apocalypse of grandeur equal to that which the astonished John saw in his exile on the lonely Patmos. To live in such an age and be a participator in such activities, though *there may be absorbing* solicitudes, is, nevertheless, an

exalted privilege. But there is, if possible, a higher privilege yet. It is to stand in the midst of these historic and divine unfoldings, as Jesus stood in the days of his incarnation, lifting up his holy soul to God, with the knowledge that all earth's commotions are subservient to the divine will, while his lips offered the brief but comprehensive prayer, "Father, glorify thy name." And if we have faith to hear the divine response, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again," we shall find in that God-given declaration not only a source of profound joy, but a mightier inspiration to a lifelong work.

So Ruliff Lawrence stood. Amazed, he beheld the wonderful panorama of an advancing gospel, and longed to accelerate its speed. But there were mountain-difficulties to be overcome and the slow and tedious years of preparation to be endured. Still, faith either climbs or removes the loftiest mountains, and the seemingly slow and tedious years of God's preparation bring forth the men who are mightiest for the fray. This our narrative will show.

ANCESTRY.—BIRTH.

RULIFF V. LAWRENCE descended in a direct line from William Lawrence, who with two brothers emigrated from England in the year 1635, and settled at Flushing, Long Island. In the year 1685 one of the descendants came over to Holmdel, Monmouth county, New Jersey, where he purchased an estate, which was occupied by the family nearly one hundred and fifty years. From this ancestral home a number of distinguished men—judges, jurists, Congressmen, naval officers and high-

sheriffs—came forth. In the year 1820, Jacob Lawrence, the grandfather of Ruliff, sold his estate at Holmdel and removed to a farm which he owned near Freehold. This farm, called in recent times the Hulse Farm, is situated near the Howell station, on the line of the Freehold and Farmingdale Railroad, three miles from the former and five miles from the latter place. When Ruliff's grandfather moved upon the farm, he was a widower with six sons and two daughters. Shortly after this removal he married Margaret Vancleve (formerly Emley), the widow of Ruliff Vancleve, who had five children—one son and four daughters. These were all taken to the home of the new husband and father, making a goodly family of fifteen persons. Some time after this marriage, John Lawrence, son of Jacob Lawrence, married Hannah Vancleve, daughter of his stepmother, Margaret Emley Vancleve Lawrence. This John and Hannah Lawrence were the parents of Ruliff V. Lawrence, the subject of this sketch, who was born July 8, 1825, at the farm above mentioned, and was called, after his maternal grandfather, Ruliff Vancleve Lawrence. Of a family of five children he was the second, two of whom preceded him to the grave.

EARLY LIFE.

John Lawrence, the father of Ruliff, was of an aristocratic cast of mind, and elated with the idea that his family had lived a century and a half at Holmdel, and educated its sons in England, felt he could not come down to the ordinary avocations of life, and so spent his time in such ways as soon to encumber his estate and *reduce his family* to the last verge of destitution.

The farm was finally sold, and the almost broken-hearted wife went with her little children to find a home with the maternal grandmother at Englishtown. Although Ruliff was very young at this crisis in the affairs of the family, it doubtless made an impression on his mind of the ruin wrought by the traffic and use of ardent spirits, and from that time to the end of life he was its deadliest foe.

At this period the struggle of life commenced. His mother, worse than a widow, left her little ones at home, while she went out to her daily toils for a pittance which would procure their bread and keep such of the children as were old enough at the village school. When Ruliff was only seven years old, the circumstances surrounding the family were such that the mother, for prudential reasons, felt it a duty, young as he was, to apprentice him to her brother, Joseph Vancleve, who was a shoemaker. But Ruliff, too young to work, continued to attend school. Subsequently the whole family removed to Farmingdale, where his uncle Joseph opened a shoe-shop. This uncle was a bachelor, and did much to aid his sister in rearing her little children. He kept his young nephew, who was also his apprentice, at school, and kindly assisted him in his studies while at home. In this way and at this early period was awakened in his mind an intense desire for knowledge, which strengthened with his years and growth.

At this time, while he was giving more than ordinary attention, perhaps, to his studies, he was, at the same time, fond of the sports of boyhood, and engaged in them with zest. Skating was a favorite amusement,

and an indulgence in it at one time came very near costing him his life. It was a very cold day, and the ice on the old mill-pond at Farmingdale, as he supposed, was strong enough to bear almost any weight. So with his skates thrown across his shoulders, with a merry heart, he dashed down the road, and was soon engaged in his cherished pleasure. But there were places where the ice, thin and weak, failed to bear him, and he sunk to the bottom of the pond. When he came to the surface, he endeavored to save himself by holding to the edge of the broken ice, but it was so weak that it gave him no support. His situation was most critical. Fortunately, at this moment Russel Hampton and John McIntire were engaged at the tanyard near by grinding bark. They saw the state of things, and hastened to his rescue. Hampton was too heavy to get near him, but he gave McIntire, who was but a lad, a rope, and told him to go out as far as the ice would bear and throw it to the drowning boy, exhorting him to take hold of it and they would pull him out. Ruliff, just ready to sink, cried out that he was so numb he couldn't hold on. But they shouted and stamped, and told him he must and should. Thus aroused and encouraged, he laid hold with his almost frozen hands, and they drew him safe to land. It was a providential deliverance, and Russel Hampton and John McIntire were the honored instruments of preserving to the Church and world a most useful life.

Having attained his fourteenth year, and living for the last seven years largely at the expense of his uncle, it seemed important that he should do something toward his own support. Being still younger than

was thought best for him to sit down at the regular business to which he was apprenticed, other employment was sought, and he was engaged for a season at the rough and exposing work of driving stage from Farmingdale, up through Holmdel, the home of his ancestors, to Keyport, on the Raritan Bay shore. During this time his mind, quickened by as large a share of education as fell to most boys of his years, was keenly alive to everything he saw, and his wit, naturally quick, was sharpened by coming in contact with all conceivable varieties of men. His experience in this occupation, while it was extremely hazardous to his morals, was doubtless valuable to him in after life, as it gave him a knowledge of the low cunning and wicked devices to which men resort in order to accomplish their purpose of sin. This knowledge, too, sharpened by his keen satire, placed in his hands all through his public life instruments so pointed and barbed that he made fearful havoc amongst the enemies of virtue and religion wherever he went.

Relinquishing, by the direction of those who had charge of him, his calling as a stage-driver, he sat down among the other apprentices in the shop of his uncle, to learn the trade of a shoemaker. This was a very trying period of his life. His mind was all aglow for knowledge. One of his young companions, whose parents were rich, had just entered a high school of great reputation, from which Lawrence was debarred by want of means. He did not exactly envy his young friend, but such was his ardor for learning that he said, "I would love to have accompanied him, even though clothed with rags." With a heavy heart,

therefore, he took his seat on the shoe-bench and commenced his work. He had a friend, however, in his former schoolmaster, who told him to take courage—that it was not simply going to a higher school that gave success, but diligence in the employment of means within our reach. Thus kindly counseled, his heart revived; and removing his books to the chamber over the shop, he devoted his evenings, after his work was done, to the pursuit of knowledge. Occasionally, when some unusually joyous shout went up from the crowd of boys in the street engaged in the innocent pastimes incident to youth, he would start up to join them in their play, but the thought would cross his mind that their shouts were not likely to produce good fruit in after life or conduct to honor or usefulness. "Then," said he, "I applied myself to my books with renewed vigor, and sometimes sat half of the night at my rudely-constructed desk in the half-finished chamber above the shop, working out some important sum or truth." His improvement was rapid, and he received the general commendation of his friends. Aptness to learn, no matter what, was characteristic of him from the beginning; and it was but a little while before his master and the community at large awarded to him the high praise of improving not only in book-learning, but of being able to make the *best fine boots of any one in Monmouth county.*

During the course of these years, there were many little things that indicated the turn of his mind and pointed out the future current of his life. There was an old man in the neighborhood addicted to the use of strong drink, though in his drunken carousals

harmless, often singing and hallooing good-naturedly withal. One day some mischievous boys set upon the poor old drunken wretch, and abused him shamefully. Although some of these boys were larger and older than Lawrence, yet he rebuked them sternly, and made them desist from their unmanly sport. The poor old fellow never forgot his young champion, who thus early took upon him the resistance of wrong, and who ever strove as valiantly to drive rum from the reach of men as he did in his youthful ardor to drive those boys from ignobly taunting this miserable victim of its use.

By this time—such were his mental and physical activities and his readiness to take up and successfully prosecute almost anything that might present itself—he was regarded by many as almost, if not quite, a prodigy. It is not surprising, therefore, that as early as 1843, when Lawrence was but eighteen years old, the school committee of Farmingdale called upon his uncle for the purpose of procuring the services of the young man to teach the village school. Fortunately for him, business just at that time was dull, and his uncle consented for him to enter upon an employment more congenial to his tastes.

SCHOOL-TEACHING.

As young Lawrence had just arrived at a period when he could make some return for the long years of expense and care he had been to his relative and master, it was a magnanimous act to relieve him from further obligations, that he might now engage in this higher work. Many persons outside of the board of

trustees looked upon this movement as a dangerous experiment, and shook their heads in grave doubt as to the propriety of placing the large and flourishing school at Farmingdale in charge of a boy. But notwithstanding these things, the school entered upon a career of unparalleled prosperity, and its youthful teacher was universally popular. A number of persons under his tuition graduated for teachers, and left his school to command high salaries in that department in other places. Here, too, several young men now occupying prominent places in the Christian ministry received their education, and often acknowledge the great advantages derived from his instructions. For a period of nine years, during which time Ruliff Lawrence was its teacher, the Farmingdale school was a synonym for excellence, and the young men and women of that day and community regarded it as equivalent to having graduated at a first-class seminary to be able to say they had been to school to Ruliff Lawrence. He had great sympathy for those who, in the midst of difficulties, were struggling for an education, and did much to help them. Dr. Hanlon, of the New Jersey Conference, says, "I owe much to the encouragement he gave me in these matters at that time. He had an admirable faculty for governing his school, which, while it was always effectual, was sometimes most amusing."

A story is told of those days which shows his wit, pleasantry and knowledge of human nature. One of the scholars had played truant. On his return to school the master called the culprit before him, and asked where he had been. The boy declined an

answer. The question was repeated, but, sulky and stubborn, he refused to speak. "Well," said Mr. Lawrence, "I shall have to cipher it out." So taking a large slate that was lying upon the desk, and with a long sharp-pointed pencil, he began in the most profound and learned way to work out the sum as to where the boy had been. He set down a large number of figures, added here, multiplied there, divided and corrected, until the whole side of the slate was full; then, when the sum was finished, looking the boy steadily in the face, said, in the most solemn and positive manner, "*It comes out fish.*" The boy looked up astonished, as if he thought his master was a wizard, but stoutly denied the charge. "Well," said Mr. Lawrence, "then I must have made a mistake somewhere; I will go over it again." So he again looked the sum all over, occasionally rubbing out one figure and setting down another, until, after a long time, he reached the bottom, then looking him squarely in the face, once more said, "John, it comes out *fish* again." John's face flushed with conscious guilt, but he still denied the charge. "Is it possible, John, that you haven't been fishing? I don't see how I could make two mistakes; but as I don't want to condemn you without being sure, I will do the sum again. Let me see. I guess I will do it this time by another rule; and if it comes out fishing this time, and by another rule, then I shall be sure that I am right, and you will have to be punished." By this time John was feeling pretty badly, and the scholars, many of whom knew of John's guilt, were waiting with intense excitement for the answer to the sum by the new rule.

This time Mr. Lawrence seemed more thoughtful than before, as if a deep problem was passing through his mind. He rubbed out all the old figures, and commenced on a clean slate to work out the truant's sin. It took a good while to get to the end, and the figures covered one side of the slate fully, and nearly half of the other side. At length Mr. Lawrence drew a long breath, as if relieved of some great burden that had pressed him, and gazing steadily at the boy once more with solemn sternness, said, "John, it comes out *fish* by all the rules. Figures can't lie—it must be true: you have been *fishing*." The boy, convinced that his master knew about everything, and could even figure out upon a slate where a person had been and what he had been doing when out of sight, sobbed out as if his heart would break, the whole school being in a tempest of suppressed fun, yet reverent fear: "Well—well, what if I did—did go a fish—fishing? I only caught—caught a few shine—shiners, any way. Oh, oh, master, don't whip me—please don't;" and he cried as if punished with greatest severity.

The scene was too much for the assumed gravity of the profound schoolmaster, and he allowed the arithmetical ordeal through which the boy had passed, and the reluctant though at last honest confession, to go in place of further punishment. But it is safe to say that neither John nor any of the scholars ever played truant after that without remembering that teacher could tell by figures on a slate where they had been and what they had been doing.

MARRIAGE.—CONVERSION.

In 1848, during his popular career as teacher of the Farmingdale school, Mr. Lawrence was married to Miss Rachel Parker Boud, a young lady of that place, with whom he had been familiar from childhood, worthy of his heart's best affections, who shared in all the subsequent joys and labors of his life, and still survives him.

During all this time Mr. Lawrence was not a Christian. Quick, sharp, sprightly in spirit and genial in manner, he was a general favorite, but, withal, rather skeptical and somewhat inclined to ridicule religion. "I was in his company once," says Dr. Hanlon, "when a very grave Christian approached him with the question, 'Mr. Lawrence, are you a member of the church?' 'Well, no, hardly,' was the quick reply; but I lean a little that way, as the drunken man said who reclined against the walls of the church to keep him from falling.'" He was intensely interested, too, in politics, writing with great frequency for the county papers, and speaking at political meetings, where his keen satire, ready wit and rapidly-flowing utterances made him widely and wonderfully popular. At the same time he was reading law, and Blackstone was a volume of constant and profound study. He was looking to the law as a profession, and finally to national distinction. But God had higher work for him, and the time had come for a directer preparation for it. Through all the years of his previous life, it cannot be doubted, notwithstanding his professed skepticism, his biting sarcasm, his cutting sallies of wit, his famil

iarity with the dance and the excitements of his political campaigns, that God's blessed Spirit was doing its work upon his heart. About this time his younger brother, Frederick, a lad of great promise, one of his pupils, to whom he was devotedly attached, died. This death made a deep impression on Mr. Lawrence's mind, and he said, as he returned from the funeral, "*I never want to go to the grave of another relative without having religion.*" He made a contribution toward the erection of a new church, too, which contribution, he said in after life, greatly increased his interest in the cause of God, and was among the agencies which led to his conversion. But he had not yet yielded to the claims of the gospel, and was everywhere regarded as an intelligent unbeliever and very worldly young man.

In the winter of 1851–52, under the labors of Rev. J. W. Barrett, W. C. Stockton and S. T. Moore, a blessed revival of religion broke out in Farmingdale. Rev. W. C. Stockton says: "The interest on the subject of religion was intense. Lawrence attended the meetings. Knowing his habit of looking thoughtfully at every subject which arrested his attention, I said but little to him. Frequently, however, in passing up and down the aisle, I would drop a word or two and then pass on, leaving him to his own reflections.

"One evening he came unsolicited to the altar. I was anxious to have him a little aside from the others, that he might not be disturbed by their cries for mercy. All his exercises were very mechanical. He prayed softly; and while many all around him, laying hold on Christ, were filled with joy, he remained night after

night unblest. He was very much afraid of being deceived. Several of us made his case a special subject of prayer. We feared he might get discouraged. But his purpose was fixed, and he persevered. On the evening of January 2, 1852, after he had been at the altar every night for about two weeks, I kneeled at his side near the close of the meeting, and asked, 'Brother Lawrence, do you feel any relief from the burden of your sins?' and just as my knees touched the floor, before he had answered my question, I was assured by the blessed Holy Spirit that the mighty work was just then being wrought in him. He said, in reply to my question, 'I think I feel a little better.' He and his dear wife, who was also seeking at the same time, went home after the meeting; but there was little sleep. He told me afterward that they both bowed in prayer at their bedside, and there light and peace and joy filled his soul.

"The next morning I saw him coming down the street. I knew by his movements there was a change, and felt assured that all was right. He was shaking hands with every one he met, crossing and recrossing the street to tell the story of Jesus and his love. As he came near me he clapped his hands, and I heard him say, for the first time, 'Praise the Lord! he has pardoned all my sins.' We embraced each other, and there in the public highway rejoiced in the wondrous love of God."

After his conversion, his desire for mental improvement was increased still more. Every moment not employed in business or the means of grace was devoted to study, and his growth in grace and intellect

was observed by all. Still, he was not without his struggles. The world had a strong hold upon him, and to yield it all was to him no easy task. Perhaps one of the most difficult points for him to renounce was his deep interest in politics, for in the autumn of this same year we find him a candidate for the Legislature on an independent temperance ticket against the two regular nominations, both of which were in the interest of rum. At the election he was defeated. This was doubtless well, for with that defeat the current of his life was changed. Soon after the election he was licensed to exhort. He was faithful in this department, and in the following March, 1853, he received his first license to preach, signed by John K. Shaw, presiding elder.

In 1855 he was elected principal of the Freehold academy, at Freehold, Monmouth county, New Jersey. After his entrance upon the duties of that charge, his hours for study ran so far into the night that a relative who knew his habits said, "Ruliff is killing himself with overwork." While here he acquired considerable knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin and German languages. Added to all, he was preaching nearly every Sabbath, and sometimes two or three times a Sabbath, in different localities, with great zeal and usefulness. There was at this time a continually deepening impression that he ought to devote his whole time and talents to the work of the ministry. Yet there were difficulties in his way. His physical strength was not firm; and having a wife and three children dependent upon him, he felt a hesitancy to give up his position as teacher with the probability before him

of breaking down and becoming a burden to the Church.

In this dilemma a way unexpectedly opened for him to test the whole question, and yet retain his position in the academy. The preacher in charge on the Farmingdale circuit, Rev. J. F. Morell, felt the need of assistance to fill the Sabbath appointments. The consent of the Quarterly Conference was obtained, and the presiding elder invited Brother Lawrence to accept the situation. He was glad of the opportunity, and at once replied, "I will."

COMMENCEMENT OF HIS MINISTRY.

From this time to the end of the year he taught school five days each week, preached three times every Sabbath, delivered many temperance lectures, preached often at extra meetings, rejoiced in the conversion of over *two hundred souls*, wrote numerous articles for the county papers, pleased and profited the people, and at the close was stronger and better in health than when he commenced. Thus sustained and thus successful, he could entertain no further doubt as to his future course, and said to the Church, "Here am I; send me." The Quarterly Conference of Farmingdale recommended him as a suitable person for the regular ministry, and unanimously requested his return to them the following year. This was a high compliment to his moral, spiritual and intellectual worth. It came from a people among whom his whole life had been spent. They knew him as errand-boy, stage-driver, shoemaker, politician, skeptic, almost everything, and for nine years he had taught their

children in the village school—a position exceedingly difficult to fill so as not to incur displeasure somewhere. But his religious and intellectual strength triumphed over all, and being received by the Annual Conference, he was returned as the assistant of Rev. M. C. Stokes, who was preacher in charge of the Farmingdale circuit for the year 1857. This year, a pleasant and prosperous one, was devoted to taking care of young converts, visiting the people, preaching the word, earnest study and deep heart experiences. Indeed, this year, the first of his regular ministry, was the great hinge year of his life.

Here culminated a series of spiritual desires that had been long throbbing in his soul, and were soothed and satisfied only when they came into the fullest possible communion with God. From reading, hearing, feeling and prayer, he was satisfied there were higher states of religious experience than he had yet attained. He was in the clear sunlight of justification, but in meditating upon the purity, power and willingness of God, said:

> "He wills that I should holy be:
> That holiness I long to feel—
> The full, divine conformity
> To all my Saviour's righteous will."

PERFECT LOVE.

During the summer of this year he attended a Camp Meeting, held at Titusville, Hunterdon county, New Jersey. One evening during the progress of this meeting, he says, "I felt suddenly awakened again to the vast importance of being entirely holy. In company with Rev.

W. C. Stockton, the dear brother under whose ministry I had first found the Saviour, I knelt in a secluded spot in the grove, and prayed for a pure heart. This prayer was on my lips and in my soul:

> 'Wash me and make me thus thine own;
> Wash me, and mine thou art;
> Wash me, but not my feet alone—
> My hands, my head, my heart.'

"I believed in Jesus, and in about half an hour I felt the work was done. I preached the next morning, and remember now, and shall ever remember, the sweet, unspeakable peace that filled my soul. I went home full of it. I remember, when I went to look after my horse, I spoke to him in my usual way, and immediately asked myself, 'Is that the *tone of* perfect love?' It seemed to me that perfect love should not only dwell in the heart, but be heard in the voice, be seen in the look, soften every gesture and beautify every act. He who is in the enjoyment of the highest order of holiness held out to man should oftener speak in the persuasive tone of love than in the commanding voice of justice. It is now a number of years since I received this grace. I have had to *watch* and *pray* much to retain it, and watch as much as pray; but Jesus' blood has been all-availing for all these years, and will be to the end. It is apparent to me that I might easily get sour in this age of pride and worldly display in the church, and no less in the pulpit than in the pew, but *I must not.* Perfect love keeps sweet to sweeten others. I feel, too, that I might easily *drift* with the church into the worldly current. To the insidious fallacies about refinement in church architec-

ture, refinement in the dress of Christians and refinement in preaching I might easily yield, especially when urged from such high places in the name of progress; but I *must not.* Perfect love lives only in the bosom of simplicity; for according to the example of Christ and his apostles, true religion is *severe* simplicity. The precious Saviour blesses me in preaching this doctrine. I find many, very many, who hear this pure gospel gladly, and are rising up to stand as monuments of Jesus' power to save from all sin. And yet I find that every new success in the blessed work imposes the necessity of a fresh baptism of holy fire to keep me down in my place at the foot of the cross."

Mrs. Mary D. James, who was at the Titusville Camp Meeting, says: "The first time I saw Brother Lawrence was at a prayer-meeting held in a tent, seeking full salvation." This was no doubt after his struggle in company with Brother Stockton in the grove, and his effort now was for still further light. Mrs. James continues: "Suddenly he fell, overpowered by divine influence, his countenance reflecting the rays of the Sun of righteousness beaming upon his soul. We said one to another, 'He has received the blessing. *See what glory shines in his face!*' The hallowed influence was felt by all present; the SANCTIFIER was in our midst, and his saving power was realized by many souls in that eventful hour.

"While we were singing one of the inspired songs of praise, Brother Lawrence opened his eyes and spake forth the joy of his exulting soul. Never will those impassioned utterances of holy eloquence be forgotten which with tears and smiles flowed from his lips as he

spake of the great work which had been wrought in his heart. He afterward testified of it in other meetings on the ground with great power, and always referred to it as a work distinct from that of justification. He said his previous experience had been clear, the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he was a child of God; but there was a felt want in his heart of a deeper work—the roots of sin, the remains of the carnal mind, springing up, had troubled him, and for months he had been seeking for perfect purity. The work, he said, was as clear and distinct as was the first."

The change in his spirit, too, was the subject of general remark. Those who had known him as a teacher at Freehold said he often showed irritability of temper. But from the time he received this gracious manifestation, meekness and gentleness were the ruling traits of his mind and manners.

From this time holiness was the great theme of his heart and lips and pen and life. But it must not be inferred from this that he was a man of one idea. Few possessed greater versatility of mind or a wider range of thought. He had sermons on almost every variety of subjects which a careful reading of the Bible and a mind keenly alive to every passing event could possibly suggest. But he possessed the faculty of infusing holiness into every subject, and viewed every object from that standpoint. He seemed to hear the voice of God continually sounding in his ears: "Be ye holy that bear the vessels of the Lord;" and thought the time had come when holiness should be written *even upon the* horses' bells. Everywhere, both in *public and in private*, while he thought as a man,

spake as a man and acted as a man, yet it was as of one permeated with the thought that holiness was the central idea of Christianity, and that holiness was the true type of manhood to which the gospel aimed to bring the world. This beyond all question was the great secret of his power. In some instances it was a power that repelled, but in vastly more it was a divine attraction. From this platform he preached and prayed, labored and won. It was an element felt wherever he went. It ran through his charges like a current of divine life. It thrilled the hearts of his hearers like a new chord in a blessed instrument struck by a diviner hand. It was a fire that burned, it was a balm that soothed, it was a power that saved, it was a rest, calm, sweet, deep and holy—the rest of faith and a rest from sin. It was a new life to him, and through him a new life to thousands more. If, therefore, the Camp Meeting held at Titusville in the summer of 1857 did nothing more than bring Ruliff V. Lawrence to this high experience, it did that for which thousands will bless God to all eternity.

Dr. Hanlon, who was preacher in charge at Titusville at that time, says: "It was a wonderful era in his life, and from that period to his death his zeal was almost without bounds; he often spoke to me of that Camp Meeting with great gratitude to God."

BEVERLY.

In 1858 Brother Lawrence was appointed to Beverly. This was his first charge. At Farmingdale, the first year, he was a supply, and the second year he was junior preacher. Here, then, at Beverly, he

first felt the whole responsibility resting upon himself. He went to the work like one who felt that great things were to be done for God, and he the appointed instrument for their accomplishment. Immediately there was a sensation. The energies of a divine life bounded through every nerve of his own soul, and at the first opening of his lips others felt the thrill, as Lazarus did at the voice of Jesus. Friends, too, rejoiced over friends, long dead to God, now raised to a new life, as Mary and Martha did in the graveyard of Bethany. Nearly two hundred were thus saved at Beverly, while many others were brought to the experience of that holiness without which none shall see the Lord.

Two years passed away, and he exclaimed in his farewell sermon, "How rapidly time flies! Two years have gone into eternity since I came among you, though it seems but as yesterday. I remember when I first saw your faces, on the day of our arrival here. We were strangers according to the flesh, but we soon found we were children of the same house. I remember the kindly greetings of that first day—the hopes, the fears, the prayers. I remember the commencement of my labors here in this pulpit, and their continuance on through the first summer and into brown autumn. I remember how quickening influences began to pervade the church—a more earnest breathing here, and a stronger desire there. I remember when the revival cloud, only as a man's hand in size, first appeared to view. I remember when it broke, and the rain of grace descended, on the ever-memorable night of the 10th of November.

"We had commenced an extra meeting some ten days before. Not much had been done, only a few meeting from night to night. On the evening in question the weather was threatening and the congregation smaller than usual. During a season of silent prayer, toward nine o'clock, the Holy Ghost came upon us. One young man * was prostrated on the floor, receiving a baptism that deepened conviction as to his duty to preach, and soon after he went forth as an itinerant, and has for several years been a successful minister of Jesus. Another, a class-leader, received the Holy Ghost in sanctifying power, and by virtue thereof became a man of the most unearthly power in prayer and exhortation. Some ten or twelve others were so blessed that they slept none that night, but had visions of wonderful things of a spiritual character. Sinners looked frightened and seemed to shrink back as if they saw ghosts moving about. The next night the house was full, the altar full, and ten souls were converted to God. The church seemed a new organization—it was *alive.*

"And who that was present can ever forget the blessed seasons that followed, when parents saw their children converted, and children their parents; when husbands saw their wives converted, and wives their husbands; when brothers saw their sisters converted, and sisters their brothers? Who can forget the blessed seasons when formal professors came out of their graves and lived, and old members of the church found that the blood of Jesus could cleanse from all sin? And what seasons have we had since then! It

* Rev. S. C. Chattin.

has been all revival. It is true that some have backslidden, but not a larger proportion than Christ told us to expect would fall from grace. But while some have fallen, others have been going up higher, and are still climbing the mount of God. Were you ever in better prayer-meetings than we have had, better class-meetings, better love-feasts? It is true we have had our trials, temptations and perplexities, but we have had great grace. And some here can look back and say, 'Two years ago I was in the pit of mire and clay; to-day my feet touch rock, and that rock is Christ.' Some can say, 'Two years ago I was a formal professor, having a name to live while I was dead, but now the fire of God burns in my soul. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."' Yes, the two years past are full of interest, for God has been with his people and blessed them. It now becomes my sad duty to say to you, finally, brethren, farewell."

WILLIAMSTOWN.

In 1860 he was appointed to Williamstown, in Camden county. In this arrangement his faith was greatly tried, for his mind, from some cause, had been strongly directed to another place. But he yielded to what was evidently the will of God like one wholly given up to doing good. The first time he went to Williamstown as pastor he preceded his family a few days, and was entertained at the house of one of the official members. Here he made an immediate and deep impression for good, for his host remarked to a brother before the first service, "We shall have a good sermon this

morning." "Why do you think so?" inquired the brother. "Our preacher enjoys religion," was the quick reply.

One day he went to visit with a number of friends, but was very sick and unable to be up or converse. His time was not lost, however, for his mind, ever active, was at work while lying upon the bed, and as he arose to go home he informed his friends that, while he had not been able to enjoy their society or converse with them, yet he had made a sermon which he hoped would do the people good.

He was invited to the hotel to tea on one occasion, and went. Some spoke against this course. He replied, "My Master would go anywhere for souls, and I would go to the very verge of hell in order to do good." During the visit the family and all who were in the bar-room were called in to prayers, and there are reasons to believe that lasting impressions for good were made.

While at Williamstown he was frequently in poor health, and his throat troubled him. At times it gave him great pain to speak. This caused him to avoid as much as possible meeting any one along the streets. Some, therefore, thought him unsocial. But he said in explanation, "Every word I can possibly utter is needed in the pulpit."

He was continually seeking for souls, and planned much work for his official brethren, sending them wherever he thought their influence would be good. He labored for immediate results. On one occasion he aimed a sermon at three or four unconverted persons. When the meeting closed without the desired

result, he said, "What more can I do? This sermon has been preached at the risk of my life."

He held holiness meetings here, the influence of which was both repelling and attracting. Some came from a long distance to attend them, while others seemed to dislike him for his course. Once, while preaching on this subject here, he had such a baptism of the Holy Ghost as almost carried him off his feet.

During the winter the church was favored with a revival, in which one hundred and twenty-six were added to its number. Before going away he said to a brother, "When you invite your minister to your home, invite also his enemies rather than his friends. Bringing them together will be likely to result in good by disarming prejudice."

Some time after he left Williamstown, he returned to deliver a lecture. He was there but a short time, arriving late and going away early the next morning. He found time, however, to visit a man who had wandered from God and was out of the fold. He induced him to return to Christ and rejoin the church. Shortly after this he died of spotted fever, leaving evidence that he had gone to the better land.

SALEM.

He was appointed to Salem in 1861, where he labored two years. These years comprised the beginning, and some of the bloodiest periods, of the war. These things were diverting to the mind; and so far as the immediate ingathering of souls was concerned, his years at Salem were the least successful of his ministry. But success is not measured by the visible

alone. There are other influences, potent and far-reaching, which the living minister exerts, the extent of which cannot be known in time. His utterances in Salem were a felt power. His short, crispy, fiery words stirred the people on religion, patriotism and temperance as they had not been stirred, perhaps, since the days of Abbott. His two sermons on "Man-traps," from the text, "*They set a trap, they catch men*" (Jer. v. 26), produced a profound impression and will never be forgotten. The Salem *Sunbeam*, alluding to these sermons, says: "The announcement that Rev. R. V. Lawrence would preach on the above subject in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sabbath evening last drew a large audience. The house was crowded, and so great was the pressure that many had to go away without hearing the discourse. The reverend gentleman commenced by alluding to the trap set by Satan to catch Adam in the garden of Eden, and then adverted to the traps set against Naboth by using the notorious Jezebel, to that set by the jealous counselor against David, also by the Philistines against Samson by using lascivious Delilah, to those set by the enemies of the Lord Jesus in the days of his incarnation, and then came down to our own times, and set forth the traps used by worldly-minded persons to catch Christians, especially young converts, through the means of social parties, etc. He then appropriately alluded to the traps set by those in rebellion against our government on the plains of Manasses, by which they entrapped and slaughtered our friends and brothers on the 21st of July last; and lastly, as the most dangerous traps of our times, to the

licensed taverns, drinking-saloons, tenpin-alleys and gambling-dens. He examined the intrigues of the persons who set these traps, and through them entail wretchedness, misery and woe upon innocent women and children, and called upon all Christians, and those wishing good to their fellow-men, upon all parents and guardians, to set their influence against such traps, that they may be removed and never again allowed to seduce the unsuspecting and the weak." The *Sunbeam* concludes its notice of the sermon by saying: "Mr. Lawrence is a bold and fearless minister, and from the manner in which he handled the above subject, we believe him to be sincere in his efforts for the good of his fellows and the glory of God."

The Salem *Standard* noticed the second sermon thus: "*Man-traps again!*—Rev. Mr. Lawrence, pastor of the South Street M. E. church, delivered another characteristic and earnest sermon on this subject last Sabbath evening to a densely-crowded audience. The main portion of the discourse was devoted to an examination of the reasons which have been assigned for the existence of the evils he so pointedly declaimed against a week ago. The apologists for the man-traps, unable to show that they are demanded by the traveling public, have assumed that the licensing of such establishments tends to diminish the evils which would result from too much competition, and the other reason assigned was that the revenue thus obtained helps to liquidate the expenses of the municipal government. In regard to the first proposition, he maintained that if the influence of these avenues of temptation is ad-

mitted to be evil, they should not be tolerated at all, and if good, no restrictions should be placed upon their increase and growth. The assumption that the license-money helps to diminish the taxes was equally erroneous, and it was demonstrated that this revenue is insignificant in comparison to the aggregate of misery which is thus produced. The speaker vindicated the right and duty of the community to combat the glaring evil of intemperance, and all other practices of the day inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity."

At the close of Mr. Lawrence's first year in Salem, he preached a sermon from these words: "And that year they vexed and oppressed the children of Israel." Judges x. 8. A few extracts from that sermon will give a true idea of the state of things during his pastorate there.

He first illustrated the fact that the Church had been vexed and oppressed that year in various ways: "We were vexed and oppressed with fear that the government would be destroyed; we have been vexed and oppressed with the terribleness of the war that has actually been upon us; we have been vexed and oppressed, too, in a financial way—factories have been stopped, mercantile houses have failed, stocks have depreciated, foreign governments it was feared would come and burn our seaboard towns and cities. Men and women were out of money, out of work and out of bread, and the men who had money held on to it as if it was the last they should ever see."

He then asked and answered the question, "How has the Church borne the trial?" "I need not," he says, "attempt to answer for the Church in general;

it may, however, do us good to see how this society has weathered the storm of the year now closing. We have not all backslidden—*not all.* You have not all permitted the war excitement to carry you away from your God. The most of you who started with us at the beginning of the year are yet marching with us shoulder to shoulder, rejoicing in God. And I have good reason to believe that many now occupy higher ground than they did a year ago, have a clearer witness of their acceptance and are longing more ardently for holiness of heart than ever before; while some have bathed in the sea of perfect love. We thank God for these things. Some, too, at various times through the year, have been persuaded to give their hearts to God, having found pardon at these altars. Near thirty have professed conversion, the most of whom, I trust, are now on their way to the skies. We had hoped for many more—labored for many more; but many whom we thought near the kingdom of God yet wander about on the dreary mountains of sin, exposed to the rising storm of divine wrath, which even now casts its dark shadow o'er the plain. Once more I cry to these, 'Escape for your life!'

"One thing I am very thankful for: a measure of the revival spirit has lingered with us most of the year. Spring, summer, autumn and winter have witnessed some conversions at these altars. I remember a summer in which there was not much rain, but it was so divided along in little showers when most needed that vegetation did not suffer much. So we have not had heavy showers of revival influences, but we have had

some, and they have been so distributed through the year that Zion has been nourished and kept alive.

"Our church has felt the money-pressure, too. Some have had less business than heretofore, some have been out of work, and these things have been against us. But *panic* has done more harm than *real want;* many of you have feared more than you have felt—were more scared than hurt. In all this there has been revealed a want of faith. Why were the soldiers at Bull Run seized with panic and fear? Because they had no faith—no faith in themselves, no faith in their leaders; hence they ran. At the beginning of the year, and all along through the year, a number were overtaken with panic, and said, 'We can't pay our preacher, we can't do anything for the missionary cause,' etc., etc. '*Can't do*' seemed to be the most common word in the book. Here was a want of faith in God, and a want of faith in each other. If all had been afflicted in this way, nothing could have been done. When members of the church, and especially leading members, see difficulties in the way, instead of whining out, 'We can't,' they should get down on their knees, and after prayer say, 'By the help of God, we'll try.' We all like the spirit manifested by General Smith at Fort Donelson. One division of the army had been forced back considerably by the rebels, and the prospect of success was doubtful. One Southern battery especially was dealing death among the Union troops. General Grant sent word to General Smith to charge upon that battery. It was a fearful service to march right up to those open-mouthed cannon, belching forth volleys of death every minute.

General Smith might have said, 'I'll think about it,' or, 'I can't,' but with all the earnestness that characterizes a true soldier, said, '*I'll do it*,' and putting himself at the head of the column, marched on, and in spite of balls, bursting shells, swords and bayonets, *did it*, and that act won the day. General Smith had faith in himself, faith in his troops and faith in the justice of his cause. Some of you have imitated this faith, and have paid the sums needed to support the church; the trustees are in easy circumstances; our collections, though not large, are fair, and South Street yet stands with her credit unshaken."

MOUNT HOLLY.

In 1863 he removed from Salem to Monnt Holly, and remained there until the spring of 1865. During his labors at this place the church debt, which had troubled them for a number of years, was provided for, and he said, "the most blessed meeting he had enjoyed during his stay there was one evening after this result was reached." Over two hundred souls were born into the kingdom of God, and many of the membership were lifted to the higher plains of Christian experience by the mighty upheavals of divine power set in motion by his fervid zeal. During the whole period of his pastorate there the church was in a furnace-glow of religious heat; he kept it so by his exhaustless energy and the fervor of his own experience and utterances.

"Oh, I am so glad," he exclaimed, "that I never came to limit the blood of Jesus by believing that he could not cleanse a soul fully until just in the hour of death. I want peace from inbred troubles. After I

was converted I found some very bad company living in my soul-house—Mr. Hate, and Malice, and Envy, and Lust, and red-faced Anger lived there. They slept and were quiet for some time, for they were stunned and confounded when the Holy Ghost came and told me that I was born of God. It was very much the same as if my soul-house had been struck with lightning. Indeed, it was a stroke of heavenly electricity that fell upon me, and it did almost kill Envy, Hate, Malice and Lust, for they were prostrated and motionless for a good while. But they finally revived and gave me trouble. Some one hinted that we must all be tenants there in common until death. But I didn't like that arrangement. I wanted the house all to myself and *one only friend;* I didn't want the imps of Satan roaming about through the chambers of my soul. So I applied to my Landlord, even to Jesus Christ, to know if they might not be ejected, and he came, applying his blood anew, and then these troublesome tenants left, for they couldn't ENDURE THE BLOOD; and when they were gone, then perfect peace reigned."

In advancing such sentiments many questions would arise in the minds of those who heard, and some had standing doubts. Others would say, "If I should come into this blessed state, how, in a world like this, could I be kept?" He replied, "Jesus can keep you: 'Thou wilt keep him in *perfect* peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' God has great keeping power. Think of one very remarkable fact in the history of this universe. How is this globe on which we live, twenty-four thousand miles in circumference, kept in its place? In the fields of space are millions of other globes,

some of them many times larger and heavier than our earth, yet there they go, swimming around on nothing, while, so far as we know, not one of them has swerved a hairsbreadth from its course since time began. Who keeps them moving thus with more than clock-like regularity and precision? Philosophers tell us they are kept by the power of gravitation. Gravitation! What is that? Why, when you reduce the idea down to plain common sense, it means that the Almighty God stretches his invisible power like a silken thread from world to world and from star to star, and thus keeps them moving in harmony—keeps peace among these inanimate sons of God as they roll around their circuits in the sky. There wouldn't be much peace in this material universe if God should unloose the ties that bind the worlds together. Suppose the moon should leave her old track, and shoot like a huge cannon-ball into the side of this globe? I should not like to stand just where the collision took place; there would be no peace thereabout. But God keeps them in order; and if he can keep all these worlds moving in such harmony, I think he can keep my little heart in *perfect peace*."

Thus divine truth, passing through his mind as a lens, was so focalized as to burn its way into human hearts, producing largely, at Mount Holly as at other places, lasting results for good.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Having finished his work at Mount Holly, he was appointed, in 1865, to Liberty street, New Brunswick, where he remained three years. His ministry at this

place was one of increased activity and ever-widening influence. In addition to his almost superhuman efforts in his own charge at Liberty street, which resulted in the conversion of between two and three hundred souls, his services were in demand in every direction, and it seemed to have been a policy with him never to withhold these services if there was any possibility by which he could comply.

On one occasion he was nineteen miles from home in midwinter, the weather intensely cold, the snow several feet deep and the roads unbroken. A brother minister desired him to assist in a meeting that night. Mr. Lawrence replied, "I would love to, dearly, but I must be at home to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, and there is no way by which I can get there but to go to-day." It was finally arranged, however, if he would stay, that he should be forwarded to his home by the desired time. He immediately consented. The service was held, God blessed them in it, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, the two ministers started, with horse and sleigh, over the untracked snow, on their nineteen miles' journey, most of the way through the woods, with the mercury nearly at zero, yet home was reached a little before the hour named; and although they almost perished by the way, the gospel had been preached, good done, and God was glorified.

This readiness to comply with invitations kept him, when not engaged in services at home, almost constantly on the wing. Few men were nearer omnipresent in their work. He could be seen almost everywhere, and always on errands for his Master. When asked when and how he studied, he answered, "I

study as I go. I must husband my time." Traveling with him at one time for a couple of days, I noticed his eyes and mind took in everything he saw and heard; and when we returned, he had material for a number of sermons.

He lectured many times and in many places on temperance, and on national questions in war-times, using such plainness of speech and such illustrations of facts as would burn their way into the heart and conscience—great stern truths which made strong men tremble. Yet from these scenes where he throttled sin with a death-like grip he would hasten, as on the wings of the wind, to some scene of revival effort, or meeting for the promotion of holiness, and labor with a soul full of the holiest love, while his lips over and over again would exclaim,

> "For ever here my rest shall be,
> Close to thy bleeding side—
> This all my hope and all my plea:
> For me the Saviour died."

In his sermons on holiness he was very emphatic, yet often as gentle as a child. He resorted to every method to lift the people higher.

> "And as a bird each fond endearment tries
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

He persuaded by the promises, the privilege and the blessedness of being wholly sanctified to God. If these failed, he resorted to other methods. One of his fa-

vorite battle-cries was, "Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection."

"We were not," he said, "to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ in the sense of repudiation or rejection, but as the builder leaves the foundation and proceeds to erect the building upon it. Repentance is a principle to be left behind, just as the child leaves the alphabet, and turns over leaf after leaf to a more advanced state of knowledge. The child does not forget the alphabet and turn back daily to recommit it, but leaves it behind and presses forward. So you should never repent but once, for you should never sin after you repent. Repentance is the primer in the religion of Christ, and you should never study and pass through it but once. But, alas! many are daily turning back to that first text-book again. They sin and repent, and repent and sin. You can find persons who have been in the Church for twenty-five or thirty years who are daily thumbing over the old primer of repentance. They get angry, neglect duty, indulge in unholy desires and commit unholy deeds. Then conviction comes upon them, and back they go to the old primer of repentance. Dull scholars these!—always learning, but never arriving at a knowledge of the truth. I wonder what God the Father thinks of such scholars when they have such a Teacher as Christ, and such a text-book as the Bible?

"You have a son just five years old. You think it time he has commenced school. You buy him a primer, and take him round to the school you have selected for him. You wait to hear him recite his lesson. He stands by the teacher. 'What is that,

John?' says the teacher, pointing to *a*. 'Don't know, sir.' 'That is '*a*.' '*A*,' says John; and so on. 'Well,' you say, 'John don't know much now, but he will learn.' You go about your business, but hardly think how John is getting along for several years. He is now ten years old. You conclude to go around and see how he is coming on. You wait for John to be called up. He approaches the teacher's chair with a book in his hand. You say, 'As I live, that looks like the same old primer.' Teacher, pointing to *a*, says, 'What is that?' 'Don't know, sir.' '*A*,' says the teacher—that is *a*.' '*A*,' repeats the boy. 'What is that?' 'Don't know.' '*B*.' '*B*,' repeats John. Well, you are not pleased. But you continue him at school. Years roll away. You think John should be scholar enough by this time to help you in your business or graduate to a higher school. You go round once more to look after him. He is called up again. You look sharp at his book this time. If you can trust your eyes, it is the same old primer. You are not particularly pleased with his appearance. But you listen. 'What is that, John?' 'Don't know, sir.' 'That is *a*.' '*A*, *a*,' says John. You are disgusted. 'Is the boy an idiot?' you ask. Nor do I wonder. And yet how many in the school of Christ are ever turning back to the primer of repentance! Sin and repent, sin and repent. May the precious Spirit help us to get through the primer, and go on!"

Such methods of address enabled the common people to understand, and they heard him gladly, while cultivated minds were often won and saved. Sometimes, however, opposition was provoked, and the glorious

doctrines of the cross made but little progress. His years at New Brunswick were attended, perhaps, with more than ordinary trials, yet his strength was equal to his day, and the close of his service there was triumphant.

KEYPORT.

In the spring of 1868 he was appointed to Keyport, where he remained one year. This is a large and interesting town, situated on the southern shore of Raritan Bay, and about twenty-five miles, by direct water communication, from New York City. His ministry here, while it did not result in so large an ingathering of souls, was, nevertheless, earnest and arduous. An amount of pastoral labor unprecedented, perhaps, in the history of that charge, was performed by him. He went from house to house to the number of nearly three hundred in a single quarter, speaking everywhere and to all classes of Jesus and the resurrection. Many of these visits were to persons who had never before received a call from a minister of the gospel, and by these calls some were brought to Christ. Catholics and Protestants alike received his attentions, while the most profligate and abandoned were not passed by.

While here, as at other places, his pen was constantly employed in the preparation of articles for the Church papers or magazines. These articles were not long, labored and dry; on the other hand, they were short, crisp, full of life and always read. In this way he spoke to thousands weekly who never saw his face or heard his voice, and the widespread influence

of these articles eternity alone will show. Here, too, he was unremitting in his temperance toils. When not engaged in home work, he traveled, preached and lectured almost incessantly. He was all aglow with indignation against the rum traffic, and never failed, when in his power, to do it harm.

At home there was much in this line to do. Keyport is a watering-place of considerable importance. In good seasons large numbers of citizens throng its hotels and boarding-houses. Many of these are Jews, and do not regard the sanctity of the Sabbath. Its proximity to the city of New York makes it a convenient place for Sabbath excursions, which flood the town with those who have no regard for God's holy day. These things emboldened the irreligious at home, and worldly men violated law to pander to the wants of these excursionists. The indignation of Mr. Lawrence was aroused. Bathing, rowing, sailing, fishing and other amusements on the holy Sabbath, with the scream of factory-whistles and the sound of steamboat-bells mingling with the services of divine worship, were sad sights and sounds to him. Not far from town was an excursion grove, too, which was the frequent scene of wild carousal. From steamboat to grove the stages bore the wild disciples of Bacchus. Mr. Lawrence carefully considered the matter, and calmly determined to oppose this tide of vice and immorality. He preached from his pulpit, he awakened public sentiment, the town was astir, the good rejoiced and the wicked cursed. He held meetings on the steamboat wharf on Sabbath afternoons, and proclaimed in the ears of the excursionists that

the curse of God would fall on those who violate the sanctity of his holy day.

Once, while thus engaged, the proprietor of the excursion grove drove into town with a load of rough men, determined to break up the meeting. When near the place, one of the wheels came off, and the wagon broke down. The pitiable condition of the men awakened the ridicule of the crowd, and amid taunts and jeers they got off the best they could, muttering as they went that the *cursed dominie had prayed their wheel right off their wagon.* But above all the confusion of hooting boys and hissing steam and tapping bells, the clear voice of Mr. Lawrence could be heard calling the people to repentance; and when the captain, ready to cast off the shore-line, cried, "All aboard!" he cried out, still louder, "*Thank God, we are on board of a better boat!*"

His efforts were successful. Bar-rooms, ice-cream saloons and cigar-stores were closed, factory proprietors apologized, the town became more quiet, while all the good rejoiced and gave their hearty thanks to Mr. Lawrence for bringing about comparatively peaceful Sabbaths.

TRINITY, TRENTON.

In 1869, Mr. Lawrence was appointed to Trinity church, Trenton. This was a new enterprise, and from its commencement had been struggling with herculean difficulties. Previous pastors had been faithful and the membership earnest and sacrificing in order to bring the church of their choice through its financial embarrassments. During the earnest and faithful pas-

torate of Rev. B. S. Sharp, Mr. Lawrence's immediate predecessor, a location was secured on Perry street, the walls of a commodious church reared and the lecture-room completed. But there was still a heavy debt, and the main audience-room unfinished. The membership, numerically considerable, was not financially strong, and though willing, felt that their offerings had measured up to their ability. What to do further they knew not, but anxiously awaited the coming of their new pastor. He came, and with him a new inspiration. He led and they followed, while each felt that every step brought them to a higher plane and a nobler victory. Never did veteran troops march with bolder front or sterner adherence to high commands than did that people to the heroic movements of their new pastor. They moved forward in solid phalanx to the accomplishment of a high purpose, and accomplished it. The congregations increased so rapidly that they were obliged to occupy the main audience-room in an unfinished state. Men and women flocked to their aid from every direction, so that activity was visible on every hand. The work of God in the souls of the people, the church finances, business and salvation flowed on smoothly together like molten silver through channels of gold. Conversions were common, and sanctification of constant occurrence. Scarcely a week passed that there were not additions to the church, some by certificate and others on profession of their faith. All were alive, and all interested. The pastor was almost ubiquitous—here asking a donation to aid in finishing the church, there with the trustees devising financial plans; now administering counsel or comfort

to some destitute one, then pointing the dying to Jesus or laying the dead away to rest until the resurrection morning.

Thus the work went grandly on for some time, and thus it would have continued but for their heavy and pressing debt, which, with daily accruing obligations, made a mountain so steep and high that to ascend it required almost superhuman effort. Eighteen thousand dollars' debt, with a building but partly finished, was a heavy burden to a people comparatively poor. But Lawrence had an unconquerable faith. A loan must be had. This was difficult to obtain. Finally, a New York life insurance company agreed to loan the needed sum, provided thirty thousand dollars' worth of life policies should be secured. This was done. But when the pastor, worn with effort to secure these policies, presented himself for the fulfillment of their pledge, they said, "Not unless you give us an additional bonus of nine per cent." This was refused, and the pastor and people of Trinity were again out upon the rough waves of conflict and doubt. Finally, however, an arrangement was made with a Philadelphia life insurance company, on the same terms as those first proposed by the company at New York. But when the money was all ready to be paid over, and they saw the bright sky above them, full of hope, it was found that their title was defective, and until that was perfected the money could not be had. What was to be done? The following is Mr. Lawrence's own statement, made to his congregation a few weeks before he left them:

"As soon as I learned the condition of things, I

went to Mr. Striker, of this city, to see if I could ascertain anything of a certain colored man who, with his wife, was the only person who could perfect the title and help us in this terrible emergency. He told me all he knew, and said there was a colored family in Princeton who knew more. I went to Princeton. There I found a colored lady, who told me of a colored gentleman living at 200 Green street, New York City, who knew all about them. I went to New York City, and found his house. I waited a good long while for him to come home, but he did not know much when he did come, but thought the man's *mother-in-law* lived somewhere in Brooklyn, and although not well, went with me to find a colored family that he thought knew exactly where it was. We went there; they did not know, but told us of a family that did. Went there; they did not know, but told us of another family that did. Went there; they knew. We then went by their direction, and found the mother-in-law, but her daughter, wife of the man we wanted, was down at Flatbush, Long Island. My colored friend then went back to New York, and I went down to Flatbush. Found the lady, and told her my errand. She listened, and I asked, 'Where is your husband?' 'Gone on a year's cruise to the Mediterranean in a government vessel,' was her quick reply. So, then, thought I, the title for the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church is tossing on the Mediterranean Sea, somewhere in the neighborhood of where St. Paul was shipwrecked, maybe. That was in May. 'When would he be back?' I inquired. 'In August.' I went back to my colored friend at 200 Green street, and engaged him to watch

for the return of the vessel. August came, but no tidings of ship. I went to Brooklyn—no tidings. Thought I would go to headquarters, so I went to the navy-yard, found the officer of the port, who said the vessel would return in October. Waited again—no tidings. Wrote to my uncle in Brooklyn to go to navy-yard. He went, found ship had been in several days and was soon going on to Boston. One of the trustees, with a lawyer and myself, started at once. Went to our lady's mother in Brooklyn, lady herself at Flatbush. 'Where was her husband?' 'On ship or off,' didn't know which. Went to navy-yard. Officers just gone, so we couldn't get in. Waited until six o'clock, when the mechanics came out. Looked in the faces of fifteen hundred men to find our colored friend. Did not see him. One came at last who said, 'John went off ship this afternoon at two o'clock.' 'Where is he?' 'Somewhere in Brooklyn, New York, Jersey City or Williamsburg,' was the reply. In one of four cities, soon found him, of course! We went back to his mother-in-law's—not there. Were about going down to Flatbush, heard steps on the stairway—we were in the third story. A child said, '*That is Uncle John now.*' He came in. *You never saw two Democrats so glad to see a colored gentleman in all your life.* They inquired of his health, about his wife, told him their business, and the best humor prevailed. He said '*It is all right.*' They got a fine new carriage and went down to Flatbush with him, all riding together in a close barouche. I stayed and took tea with mother-in-law. They soon came back, one of the Democrats riding beside the colored lady. We all got in the car-

riage but the colored gentleman, for whom there was no room; he took his seat with the driver, and we hastened to Jersey City. As soon as we reached the Jersey side, the lawyer had the man and his wife sign the deed. They then went back to Brooklyn, and we came home."

The narrative was listened to not only with intense interest, but the result produced profound thanksgiving, and none enjoyed it more than the two Democrats referred to, one of whom was present. Such were some of his labors outside of the immediate work of saving souls, and such were some of his triumphs.

Mrs. Mary D. James, who resided in Trenton during his pastorate there, says: "He was in labors more abundant. In addition to the demands of a large congregation, his efforts were multiplied to such an extent as overtaxed his limited strength. I often wondered how it was that his feeble frame could endure so much, and said to him, 'The divine Hand must uphold you, and you have supernatural strength, to accomplish all you do.' He replied, 'Does not the word of God authorize us to expect strength according to our day?'"

The whole of Mr. Lawrence's term in Trenton was a rush of spiritual and financial efforts, which resulted in the completion of the church, crowding it to its utmost capacity, placing it upon a safe financial basis, elevating and improving the tone of its spirituality and increasing its membership, after deducting for all removals, deaths and other causes of depletion, from *one hundred and forty-three* to *three hundred and ninety*. His friends were among all denominations, and num-

bered by thousands. He was a genial companion, a holy minister and a general favorite, so that the public papers spoke of his departure from the city as a cause of deep regret.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Quarterly Conference of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church just before he left:

"WHEREAS, the Rev. R. V. Lawrence, having served the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church in this city as minister and pastor for the past three years now closing; and whereas, in the economy of the Church, he is about to remove to a new field of labor, be it therefore

"*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Quarterly Conference of said church, take this opportunity to express our high appreciation of his untiring, efficient and successful labors among us.

"*Resolved*, That we as a church are largely indebted to Brother Lawrence for our unprecedented prosperity.

"*Resolved*, That we regard him as possessing those elements of Christian character and rare qualities of heart and mind, combined with a burning zeal in the cause of Christ, constituting him a power for good wherever his lot may be cast."

His last sermon as pastor of that church was from the words, "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you." The house was densely crowded; all were deeply interested, and many bathed in tears.

WHARTON STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

For several years previous to this time overtures had been made for the services of Mr. Lawrence in the city of Philadelphia. For various reasons these overtures were unsuccessful until the close of his work in Trenton. He was then transferred by the proper authorities to the Philadelphia Conference, and appointed to the Wharton street church in that city. To these overtures Mr. Lawrence not only gave his consent, but in several instances, for what seemed to him good and sufficient reasons, was anxious for their success. But when his transfer became an accomplished fact, and he found his Conference connection severed from brethren with whom he had been associated from the beginning, and whom he had loved as his own soul, a horror of great darkness fell upon him, under the influence of which the deep sympathies of his nature were more fully revealed to him, and he was led to question the propriety of the course he had pursued, while the sorrows of his heart in parting with lifelong friends were beyond description.

This terrible experience, too deep for words, took place, however, before the commencement of his work in Philadelphia, and was of short duration. But short as it was, it had its benefits. He felt in it the utter weakness of humanity, and took hold of God with the omnipotency of human need. It was a dark background, on which the rainbow hues of promise were soon to arch out with unwonted brilliancy. It was the *fiery ordeal that* brought him still nearer to his God. *It was his Calvary,* where, in the awful agony, he ex-

claimed, "It is finished!" Then, after three days' utter abasement and abandonment, he arose, and joined in the holy acclaim of Paul: "I am crucified with Christ. Nevertheless, I live, *yet not I, but Christ liveth in me,* and the life that I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." It was under the wonderful influence of this "*not* I, but Christ liveth in me" life, that he commenced his work at Wharton street. And it is safe to say that, however profound his experience and however holy his life prior to this, he took with him to the Wharton street charge less of Ruliff Lawrence and more of Jesus Christ than ever he had taken to a charge before. And as we *now* see, this experience was not only a further preparation for his great work in that important church, but a prelude to the eternal coronation soon to take place. The Sabbath he commenced his work at Wharton street was the *Easter of his soul.* The death throes were past, and he had risen to a diviner life. He spake like one who had just come from God, and a thrill of divinity passed like a current of new life through the hearts of all.

The newspapers spoke thus: "Rev. R. V. Lawrence spent last Sabbath at his new appointment in Philadelphia. Though a snowy morning, the church was full, galleries and all. The Sabbath-school sang a song of welcome, the sentiments of which were appropriate and directed particularly to the new pastor. He then preached his first sermon, which was on the 'preciousness of faith.' In the evening the sermon was on the text, '*For God so loved* the world that he gave his *only-begotten Son,* that whosoever believeth in him

should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The house was crowded, the aisles being filled with extra seats, though the pavements were very icy. Several persons came forward to the altar as seekers, and among them a Jewess who had hardly ever before heard a gospel sermon. It was a season of great interest." And the interest thus awakened knew no abatement during the few months of his labors there, but continued with ever-increasing power and majesty until, white-robed and crowned, he went up to be for ever with the Lord.

We have thus followed Mr. Lawrence in his various appointments through a period of sixteen years, in which we have noted some of the incidents of his ever-active ministry. But there are other facts and phases in his life and character which must be mentioned if this narrative has any claims to completeness. His experience, efforts in the temperance cause, patriotism, ability as a writer, vice-president of Ocean Grove, his sickness and death—each requires a separate notice. The special notice of his pulpit power is left to another hand.

EXPERIENCE.

He was converted, as we have seen, in January, 1852, and sanctified in 1857. But purity and maturity are not identical. From the time of his sanctification he grew with a holier thrift. He daily became wiser, stronger and more like Christ. He abounded, and longed to abound yet more and more, in love. In this divine grace he increased constantly, but never more than during the last year of his life. In all his utter-

ances on this subject there was a freshness which showed it to be a heart exercise.

In May last he exclaimed, with wonderful vivacity, "Thank God for love! If more of it had been preached and practiced long ago, many stubborn hearts would have been broken, and sinners still unsaved would have been attracted to Calvary. Love is something we can't get up a quarrel over. Dr. Levy and I might raise many points in theology over which we could argue and disagree, but on this one of love we are one in Christ. Of old, when Isaac's people dug wells and their neighbors filled them up again, it was discouraging; but at length they struck one spring, and came home and said, 'We have found water;' and so I, brethren, have found water—a deep unfailing spring. Oh how I enjoy it to-day! It flows refreshingly, and everything is green along its course."

Speaking of charity only a few weeks before his death, he said: "It is not *easily* provoked. But Dr. Clarke says, '*Is not provoked*'—not irritated, made sour or bitter. The word *easily* does not belong to the text, and Dr. Clarke says he does not know how it got there; but one thing he knows: it is utterly improper, and has nothing in the original to countenance it. 'True charity,' he said, 'cannot be provoked.' What a world would we live in!—anger, evil tempers, quarreling and complaining! What a blessing to the world if we were all filled with perfect love, and every pastor, presiding elder, official board and sexton were baptized with this grace! To have this thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians in the heart is to be wholly sanctified. For over a year I have

known nothing of this old feeling of anger in my heart—not a flash in all that time. This love will conduce to amiability, control the tongue and render the life even and happy. I remember the exhortation, 'Keep yourselves in the love of God.'"

In his last recorded utterance in the Friday meeting for the promotion of holiness, he said: "My mind has been running on the Scripture lesson read to-day concerning the folly of the Galatians who were seeking to be made perfect by the flesh instead of grace through faith. If Paul could address the churches now, he would not say, 'O foolish Galatians!' but, 'O foolish Methodists, foolish Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, O foolish Quakers, who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth?' The truth is, the Holy Ghost can perfect the heart in love, if we will only submit and consent to receive it."

During the last year or two of his life particularly the influence of divine love upon his heart was very great. To be in his company only a few minutes was to feel it—not repelling, but drawing you toward him. It softened and sweetened his whole nature. A lady who spent some time in his family said: "I found him just the same sweet, gentle spirit there that he was in other and more public places. I never heard a loud or unkind word. *He lived holiness at home.*" He was gentle and loving to the weak, the erring, the lowly and the poor, and always had for them a kind word and a helping hand. He was fond of pets, and would treat them with as much tenderness as a little child. On leaving a friend after a brief or protracted interview his uniform counsel was: "Let us be good—

let us be *real* good." Such was the condition of his heart, and such was its influence on his life.

There is a passage in one of his printed sermons which, for clearness of statement and beauty of description, is not often excelled, and evidently was drawn from his own experience. It is fitly inserted here: "The experience of the perfect man is *steadfast* and *abiding*. It rests on a perfect faith in God. He alters not; hence the perfect man always has peace. If his love for God were not perfect, but he at times affected by the love of created things, his peace would often be disturbed by the disappointment of desire. But his love through faith is every day the same, and hence his peace is always abiding. Sometimes the joy of faith like a flood comes down on his soul, and he has heavenly ecstasy. But when this subsides, he has no despondency; his peace still flows on. It is like the old Delaware. There it is: it has been flowing on for centuries. While old Solitude kept watch along its wooded banks during the uninhabited ages, there was the river flowing on. When nature's red man first came to its edge to try his bark canoe upon its waters, there it was flowing on. When, centuries after, the white man first pressed his foot upon its pebbled beach, he found it flowing on. Sometimes the clouds, obedient to God, withhold their waters for weeks and months, until the whole land cries for rain, but the lordly river, fed by eternal mountain springs, still goes flowing on. Again the clouds open their bosoms and baptize the earth so that every creek, brook and drain empties floods into the river, so that its mighty tide sweeps over all its banks; but when the superabundant

waters subside, there is the river flowing on. Thus the peace of perfect love flows on. Preachers may come and go, old things pass away and give place to new; still, the peace of the perfect man flows on. If there is drouth in the Church, it affects not the peace of the perfect man; it still flows on. If there is a revival in the Church, of course he has a freshet on his river; but when the extra influence subsides, his river of peace yet flows on. A perfect faith keeps him in constant communication with the river of God, which is full of water, and consequently, through evil report and good report, through health and sickness, prosperity and adversity, his peace as a river still flows on. Glory to God! the fiercest drouth with which hell's hot breath ever scorched a church can't dry it up. Its source is high up yonder in the throne of God.

"But though he is thus content with God, he does not cease his upward flight. He never reaches a point in his heavenward travel where he is content to rest. His soul is ever longing for a closer walk with God. Looking upon Christ as 'the fairest among ten thousand,' he is constantly desiring a clearer realization of his presence in his soul. On faith's strong wings he is ever rising, and in the breathings of his soul he is ever saying, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!' Never did a miser have a more quenchless thirst for gold than has the perfect man for God. I have read of a miser who, though his coffers were filled with untold sums of silver and gold, yet went about the streets picking up scraps of paper, rags,

pieces of old iron, that he might turn them into gold. An insatiate desire within was ever calling for gold. So, though the perfect man is ever in communication with God, he is ever desiring more of God. As the waters of salvation, in answer to the prayer of faith, spring up in his soul, he lovingly exclaims:

> 'Insatiate to this spring I fly,
> I drink, and yet am ever dry.
> Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
> Ah! who that *loves* can love enough?'"

TEMPERANCE.

There were facts in connection with his earliest recollections which gave him a lifelong and burning hatred for the demon rum. As years increased and his mind expanded, he took a wider and more intelligent observation of men and things, but in all that wider range there was nothing to remove the terribleness of his early impressions, but much to increase and strengthen them. As in his childhood, so now in his riper years, he saw the rum-fiend everywhere working its awful desolations. Young and old, male and female, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, day laborers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers and men of all professions were among its victims. He saw the fearful traffic ruining the intellect, ruining the soul, ruining the body, ruining the affections, ruining the estate and blasting in eternal darkness the hopes of a glorious immortality. The keen eye of Ruliff Lawrence saw all this, and his sensitive soul had felt it to its core. He then said, "I *am but one, yet I am one.* I cannot do much, but I *can do something.* All that I can do I ought to do;

and all that I ought to do, with God's help, *I will do.*" And he kept his resolution—not for a little while, but to the close of life. Wherever he went the rum interests trembled. His tread was like that of a giant, and his blows as from an arm nerved with a consciousness of right. He thundered against the nefarious business with all his powers of irony, wit and argument. He appealed to boys, young men, fathers and mothers, church-members, citizens, everybody, to throw their influence against this fearful Moloch of modern times.

His manuscripts contain scores of sermons and lectures on this subject, and he burned them into the hearts and memories of his hearers with the thrilling eloquence of one who knew from terrible observations something of the horrors which the infamous traffic entails. He never wearied of bearding this rum-lion in his very den. He spoke in public and in private, he reasoned, ridiculed, argued and persuaded to the last point of physical endurance.

In one of his lectures he says: "A careful inquiry into the causes of our present unhappy civil war would bring a number of culprits before the bar of public opinion as principals or accessories in the foul work of national destruction. But we have not time to go over so much ground. We wish to narrow down the inquiry so much as to inquire if intemperance has had anything to do with bringing about this state of suffering and blood. We know that it has filled many a state-prison and many an almshouse. We know that it has furnished many a victim for the hangman. We know it has starved many a woman, and robbed many an innocent child of bread; and now we would know

if, in addition to all its other sins, it is also guilty of being an accessory to precipitating this country in the civil war that is now upon us. We claim that it is one of the causes of this terrible war, because it is one of the means by which incompetent and corrupt men are elected to office. In order that you may see this clearly, let me refer you to the manner in which men are selected to fill places of public trust. You know there are conventions in which men are nominated. These conventions are composed of delegates appointed at *primary meetings*, and at which the candidate is recommended for office. Well, these primary meetings, and commonly the conventions too, are under the influence of men whose minds are more or less unhinged by intemperance. Let me bring before you a scene at one of these meetings. Election-time is coming on. Hand-bills are posted, announcing that a primary meeting is to take place at '*Washington House*,' or '*Eagle Hotel*.' Across there, on that corner, is one of these bills. In front of it stands Bill Guzzle, reading. As soon as he has made it out he smacks his lips, saying, 'Yes, I'll be there; there'll be something to drink, I reckon. I'll be there.' Over there, on another corner, is another bill, and there stands Bob Rednose, looking up with great interest, and after he makes it out, he snaps his fingers, saying, 'Yes, I'll be there; suthing to drink about there.' And now the day for the meeting has come. Suppose we go round to Eagle Hotel to see the sights. As soon as we enter we see Bill Guzzle, Bob Rednose, Tom Bleareye, Sam Suckermouth and the rest of that family all on hand. Have kept their word, you see—always keep it when there

is a drink in question, but always forget when there is a debt to pay. They are on hand now to serve the country. Besides these, there are a few moral and religious men, who look in such company as if they felt ashamed and hardly knew what to do. Soon, Mr. Demagogue comes in. He is a candidate for the office about to be filled—*always is a candidate.* As soon as he enters there is a general brightening up all around. Bill Guzzle begins to feel like guzzling, Bob Rednose looks more fiery than ever, and Sam Suckermouth is all ready for swallowing. Mr. D. don't keep them waiting long. He says, 'Come, gents, take a drink.' Then to see these modest men march up to the bar, throwing their tobacco quids to the right and left as they go! The landlord don't watch any of them now to see if they take more than a smaller, but under the influence of an extra fee from Mr. Demagogue, he says, 'Help yourselves, men—help yourselves.' And you better believe they help themselves! Soon the spirits begin to work, and the meeting becomes very patriotic. Bill Guzzle can tell exactly what will save the country, and there is a general wagging of tongues all around. After a little it is thought best to organize the meeting. Esquire Brandybottle is called to the chair, and Dr. Take-a-little-for-your-stomach-sake is appointed secretary. The object of the meeting is then stated to be the selection of a candidate for Assemblyman. Some cunning wire-puller nominates Mr. Demagogue. Bill Guzzle seconds the motion, having an eye to another drink by and by. Just then Mr. Morality rises and nominates his friend, Mr. Rectitude, who, he says, is an upright and intelligent man, who

would fill the office with honor to himself and advantage to his constituents. But Bill Guzzle whispers around in the crowd that Rectitude is stingy, and never treats any one. That settles the question. Demagogue is nominated, after which he leaves money at every tavern to buy votes, and thus secures his election. Nearly all the praying men of his party vote straight through for him, not because they think he is the best man—they know he is not—but they vote for him because he belongs to the *party*. In this way our Legislatures and halls of Congress are too often supplied with members, and then, under the exciting influence of ardent spirits, inflammatory speeches are made, leading from one disastrous result to another, until here we are in the midst of a terrible war, and rum has a heavy share of the guilt to bear."

To his mind the case of the prodigal son presented a doleful picture of the horrors of intemperance. He said of him: "He resolved to return to his home. He felt, it is true, that he must return in the most abject state. He could not expect to be received as a son; but as his father kept hired help, he might get a servant's place. And it would be far better to be a servant of the lowest grade in his father's house than to be head-waiter at the swine-pen. He composed a little speech that he would deliver when he met his father. He meant to say, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.' So he arose and started. Most likely he went through the town where he had spent his property and made a fool of himself. And it was

well for him that he did not hear the disparaging remarks that were made concerning him. 'I wonder where his fine carriage is now?' said one young lady to her companions as he passed by a group of his former acquaintances. 'We may thank our stars that none of us are the wife of that poverty-stricken drunkard,' said another. 'What a brute he has made of himself!' said a third. 'Poor fool!' said the economical citizen as he passed, holding his breath lest he might catch some contagious disease. 'No room for you here,' shouted the landlord, running him away from his premises. I think the very dogs yelped after him, as if it would be agreeable to them if he would leave town at his earliest convenience. It was many days ere his naked feet carried him to the neighborhood of his early home. I think he halted at the same inn at which he lodged the first night after he left his father's house, years ago. But he found that the landlord had gone. He had got so fat on the slops of his bar that the devil, his master and owner, thought he would do to kill, so he sent an old friend of his called *delirium tremens* to wind up his career and bring him home. The fast young men were there, but they were not fast young men now—they were sots. At length, however, he began to meet his old neighbors. He would have been glad if none of them had known him. But some of them recognized and spoke to him, asking him many more questions than he cared to answer. Others gazed at him as if they knew him, but could hardly believe it possible he could have gone down so low. Others took him to be a poor beggar traveling through the country." So, no matter what the sermon

or the subject, he never allowed an opportunity to pass without striking one of his earnest blows at this monster vice.

But he was not satisfied with denouncing the thing from the pulpit or the platform—this he did with great frequency and force—but he went farther, and labored to bring law to bear against it. He was greatly interested in the local-option bill, and sought the counsel of eminent legal gentlemen in reference to it. When it was first brought before the Legislature of his native State, it was deferred to nearly the last hour of the session, and then defeated in the midst of uproarious and derisive laughter. But the men who treated it thus were marked, and the next year allowed to stay at home. At the next session the effort for its passage was renewed.

Mr. Lawrence, in the midst of a great multitude of other matters, gave to this question deep attention. He engaged in public discussions on the subject, he wrote articles for the papers, he worked with most determined vigor in the lobby, so that nothing might be wanting to gain success, and it finally passed the Assembly, and would have passed the Senate but that some of its most bitter opponents managed to get an opinion adverse to its constitutionality. But the Supreme Court having settled that question, it will doubtless soon become a law; and when that is so, and all things are understood in the light of truth, it will be seen that this result was largely attributable to the untiring zeal of Rev. R. V. Lawrence.

He had an unfaltering faith in the righteousness of the temperance cause. Rev. W. W. Christine says:

"While I was laboring in Pemberton, in 1869, Brother Lawrence came to lecture for us. During his visit he said to me, 'Brother Christine, start a division of the Sons of Temperance, and I pledge you my word that a glorious revival of religion will follow.' I could not see the connection between the organization of a division of the Sons of Temperance and a revival of religion. We organized, however, and immediately thereafter a revival broke out, and we had the grandest flame of divine love burning on that charge that had been enjoyed there for years."

He labored in this cause in the churches, through secret societies, at State and county conventions, at harvest-homes, Fourth-of-July celebrations, through the papers, in the halls of legislation, among the children and young people, everywhere, with brain and pen and heart and voice, until the weary wheels of life stood still.

The following testimonial from his brethren at Mount Holly is just:

"In the year 1863 he united with Division No. 8, at Mount Holly, and continued a member of that division until death. As a representative of the division, he was admitted to the grand division in October of the same year, was elected chaplain of the body in January following, and to the office of grand worthy patriarch at the next annual meeting, January, 1865. He was early distinguished as an able, earnest and eloquent advocate of temperance principles, and was especially endeared to the friends of this order by his active zeal in its service and his earnest efforts to make the order an efficient means of advancing the temperance cause.

His fervid and impassioned appeals in this behalf were like trumpet-blasts, rousing all hearts to renewed zeal in behalf of the cause. He was especially emphatic in testifying to the Christian duty of practicing temperance in its truest sense, or, as he interpreted it, 'total abstinence from intoxicating beverages,' which he held to be 'an essential part of gospel doctrine, and so intimately combined with the other elements of Christian duties that he, as a minister of the gospel, could not consistently omit any opportunity to inculcate this important precept.' "

PATRIOTISM.

The old Jews said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Paul said, "I am a citizen of no mean city." The love of country is a cardinal virtue. It is closely allied to religion, and has a high place in every virtuous mind.

Ruliff Lawrence was a patriot. He loved his country with the ardor of his enthusiastic nature, and labored with all his powers to promote her interests. On the fly-leaf of one of his Fourth-of-July speeches is the following memorandum: "July, 1866.—This is the eleventh year that I have been called on for an address on the Fourth of July. I prepare this for Fairton, Cumberland county, New Jersey, at which place I delivered an address on the Fourth of July, 1861, at the breaking out of the rebellion, there being part of a regiment of soldiers present that were just preparing to go to Washington to meet the rebels. Services

were held in the Presbyterian church. Subsequently, during the war, I gave an address at the same place for the benefit of the soldiers' aid society; was also invited to speak for them at Fairton on the Fourth of July, 1865, but had a previous engagement at Long Branch."

But he was a CHRISTIAN PATRIOT. On a subject like this, Ruliff Lawrence could not leave us to the uncertainties of conjecture. He said: "The religious man has duties to his country. True, you never find him boiling with political excitement. His great concern is about the 'kingdom of God and his righteousness.' He never robs God to enrich or elevate Cæsar. He never neglects the prayer and class-meetings in order to countenance those drunken assemblies at taverns called political meetings. Yet he does not forget that he owes a duty to his country. It seems, indeed, as though his voice were entirely unheard when the storm of political excitement sweeps over the land; and it is so perhaps to men, *but not to God.* If he can't keep bad men from conventions and out of office, he gets on his knees in secret before God, and laying hold by faith of the strong arm of Omnipotence, to some extent governs the country. He often sees with pain a Christless crew on board the ship of state; but when the storm comes on, he gets Christ to come out on the waters to look after the tossing bark. He often sees wicked Pharaohs driving over the land in great power; and when nothing else can be done, *he gets God to take off their chariot wheels, so that they drive heavily!* I think there are a number of political wagons considerably out of running order

just now because of his prayers. But he not only prays—he *votes*, but not for *money:* he is not in the market. Neither does he vote at the dictation of any party or clique, but he votes from principle for *the best men.* He is careful to let all politicians and Union-savers know that he votes for the best men. Bad enough may be the best, but where there is most virtue, there goes his vote. Thus, though he may never in sight of human eye lay his finger on the helm of the ship of state or set a sail on her lofty masts, and though bad men and hungry office-seekers may keep him from every office and place of trust, yet in his humble place he keeps his heart full of stern, incorruptible virtue to be as ballast to the ship in the time of storm. 'God speed the right!' is in his prayers, in his votes, and in all the effort he gives to politics."

These were his sentiments before the war. But when the rebellion came like the reburstiug of a long-closed volcano, his patriotism towered to the sublimest altitudes, illuminating the moral sky, darkened by despondency, until the people saw in the light of his flaming words the day-dawn of hope and victory. His speeches were often like forked lightning, full of fiery wrath. He was a bold thinker, and uttered bold truths in their boldest possible forms. And when he thus spake, as those acquainted with his style can well conceive, ears tingled and fire flew. His sarcasm would bite in to the bone, and like burning acid go down to the very marrow of those who sympathized with rebellion. His own temper, softened and sweetened by the divine Spirit, could bear with and pray for

a personal enemy to the last, yet he made such a fiery raid upon these foes of his country as left them neither root nor branch, while he, in the strength of conscious right, stood a hero on the field, defiantly challenging any to deny the truth and justice of the words he spake.

While stationed at Mount Holly he went, on the Fourth of July, 1863, to deliver an address at Goshen, Cape May county, New Jersey. It was in the midst of the war; the excitement was high, and a great multitude present. Rev. S. Townsend says: "Brother Lawrence was in his happiest mood, and made a very able, efficient and patriotic address, which gave great satisfaction. He used argument, satire, anecdote, incident—everything that would stir their patriotism or shame any rising spirit of secession within them. Among other things, he said: 'It is really more sinful to act a lie than to speak a lie, and our government has been *acting* a lie for the last eighty-five years. We have said, by the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are born free and equal, having certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and yet we have been enslaving millions of human beings, depriving them of all liberty and all manhood, buying and selling them as if they were beasts of the field.'"

He was an abolitionist of the old school when it cost men to be such. He hated slavery, and flamed against the negro's wrongs with the same vehemence that he argued for his country's rights. Speaking of the oppression of the colored race and the unwillingness of the nation to enfranchise them, he said: "Do you think

that God is *blind* that he cannot see these most terrible wrongs, or *heartless* that he cannot be indignant at them? Has not God in his word proclaimed himself the friend of the poor and the oppressed? If this is so, do you think he can sit still upon his throne and allow us to oppress them any longer? I warn you, my friends, that such wrongs will bring the just judgments of God upon the land. Do not chide me—I dare not be silent; I hope I have too much manhood to be silent, when I see the poor and needy crushed under the iron heel of prejudice."

AS A WRITER.

Mr. Lawrence was a racy writer. His articles are full of point and pith, spice and marrow. The husk of useless verbiage is all torn off, and you get at once to grain and kernel. There is no uncertain sound in anything he wrote. His sentences are so short, yet so complete, that nearly every one is in itself a picture. There is no misunderstanding him. He aimed directly at the heart, and always struck it.

He composed with wonderful facility. Perhaps this is largely attributable to the fact that he commenced the practice in early life. In the year 1852—the same in which he was converted—while teaching at Farmingdale, he said: "I have been engaged occasionally of late in writing for the papers, which I find a pleasant and, I think, a very profitable employment, so far as the improvement of the mind is concerned. One article which I have written—namely, 'The Rich Boy and the Poor Boy'—gave me satisfaction, if no one else."

A copy of the Monmouth *Democrat*, bearing date January 8, 1852, six days after his conversion, and containing this very story, is now before me. It is a history of his own struggles to obtain an education under the assumed name of Edward Johnson, the poor boy. It is a well-written story, but destitute, of course, of the sparkle and finish of his later productions. In after years, and especially when the care of heavy charges was upon him, his mind became still more active and his pen more prolific. He thought out many of his subjects along the street or in the car, and then, on reaching home, committed them to paper with almost lightning speed, until his manuscripts, in addition to the multitude of his printed articles, are surprisingly numerous, varied and complete. There seemed to be no end to his ability to produce, at the shortest notice, those taking articles which gave him fame and power with thousands who never saw his face or heard his voice. Good men often differed with him in his speech and writings, and criticised him through the public press. It is refreshing to see how he accepted these rebukes. He said: "They do us good. If we will not wake up without it, put on the blister—*anything* but dry bones! That rather *mild* plaster, 'religion made easy,' is drawing pretty well. Let it draw. There are a good many Smooth-'em-downs who need some Rough-'em-up to visit them occasionally.

"Your excellent correspondent put on a fly-blister in the *Journal* of last week. It will do good, no doubt. Yes, dear *Home Journal*, cry aloud and spare not. If you pass my door and think I am sleeping, rap away, *whether* with the hand of a *first* or a '*second* Bunyan.'

Anything but sleep on the dewy morning of the millennium. Wake us up! I wouldn't be asleep when my Lord comes for all the worlds in the universe. Wake us up!"

In the flashing light of these fresh words one almost fancies he beholds the bursting beauties of the millennial day. He will speak for himself as a writer in this volume. Numerous articles will be found herein, unvarnished, from his pen.

The following, selected at random and not found elsewhere, is a fair specimen of his style

"FASHION AND HOLINESS.

"Many—indeed the most—of those identified with the present revival of holiness not only seem to have that grace in their hearts, but also to exhibit in their attire the simplicity the Bible has taught us to believe is ever an accompaniment of that grace. Jesus did not make provision for much show and parade in the religion he brought to fallen man. Much tinsel has been borrowed from Judaism and Paganism, and appended to the fair form of Christianity, until now some of her representatives are as fine as an Indian squaw in full dress. But the true religion is 'all glorious within,' and adorned with simplicity and good works without.

"Think of Mary sitting at the Saviour's feet with her head hidden in the elaborate headgear worn by many of the women of the Church in these times, or of St. Paul wearing on his finger a huge ring with a 'strange device,' or flashing diamonds, and a 'splendid' gold chain, presented by the fashionable ladies of his congregation, dangling from his vest!

"As we have said, the most of those who have identified themselves with this new movement are not disfigured by these heathenish gewgaws and trappings, but are attired as 'becometh holiness.' Yet at Camp Meetings, and in assemblies in which holiness is the theme, many whose style of dress is costly, fashionable and ornate have been heard professing the blessing of perfect love. Charity, which 'hopeth all things,' has been hoping that these dear people would soon get light enough to see that these foolish things have no place in genuine Christianity, and hence should be laid aside at once. But these Babylonish garments wear well, and they are worn full often enough at our holiness meetings. Now the time has come for saints to put on better clothes. To 'come out from among them,' and to be 'separate,' means something. It is high time that those who propose to take the straitest, shortest, narrowest way to heaven should know that no provision has been made for taking the gewgaws and trappings of fashion through. If you ever get through, it will be with 'Jesus only.' You might as well strip off your tinsel first as last. The sight of it makes those who love Jesus most feel very sad.

"Sell your trinkets, and help some of the struggling churches pay their debts.

"Instead of putting forty-five thousand stitches into the frills of your dress, put them into a hundred pieces of plain clothing for the suffering poor around you. That would make sad hearts glad, and God smile.

"Cast that gold chain into the missionary treasury, and some tawny Arab or Hindoo may rise up in the *judgment and call you* blessed for the deed. God can-

not afford just now to spend much money on you for luxuries and superfluities. His *money* must bear his *word* to the remotest bounds of earth. If you propose to be holy, deal fairly with God. Be not an embezzler of sacred funds. And please, oh please, do not disgrace the cause of holiness by dressing with the vanity of a heathen."

VICE PRESIDENT OF OCEAN GROVE.

This account of Rev. R. V. Lawrence would be sadly incomplete without some reference to his connection with this fair young city by the sea. He was its first vice president, and from the beginning had the deepest interest in its welfare. He labored for it with the most unselfish zeal, for in it all there was no pecuniary benefit that could accrue to him. But believing, as he and his associates did, that it was a place where God's people could spend their summers free from the follies of fashionable watering-places, the labor was cheerfully performed. Every step of progress made by this enterprise increased his interest, until it became one of the absorbing ideas of his life. He saw in it also, as he believed, a place where the young could gather and enjoy such recreations as their years demand, not only without injury, but surrounded by such influences as are absolutely good.

He said: "There is about life here a fascination for the young. And yet there are no brilliant saloons, ball-alleys, dances or hops—no mint-juleps, Sabbath rides or excursions. There is hardly a single temptation to dissipation.

"But there is the ocean in all its ever-varying

moods, and no one ever gets tired of looking at, bathing in and listening to it; then Wesley Lake with its scores of boats, some propelled by oars and some with sails, and Fletcher Lake with fish and crabs; and there is the grove with its tents, cottages, meetings, sermons, sweet songs of peace and joy. Even the unconverted young enjoy the meetings. Indeed, the matchless natural scenery seems to make the gospel more impressive. Sea, grove, lake, sky, all join hands with the gospel in bringing souls to the cross, while those who do not come to Christ are shamed by the purity of the whole out of their sins, and are *lifted up*.

"The lake in the evenings when there are no meetings is thronged with boats, and the merry laugh, joyous shout and sweet hymn make the welkin ring again.

"Occasionally you will see a party of six or eight young men and women—some from Brooklyn, some from New York, some from Trenton and some from Philadelphia — attired in their picturesque bathing-suits, with baskets slung on their shoulders, on a tramp down to some of the ponds south of Ocean Grove, or maybe to Shark River, some two miles below, to catch fish or crabs, and toward night see the same young people returning with well-filled baskets, faces tanned and themselves almost hungry enough to eat the crabs raw, shells, claws and all. The writer knows of several young people who enjoyed such recreations for more than four weeks, and then had not enough.

"They are even now getting ready for another raid on Ocean Grove, if they are spared to see next *summer*."

Mr. Lawrence was an enthusiastic admirer of the works of God. The towering mountain, the rolling prairie, the extended plains, the babbling brooks, the lordly river and the great wide sea were all an inspiration to him. The tiniest flower and the monotonous chirping of the smallest insect or bird awakened his devotion and thrilled him with a diviner joy. But whatever his susceptibilities of enthusiasm on beholding these wonderful works, there seems to have been the highest appreciation of them at Ocean Grove. Here he walked through the forest, up and down the lakes, over the beach and along the surf, admiring the ceaseless billows and listening to their ever-varying voice in calm or storm like one inspired. At such times little sentences would fall from his lips like dew jewels sparkling in the early sunlight. Some of these are here recorded as too precious to be lost. They are touchingly simple, *and reveal the man.* He called them "Leaves from Ocean Grove."

"Two hundred cottages make something of a town. Add three hundred tents, and Ocean Grove is no mean city."

"The music of the morning is the low murmur of the sea, with the songs of birds in the trees."

"The freshness and purity of the morning atmosphere by the sea cannot be conceived by those who have never visited the shore."

"During Camp Meeting, scores, and sometimes hundreds, hasten down to the beach in the early morning to behold that daily miracle, the rising of the sun out of the sea."

"It is both pleasant and profitable to spend some weeks in the society of hundreds of godly men and women from a dozen different States."

"Many pretty wild flowers are found in the woods around Ocean Grove."

"Life in a tent, in the midst of songs and praise, has a charm that you should enjoy once at least before you die."

"The breath of ocean and pines mingled is one of the best tonics sick folks ever tried."

"Ocean Pathway, leading from the preaching-stand to the sea, is a very pleasant pathway for your feet."

"When the weather is clear and the wind east, a new energy seems to be imparted to every nerve, and you feel somewhat like running through a troop and jumping over a wall."

"Those first at the beach have the best opportunity for gathering the shells driven up by the winter storms."

"A ship with all her sails spread, a steamship of the first class and the little pilot-boat that seems to laugh at storms and breakers are all gazed upon with deep interest by the denizens of the Grove."

"Nearly all the ships going in or out of New York Harbor pass within sight of Ocean Grove."

"The bell on the stand can be heard down at the beach, mingling its voice with the hum of the waves."

"During the prevalence of a north-east storm, multitudes crowd the beach, and behold with awe the great

waves bounding in upon the shore as if they would sweep all over the land, and with equal admiration how the little grains of sand, taking hold of hands, hurl the waves broken and shattered back into the sea, while the people have 'no hurt.'"

"The porous soil so soon drinks up even a heavy rain that in an hour after it has ceased the water has disappeared from the surface of the ground, leaving it cool and elastic to the steps."

"A charred piece of wood picked up on the beach suggests to the thoughtful the idea of a ship burned at sea, and of scores of precious lives lost."

"The fishing eagle sails lazily along over the breakers, and now, quick as thought, like an arrow, dives down into the sea, and in a moment slowly rises with a fish writhing in her talons, and rapidly wings her way home which is in the top of yon tree, where the young eagles are crying for a sea-bass dinner."

"Innocent recreation is found by the young people in their boats, rowing on Wesley Lake."

"The sea of an evening when the moon is just above the eastern horizon looks like a mass of molten silver rolling in upon the shore."

"The eternal song of the sea lulls you to sleep at night."

Thus, he never lost his interest, but always saw some new attraction which increased his love

The last of his unnumbered trips from home on errands for Christ was to Ocean Grove; the last article

he ever wrote, only three or four days before his death, which appeared in the same number of the *Christian Advocate* that announced his sudden departure from time, was on Ocean Grove; the last plans of his ever-fruitful mind were for Ocean Grove; and mingled with his last utterances at a throne of grace was prayer for divinest benedictions to rest on this his cherished city by the sea.

Perhaps his own sentiments are fully expressed in the feelings of the little girl of whom he wrote as follows:

"OCEAN GROVE OR HEAVEN.

"One little girl remembered Ocean Grove during the fearful night of the Chicago fire. Her father built the first cottage at that place (Ocean Grove), and a beautiful one it is, too, on a knoll just back a little from the lake, amidst beautiful trees, with the ground all around carpeted with grass. She, with the rest of the family, had arrived at their home in Chicago from their seaside cottage only a few weeks before the great conflagration. Her father's store caught fire, and he, getting the household goods in carts, had them borne away to what seemed a place of safety. The family all went along. But the flames came rolling on, and soon they had to load up and run to another fancied place of safety. But again the fire came, and again the goods were loaded up, and for the third time borne away and unloaded. Still, it seemed that the fire would drive and consume them. Then the mother, almost discouraged, said, 'If the fire comes again, I don't see *what we shall do;* there is no other place to which we

can go.' 'Oh yes,' replied the little girl, 'we can go to Ocean Grove or heaven—either one.' And the mother says the little one did not seem to care which. And others, too, have imagined that Ocean Grove and heaven are not very far apart, and are in some respects very much alike."

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

It seems like a strange and unnatural transition to turn from the ever-active life of Ruliff Lawrence to his death. For such were his powers of endurance, and such the recuperative elements of his constitution, that few, if any, seemed to think of his dying. Indeed, so busy was he about his Master's work, so intent on bringing souls to Christ and making the world fit for the reception of its Lord and Master, that he seems to have had little time to think of it himself; and moved on by a divine impulse, he labored as if he believed that the best and only preparation for the night of death was to work the works of Him that sent him while it was day.

He seemed at this time only approaching the noon of his fame. Multiplied thousands were ready for the easily comprehended truths that he enunciated, and vastly extended fields were ripening for his sickle. Prejudices that had existed against some of his particular methods were rapidly dying out; mountains were leveled and valleys so lifted that before him was a grand highway to usefulness such as had not hitherto come to him, and such as comes to few in the Church of God. His feet were already on that highway, and he was marching on with a giant's strides. He was

sowing the seeds of truth in thousands of hearts made soft and willing by the blessed Spirit of God. He was thrusting in his sickle and reaping with an arm nerved by divinity. How grandly he was doing his work! Multitudes were looking on with profoundest admiration, all too much absorbed, perhaps, with the man, and too little, probably, with his God. Just here we were arrested, like the gathering of a dark cloud over the sunlit sky or the collision of onrushing trains, where one moment all was life and joy and progress, and the next *all ruin.* For three months he had labored in his new charge at Wharton street, like a rising star shining more and more, with feelings as religiously jubilant as they had been fearfully depressed before his entrance upon his work there.

On Sabbath, June 23d, he preached for his own people in the morning, and for the congregation at Broad and Arch streets in the evening, seemingly in usual health and spirits. On Monday, the 24th, he and the writer traveled to Ocean Grove together. We sat side by side in the cars, talking pleasantly of all our plans for the future interests of that place. On our arrival we separated, he to attend to numerous little matters preparatory to removing his family in the course of the next week, while I went to my cottage home. The next day was stormy. The great ocean was in a tumult, hurling her angry billows against the sandy shore until the earth shook as beneath the tread of thundering legions marching to battle. We equipped ourselves for the storm, and faced the north-east blast. How jubilant he was! and as the great waves dashed *and broke* in billowy foam at his feet, he seemed to

exult in the thought that the God of ocean was his Father. How he smiled with holy complacency as he looked up and down, and then far out over the great dark sea! Our frail umbrellas were but poor protection from the heavy rain, and so furious was the tempest that we could scarcely maintain our position, and yet, defying the storm, amid the awful grandeur, we exclaimed:

> "The God that rules on high
> And all the earth surveys,
> That rides upon the stormy sky,
> And calms the roaring seas,
> This awful God is *ours*,
> Our Father and our love;
> He will send down his heavenly powers
> To carry us above."

He did not know, nor did I, that this was his last view of the grand old ocean, of which he never wearied, and yet, had he known it, could hardly have been more devout. How little we comprehended that so soon the God of ocean would

> "Send down his heavenly powers,
> To carry *him* above"!

and had he known it could hardly have been better prepared to go. Leaving the beach, we passed over portions of the grounds and settled on lines of policy to be pursued. He dined with Brother Hughes. In the afternoon I said, "Brother Lawrence, it is still stormy, and we can't go out much more to-day. I am very busy getting out a paper in the interest of Pitman Grove Camp Meeting. I wish you would write a few articles for me, and bring them round when you come

to tea." He cheerfully replied, "I will." At five o'clock he came with several articles, just such as were needed—short, pointed, pithy, full of life, each one a picture, so that those who read could see all that the writer meant. By this time the storm had abated, and the western sky was full of summer glory. From the portico of our little cottage we looked out on Wesley Lake, which lay at our feet like a sheet of polished silver. The dark pines of Asbury Park were reflected in its tranquil depths with finished perfection, like a transcript of the divine mind in the pure heart. He saw God in everything, and the quiet of these waters after the storm led his mind to God. He seemed all day on Pisgah's top, full of life and full of hope. He never seemed clearer to plan or stronger to work for this Christian enterprise. We were called to tea, and he seemed to enjoy the repast.

At the close of our little interview we bent our knees in worship, and oh how sweetly he prayed for each of us by name, and then committed us all, with this Ocean Grove interest, to the special care of our Father in heaven! We felt a strange and mysterious solemnity in this service, and my heart, always near to his, was now drawn nearer than ever. It seemed to me in that hour that this dear brother was sacred to my soul. A holy tenderness came over us, the remembrance of which even now melts me to tears. Leaving, he said, "Part of my family will be here next week, and all of us the week after. I am looking forward with intense interest to a little rest in this delightful spot. Last summer," said he, "I worked all the while; this summer I want to rest."

On Wednesday morning he started for home. I made a little sacrifice of personal plans to accommodate him in his travel to Long Branch, for my heart was so tender toward him that I felt it a privilege to grant him anything he might ask. I desired him, as he left, to attend to some business matters in Philadelphia connected with the Grove, and as I would be in the city on Saturday, would see him about them.

He arrived home on Wednesday noon. On Wednesday and Thursday nights he was at meeting, and in the intervals visited and prayed with families, wrote his last article on Ocean Grove, worked up to Friday, then reeled along the streets as if weary and overcome. He finally reached home and went to bed.

On Saturday I was at his house, and to my great surprise found him very sick. We had many things to say, and said them in brief and hurried words. But neither of us, I think, had the least idea of this being his last illness. He said, "I shall no doubt be able to go with you on Tuesday to see Governor Parker, at Trenton." Then seized with a violent attack of nausea, he said, hurriedly, "Pray me out of this. Good-bye." I answered, "Yes, and I'll see you again on Monday."

As I stepped from the car opposite his door, in Fourth street, near Wharton, on Monday morning, July 1st, fully expecting to find him better, if not altogether well, two of his family were standing at the door, evidently looking for absent members of the household, both bathed in tears. Startled, I asked the cause. With hearts almost bursting with grief, they answered, "Papa's dying." My surprise was unutter-

able. Still, I thought there might be some mistake. "Who is with him?" I asked. "Brother Kenney, and several others," they replied. I desired Brother Kenney to be called. As he entered the parlor I inquired, "My dear brother, what does this mean?" He was too full to reply, but after a little said, "I think Brother Lawrence is dying; come up and see him."

We entered the room. He sat in an arm-chair, with that part of his family at home around him, together with a few other friends, doing all they could for his relief, though evidently in a dying condition. As soon as he beheld me he waved his hand upward in a hurried manner, exclaiming, "Going up, going up!" "But," said I, "my dear brother, do you think your work is done?" He answered with a dry and husky voice, "Oh yes, brother; going up—pray!" In that chamber of death we bowed, and in view of his great usefulness, a large family, a weeping church and a world that so much needs just such men, found no liberty in any other prayer than for God to spare his life. Oh how my soul went out for this one thing! After prayer, and while we still knelt, he grasped the hand of his wife, Brother Kenney and myself, and giving us one hurried farewell, waved his hand again in holy triumph, exclaiming, "Going up, brother, going up!"

On leaving, I said, "I go to Ocean Grove this afternoon; telegraph me the result." Reaching Long Branch at six, a telegram was handed me, in these words: "*Brother Lawrence died this afternoon at three o'clock.*"

This was hurried work! Indeed, death himself

seemed to be in haste lest his victim should elude his grasp and again be at his Master's work. His son, William, had barely time to get from Trenton to see him die, while his two eldest daughters, Emma and Hannah, who had left a few days before for Ocean Grove by way of Keyport, returning by the most expeditious route, did not reach home until after their father slept in death, and the first knowledge they had of the event was on beholding, when they stepped from the car, the crape—sad badge of mourning!—floating from door and window in the summer air.

The sorrow of his family and friends on the announcement of his death can be conceived, but who can tell the joy that thrilled his heart as he stepped out of the body to be for ever with the Lord? While hearts below were crushed with an unutterable sorrow, he was realizing the sublime truthfulness of what he preached *only one short month before*. He said: "We shall know our friends in heaven. How joyous the union! I think of meeting Cookman there. How I loved him! Fifteen years ago I first met him. Since then we have often met at Camp Meetings and other places. I remember how he used to sing,

'Glory to the Lamb.'

I remember how he used to say, '*My precious brother!*' I think of him in heaven. I think of *my own arrival there*. I hear them sing, maybe,

'Glory to the Lamb.'

I recognize among the white-robed and ransomed

thousands *the voice of Cookman.* As I listen in the raptures of a new-found heaven, a glorified spirit approaches me, and says, '*My precious brother, have you come?*' It is Cookman—blessed ALFRED COOKMAN!" This holy scene is no longer one of pleasing anticipation, but a blessed realization. Together they now sing,

"Glory to the Lamb."

How precious the eternal brotherhood of two such saints! how sweetly they dwell together on the hills of God!

On Tuesday, Rev. A. E. Ballard took the place of Brother Lawrence, and accompanied me to Trenton to see Governor Parker. On the way our hearts were borne down with inexpressible sadness. While riding, Brother Ballard was silent for a while, and then presented the following:

"After years among the lowlands
Where miasmas close the sight,
And the murky, misty darkness
Makes the scenes akin to night,
Struggling on to reach God's mountain
O'er the straight and narrow way,
His death utterance was his life thought:
'Going up—pray, brother, pray.'

"After years of constant suffering,
Loading down each working hour,
Fevered brain and o'erstrained muscles,
Overtaxed in every power,
Like a giant, spite of weakness,
Toiling still for God, he died,
Sending word back from the valley,
'Going up' the other side.

"After years of earnest battle,
Throbbing nerve and heart and soul,
In the midst of its wild rattle,
July first God called his roll;
Ruliff Lawrence answered grandly,
Standing out among the blest:
'I was fighting when thou call'st me,
"Going up" unto my rest.'"

His funeral services took place on Wednesday evening. Though the heat of the weather was intense, the church was densely crowded. Its deep mourning drapery but faintly shadowed forth the sadness of thousands who sorrowed so deeply that they should see his face no more. In front of the pulpit were the remains, in a neat, cloth-covered coffin, on the lid of which lay beautiful flowers in the form of a cross.

Rev. A. Atwood announced the opening hymn, "Servant of God, well done." Prayer was offered by Rev. S. H. C. Smith. The Scripture lessons were read by Rev. Charles E. Hill, of New Jersey, and Rev. J. H. Alday. The second hymn was announced by Rev. George W. Maclaughlin. The action of the preachers' meeting was then read by the Rev. T. A. Fernley.

Addresses were delivered by Rev. S. W. Thomas, Rev. W. C. Stockton, of New Jersey, and Dr. Levy, of the Berean Baptist church.

Many appropriate remarks were made suggestive of the great affection and high estimation in which he was held by a multitude of loving hearts. Dr. Levy, being called upon, said: "I came to weep, not to speak. And yet there is a mournful pleasure in being permitted to lay a few flowers of affection upon the bier of our friend and brother. My acquaintance with him

was short. Only a year ago last April I grasped his hand for the first time. But it does not take long to love and know some men. Their characters are so transparent—'Israelites, indeed, in whom there is no guile'—that when you first behold them you seem to know them perfectly and love them intensely. Brethren in the ministry, members of the Wharton street church and friends of Jesus, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' Brother Lawrence was a perfect man, inasmuch as he was in union with a perfect Saviour. Whatever natural virtues he may have possessed, that which gave symmetry to his character was the righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. This was the robe he wore so well, and which adorned and beautified his Christian life. He was a perfect man, inasmuch as he was a sanctified man. The blessed Spirit of God had wrought upon the body and soul of our brother, and stamped the image of Jesus there. Every member of that body which now lies so still in death was consecrated. He moved among us with the divine signet of holiness upon his brow. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' His life was peaceful. His peace flowed like a river. As he once expressed it to me, 'It never ebbed; it was one continuous flow of peace.' And this was evident to all who knew him. The genial smile with which he always met us showed it. The alacrity with which he addressed himself to his arduous labors showed it. The warm grasp of his hand showed it. The manner in which he commended cheerfulness *and sweetness* of temper showed it. His life was made

beautiful by peace, as the earth is made beautiful by sunshine. And it could not be otherwise—his end was peace. No doubt there was a stream of peace pouring into his soul while he was undressing himself to put on his immortal robes.

"We can hardly realize that he is gone—that that coffin contains the friend and brother who so lately gladdened us with his presence. Some of us had not heard that he was sick before we learned that he was dead. He was with us one day, and the next a cloud had taken him up from our sight. Pleasant but sad is the memory of a voice which has ceased so suddenly that its tones still linger in our ears. Yet while we can scarcely control the sorrow that swells our bosoms and dims our eyes, we rejoice in a life so radiant with holiness, and so peaceful and blessed at its close. We shall see him no more, but his memory will remain to excite us to stronger faith and more ardent zeal. He kept his garments clean. The robe which he had washed in the blood of the Lamb was without spot when he left his earthly ministry for the higher and sweeter service of heaven. His was the abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. No man took his crown; and as he passed through the gates which still stand ajar to cast that crown at the feet of his adorable Saviour, we hear a voice addressed to each of us who remain: 'Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt obtain a crown of life.'"

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Patterson, of the Presbyterian Church. At the conclusion of the services the lid of the coffin was removed,

and those present had an opportunity of viewing the remains of the deceased. The body was left in the church during the night, and on Thursday, July 4th, was conveyed to Farmingdale, New Jersey, where, amid the scenes of his early toils and triumphs, interesting services were held. The Scriptures were read by Rev. J. J. Graw, pastor of the church, and addresses delivered by Rev. A. Atwood, W. C. Robinson, W. C. Stockton and Brother Hicks, one of the trustees of the Wharton street church. James Stockton, of New Brunswick, a dear friend of the deceased, sung "Home of the soul" with great feeling and interest. Then, amid the sobs and tears of his many friends, among whom were his mother, sister and brother, all that was mortal of Ruliff Lawrence was carried to the new cemetery on the crown of the hill which overlooks the village and laid to rest—the second interment that had taken place there, and in a spot selected by himself. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

WELL DONE.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

"Well done," the Master said, "thou faithful one,
Well done! now come up higher; a wider sphere
Demands thy powers; a nobler service claims
Thy noble soul. No more restricted now
Thy range of thought, nor circumscribed by bonds
Of flesh, through worlds and systems go, and bear
My messages of love: a range so vast
Befitteth thee. Down there thy spirit oft
As a caged bird did beat its bars, and seek

To be set free; now all unfettered fly
Through boundless space, but call my heaven thy home.
"Well done," the angel escort said who bore
Him up upon their shining wings—"*Well done.*"
For often they had carried tidings blest
Of souls he'd won for Christ.

And then a sound
Of myriad voices from this lower sphere
Went up, re-echoing back, "*Well done! Well done!*"
For they had known his ministry of love,
And felt its power, and they had looked upon
His footprints bright, ere he went up, and said,
We'll follow him.

Oh, did his mantle fall?
Who is the blessed one on whom it fell?
Who shall the precious word proclaim as he,
So full of holy zeal, of power divine,
So rich in eloquence, stamped with the seal
Of Jesus' love? Who will the message give
So faithfully? and who, when summoned home,
Shall so deserve the welcome word, "*Well done*"?

PART II.

SKETCH OF THE

MINISTERIAL CHARACTER AND WORK

OF

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

BY

REV. GEO. HUGHES.

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE

IN THE PULPIT AND IN THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

"'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands."

N the brief ministerial career of Rev. R. V. Lawrence there is a very distinct recognition of the double vocation of an ambassador of Jesus Christ—viz., to minister in holy things at the altar, and to visit from house to house, performing the delicate functions of the pastorate.

Rightly to estimate the pulpit ministrations of our departed brother, it would be necessary to look in upon this man of God in the hours of his close communion with Heaven. That, however, is impossible. Those hallowed seasons were alone cognizant to "Him who looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole *heaven.*"

The Christian ministry, to the view of Ruliff V.

Lawrence, was no pastime—*no mere profession.* It was a solemn divine ordination, a work which might well fill an angel's heart, and did fill the Saviour's hands. Had he been providentially allotted to a worldly profession, he had abilities which would, doubtless, have given him eminence in that profession. But he was assigned to a nobler sphere—the noblest to mortal ever given; and apprehending clearly the vast interests clustering around his high vocation, and especially ever holding in view the responsibilities attaching thereto, to be met at "THE GREAT ASSIZE," he consecrated all the energies of his being to his Master's work. Hence, with him there was

> "No melancholy void,
> No moment lingered unemployed,
> Or unimproved below."

In reference to his pulpit ministrations, I may remark—

1. *His pulpit preparations were very thorough.* The amount of manuscripts left behind by this earnest minister has greatly surprised his most intimate friends. Knowing that he was ever ready to go abroad, assisting his brethren in revival and other services, and had frequent calls, and that, in addition to direct ministerial labors, he devoted much time to the promotion of temperance, it is wonderful that he should have written so much. Perhaps very few ministers have written as much in the same time. Many of his sermons are written very full—not, however, for the purpose of *exact memorizing,* but in order to have the subject in *all its parts distinctly* in view. And then, having can-

vassed it in its various bearings, he went to the pulpit in reliance upon divine aid in setting the truth before the people. He was no manuscript vassal, no stickler for verbal niceties; and yet, able to speak correctly and fluently, he flung himself out into the arena of gospel exercise under the broad guarantee—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And the divine Author of those life-giving words was at hand to crown his efforts with palpable success.

2. *His sermons were methodical, and full of point and pungency.* He never forgot the peculiarity of his calling—viz., that he was a *Methodist* preacher; and as such he sought to give his pulpit efforts this distinctive character, *method* and *point.* In this he was eminently successful. At times his discourses bristled all over with points which were sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies. In his hands the gospel was demonstrated to be "*quick* and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." And yet he was not unmindful of the necessity of pouring in the mollifying ointment, when the deep, g .ping wound had been made by the sword of truth. Exposing the sore, he quickly diverted the eye to "the balm of Gilead, and the Physician there." Like a valiant soldier of the cross, he was disposed to show no quarter to the enemy, but to make sin and Satan tremble at his approach. Going forth in panoply divine, he made determined onsets upon the citadel of darkness.

He had a very forcible sermon on "SIN," a single word embodying all of woe that has fallen upon the human race. The text, Gen. iv. 7. Sin is the prominent word of the passage, and that is the topic.

His introduction was well calculated to arrest attention, as it refers to the fact that "the age is one of masks and fair exteriors. Very inferior houses have very fair fronts, and fifth-rate merchandise is stamped first quality. Wilted old age puts on *rouge*, and calls it the bloom of youth, and the nervous dyspeptic takes exciting stimulants, and names the spasmodic energy the vigor of health.

"And this gilding process has been applied with so much success to *sin* that it is to be feared that the great mass of men and women scarce know anything of its nature, or of its dreadful effects upon the human soul. A great many seem to doubt whether there is any sin. Others think it may be indulged in, and then laughed about, without damage to soul or body."

Opening with these pointed sentences, he proceeds to consider—I. The nature of sin; II. The effect of sin upon the human race, as to happiness and destiny. In his definition of sin he strikes down false dependencies, showing that it is not, as the popular voice has it, what conscience says of right or wrong, but the transgression of the law—not the law of ancient or modern etiquette or public opinion, the law of polite usage. Sin is the transgression of the law of God, the essence of which is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

His descriptions of the dire effects of sin upon the race, under the second division, are in his peculiar style. He has an Eden-picture:

"*Come with me* to Eden. It is the cool of the day. *Above, spreads* a matchless sky, around you are mur-

muring rivers, and trees bending with life-giving fruit. In every direction are beauteous bowers in which the sweet birds of paradise are singing heaven's oldest song of praise. Stand still! Did you hear that?—the voice of God walking in the garden. How majestic the tread! Hear you not the rustle of the wings of the holy angels that accompany the mighty Jehovah? But where is Adam? Comes he not forth with gladness to meet his father, God? He comes not. And now God calls, '*Adam, where art thou?*' And now see! There comes Adam, creeping from behind the bower. acknowledging with shame his unfitness to see God. What was it that had robbed him of that ability that but the day before had put him on the same platform with angels, and gave him pleasure in meeting God? It was *sin.* Sin had robbed him of the ornament of his soul, which was *purity.*"

Starting thus amid the desolations of Eden, he traces out the course of the burning tide of ruin, until sin is beheld to be "a monster of hideous mien." Poverty and sorrow, contention and war, suffering and death, make up a scene of havoc dreadful to contemplate. And at the close he shows JESUS, revealed to take away the sin of the world, ready to save all classes of sinners, and bids them fly to his loving arms

With the same pointedness was he wont to deal with sin in the Church, the carnalities of Zion. He was thoroughly Wesleyan in his theology at this point. He placed a high estimate upon the work of justification, teaching that *actual sin*, voluntary transgression of the *known law* of God, is wholly inadmissible in *the state of justification.*

He contended that the sinful dominion is broken, and by virtue of a gracious power implanted in connection with the work of regeneration, the individual may and *ought* to have constant victory over sin, as John declares: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." Nevertheless, he subscribed to the view of Mr. Wesley as taught in his sermon on "*Sin in Believers*"—that there are certain remains of the carnal mind in justified believers needing to be purged away by the "spirit of burning." But in the case of those professing to be justified before God, and yet living in *known sin*, he claimed it to be his duty to show such their sins plainly, and to expose their inconsistency.

At the National Camp Meeting, at Vineland, he preached with decided effect on—"Is there no balm in Gilead?" etc. He described very graphically the remains of carnality, in many professors bursting forth into open acts of sin, and showing cause why they were not thoroughly healed. Those who heard that sermon will remember the fidelity of the preacher.

And in regard to the worldly-mindedness of some of the churches, he was exceedingly pointed.

In a sermon on "NOT BY MIGHT NOR BY POWER," etc., he lays it down as a fundamental truth that the presence and power of the Holy Ghost is the essential element of church-life, and that he is the great Agent in *drawing a congregation.*

"It is no small work to draw a congregation of men away from the pursuits of sin, to listen to their condemnation. There are other agents of power that men sometimes employ for this purpose—architectural and

artistic power; fine churches—some of them very empty—and perhaps a *great organ.* I saw a minister in ecstacies because he thought his church would be full now—*he had an organ!* But after the second Sunday it was empty as before.

"The Holy Ghost gives power to *the Word.* Some attempt to save souls by argument and eloquence. A man fresh from his scientific text-books goes into the pulpit. He tells the people pretty stories about the flowers, and sublime stories about the rocks and stars, and *soporific* stories about the philosophy of things. And people who don't know much about the work of saving men say, 'There'll soon be a great work here.' But nothing comes of it but death.

"First, they had a young but very eloquent divine. He was wonderful in adverbs and adjectives. He lived and reveled in 'the grand, magnificent, and sublime.' Some of the ladies said 'he was perfectly splendid!' Then came two scientific and very profound men! Now they had science, philosophy, philology, theology, rhetoric, and everything but the Spirit. In three years of such splendid operations there were not three souls saved, so far as any one knew. One sentence spoken in the Holy Ghost is worth more than hours of talk in the strength of the merely natural man, for the purpose of awakening souls."

Brother L. was constrained, by the love of Christ and his burning desire for souls, to enter the lists against sin in some of its specific forms; so that certain classes of hearers understood that, like Nathan to David, he was saying emphatically, "*Thou art the man!*"

The caption of one sermon is: "WHY IS IT SO HARD FOR RICH FOLKS TO GET TO HEAVEN?"

The text is: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

In opening, he shows the possibility of salvation for all men—for the rich as well as the poor; that its call is universal; so wide the scheme of mercy "it never passed by one." In describing the difficulties in the way of the rich, he says: *Wealth engenders pride.* Pride is the great obstacle to religion. Humility is her handmaid. Man has pride enough at the beginning. Wealth feeds it. The rich man often feels independent of God and men. A proud man will not listen, in the right spirit, to the Word. Many rich men do not go to church; and if they do, they *listen proudly.* The rich often get up an aristocratic affair, called a church, where no real gospel is heard. Some rich men *own* churches and *ministers.* It is becoming quite fashionable for rich men to run a church and *own a minister.* The rich man's gospel is like his pastry, or wine—it *must be very sweet,* a silver-slippered gospel.

When the rich man goes to the *minister-market* to buy or order a minister, he is careful to select one whose gospel has none of the bitterness of repentance, or *restitution,* in it.

His pride, too, won't let the rich man *pray in the right spirit.* True prayer is very humbling to the soul. A proud man may make a stump-speech to the Lord, but true prayer comes out of the dust of humility. *Rich men are more likely to buy their way to heaven than to pray in.*

The rich are commonly *too proud to submit to the gospel yoke.* The gospel imposes restraints on men. It has a great many "*Thou shalt nots*," and a great many "*Thou shalts.*" The rich are not willing to submit to any one's *Thou shalts.*

Another point. Especially is it hard for the rich man whose wealth was gotten by dishonest means to enter the kingdom of God.

There are, at this time, colossal fortunes in this land. Many of these are accumulated by a sort of respectable piracy. Some by furnishing *shoddy-cloth* to the men who, during the rebellion, stood between our homes and the flames of secession. Some by furnishing *lean beef*, at high prices, to the soldiers who saved our land from anarchy. Some by wringing gold out of half-paid operatives in mills and factories. Some by robbing the widow and orphan. How can a man who is rich in dishonest wealth get into the kingdom of God? See that camel trying to get through the opening in the wall of that Arab town. The old Arab has been out in the desert on a robbing expedition. He robbed a caravan of merchants—got jewels, diamonds, silks and cashmeres. See what a pack of them he has on the back of his camel! The robbed merchants gave chase, and the old Arab flew toward his city. Arriving in the night, when the gates were shut, he tried to force his camel through "the needle's eye," an opening for foot-passengers. The camel *alone* might go through, but with all that pack of stolen goods it cannot be done. So he whips the poor beast, but she cannot go through. *So I see* the dishonest rich man, who has

been out plying the tricks of trade, robbing his fellow-men, making for the gate of heaven.

He comes, laden with the stolen goods. He prays for admission. But what can he do with his dishonest gains? Can they go through the gate, the narrow gate? Does not the law of God require restitution? That would make him poor. So he pleads, "*Let me in.*" Perhaps he gets his minister to come and help him. "*Let him in, Lord!* He is a very good sort of man. He is very liberal to the church. He took me to Saratoga last summer. *Let him in, Lord!* He has endowed a school, too." But ah! those dishonest gains, they stand out on either side, and come squarely up against the post of that narrow gate. "It is easier for a camel," etc.

The form of iniquity against which he directed his heaviest batteries was INTEMPERANCE. With a quick discerning eye he saw that this was the giant evil of the day, the bane of society, and the overlaying curse of the nations. Hence he regarded it as an important part of his *ministerial duty* to expose the nefariousness of the traffic in strong drink, and the criminality of the use of alcoholic beverages. He did not consider that in so doing he was stepping outside the legitimate sphere of a minister, TEMPERANCE being a truth distinctly embodied in the system of CHRISTIANITY, and that in declaring it he was engaged in the proper work of a gospel ambassador. The absorbing interest of this subject so impressed his mind that he seems to have seized upon almost every text bearing thereupon as subjects of discourse. "Wine is a mocker," "Look *not* thou upon the wine when it is red," "Woe unto

him that giveth his neighbor drink," etc., and kindred texts, he failed not to use. Among others, he had a sermon on "The humanitarianism of the temperance movement." He puts the points here strongly. In a sermon on "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," delivered at Trenton, he says:

"There have been 481 arrests before the mayor in five months of the past year; 434 of these were for drunkenness—868 in ten months—900 in one year. Now consider: The cost of the arrests; the injury done to other parties by these drunkards; 900 days' work lost—many of them never work. 450 miserable families, 1200 children, neglected in the training-time of life—vagabond boys, lewd girls. 900 poor customers for tradesmen; 900 purchasable votes to corrupt our parties; 900 candidates for every other kind of vice; 900 burdens for sober folks to carry; 900 ruined minds; 900 ruined souls!"

Brother L. in largely giving this pointed, pungent character to his pulpit efforts was not oblivious to the *consolatory features* of the gospel. He well understood the need of God's people to be comforted amid life's sorrowful vicissitudes. Some who only heard him on *Special occasions*, at Camp Meeting, or at Conference, were wont to conclude that he was uniformly a *harsh pulpit declaimer*. This, however, is a great mistake.

When called to occupy the pulpit on one of these special occasions, he evidently acted under the conviction that he must seize upon the passing hour to pour the heaviest kind of shot into the ranks of sin and hell. But those who sat under his stated ministry

know how much of the *tenderness of Jesus* was exhibited.

For example, such subjects as these are among his writings: "He knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation;" "The joy of the Lord is your strength;" "It is I, be not afraid—" "Jesus and Peter on the sea;" "The nature of intercourse with friends in heaven;" "The good man's good guide;" "Precious promises;" "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "God supplying our need;" "Brethren, if any of you be overtaken in a fault, let such as are spiritual restore such an one," etc.; *Consolation*—"Christ overcame for us;" "The grace that is in Christ;" "Another comforter;" "The blessing of trials;" "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," etc.

He unfolds before the eye of the believer the pleasant prospects for the dying hour, in a sermon on "A SOFT PILLOW FOR A DYING BED." In this he beautifully describes what memory will do when it can range over a life of devotion and usefulness, and what consolation will arise from the assurance of the friendship of Christ. Then he speaks of the unclouded future. I give a few extracts:

"The spirit of God comes to the soul of the dying saint often, and unveils the future, draws aside the curtain, and the dying one, with telescopic eye, looks away off, and he exclaims,—

"'Yes, yonder is the fair land. How beautiful! And am I in sight of heaven? There is the gate of heaven. Angels are all around me, waiting to bear my liberated *soul home. Jesus* will soon welcome me to the city. *Hark! how they sing!* Oh, I hear them now. And

my friends who have already gone home, they are waiting to see me. Why, I even now see their faces among the clouds of angels about my bed. But I shall see them, and embrace them, and talk to them, and sing with them. My dear child, so long absent from my embrace, I shall soon see it again. And my mother, oh, my precious mother! Many a time have I gone to thy grave, mother. I have missed thee so much. But I shall see her now in a short time. Then away beyond this is an eternity of bliss!'

"Do you think there will be one thorn in such a pillow as that? If all that joy is crowded into your death-chamber, don't you think you can afford to go up there? Oh, dying, dying! it is exchanging a world of sorrow for one of bliss! *A soft death-pillow!* I know you would like to have one."

No wonder that under such comforting utterances bereaved and suffering saints smiled amid their tears. Sinners, and hypocrites, and formal professors, felt keenly the plunge of the two-edged sword, wielded by his hand, but the true Christian shouted to behold the wealth of his inheritance so joyously portrayed.

CHAPTER II.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"

"How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight."

BROTHER LAWRENCE *employed largely the power of description, and illustration.* Like a skillful workman in the realm of holy ministration, he understood human nature well enough to know that a successful pulpit must arrest attention, hold it, and concentrate the thoughts of the hearer upon the great truths of salvation. Not by the finely-drawn syllogism, or by a series of potential but dry arguments, not by rhetorical exactness and beauty—not by any of these human arts are men to be won to the cross.

Brother L. recognized the charm and power of illustration, and on this account multitudes flocked to hear him, and were savingly impressed. His auditors did not say, What elegance of diction—what sound argumentation—what familiarity with science—what profound theology! And yet he was not unacquainted with rhetoric and logic. He knew how to use language correctly, for he was a natural grammarian. These minor qualities were eclipsed by the greater excellences of his ministry.

His hearers were wont to say, "How interesting! *what forcible* illustrations—what earnestness—what *Christ-like* appeals! He is more concerned to win

souls than to display learning, rhetoric or logic." And they were won by hundreds.

Our brother has left behind the sketch of a sermon, entitled "A NIGHT WITH THE LIONS," a subject which afforded full play for his lively imagination and descriptive faculty. He gives the history of Daniel's exaltation in Babylon, the plottings of his enemies against him, and the kingly decree which they procured, involving his being cast into the den of lions. He presents a glowing picture of his fidelity,—

"Two kings had issued their decrees—the King of heaven and the king of Babylon. He obeyed God; never forgot his God, or the Temple, or Jerusalem.

"'But, Daniel, you will not pray as usual now, the king having forbidden that any should pray to any one but himself?'

"'Who has a right to come between me and my God?'

"'But, Daniel, had you not better omit praying for thirty days?'

"'No.'

"'Well, close up the windows, so that your enemies cannot see you.'

"'No!'

"'Well, get up early in the morning, before your enemies are up, and pray once a day.'

"'No; I will be true to my God: he has brought me thus far.'

"What a difference between men in regard to their religion! What little some have they can roll up and *put in their pockets* or in a valise.

"*Young man*, years ago, under the teachings of your

mother, you always knelt in prayer at your bedside. But there came visiting to your house an ungodly boy. He slept with you. You saw that he cared nothing about God. You did not dare before him to kneel and pray. You laid down without it. You felt guilty. Not much like Daniel! Or you went away from home, to boarding-school. Your room-mate never prayed. You tried it a while, but he soon laughed you out of it. Poor coward you were—poor coward! Or you went to a distant city to business. You boarded in a godless boarding-house. *A godless boarding-house!* Were you ever in one? You had never been accustomed to eat a meal without bowing your head in thanks. No one did it—you had not courage enough. The first time your food tasted strangely without invoking the blessing of God upon it. But you soon went on in the same atheistic way as did the rest. Poor coward! Not much of Daniel's courage.

"Daniel was of another spirit. 'Do you imagine I am such a fool as to allow the decree of this foolish, idolatrous king, and these wicked men, to cut me off from the smile of my Lord?'"

Thus he goes on portraying the beauty of fidelity. He then describes the thrilling scene of Daniel's being cast into the den,—

A night with the lions! Lo! Daniel is let down into the den of lions. The purpose of keeping lions was to devour prisoners. The mouth of the den was shut with a stone. His enemies were rejoicing—began, perhaps, to fight each other for Daniel's place.

The king had trouble enough; he knew that Daniel was his best man. As for Daniel, he found the lions'

den a grand place. True, rather a strange situation there, in the midst of half a dozen or so of mighty old lions—teeth, glaring eyes, great manes, powerful bodies. It was not pleasant to look upon. They opened their mouths to eat him—they had not had such a dainty morsel for a long time.

All ready—eat him.

But now the angel of God appears on the scene.

"*Shut your mouths!* This man is not to be eaten. Hungry as you are, go and lie down! You must not lay a paw upon this man!" They lie down around Daniel, tame as lambs.

Then Daniel and the angel had a glorious time. For aught we know, the angel told Daniel how things were progressing in heaven—how Abraham, Joseph and Moses were getting on. Perhaps he gave him some idea of the events of the future.

What a night was that!—the lions asleep, Daniel and the angel in sweet converse!

The king, who had not slept any, came early to the den, and cried aloud: "Daniel, is thy God able to deliver thee from the lions?"

"Oh, yes! my God delivers—has been with me all night. I have had a good time. The lions have been sleeping most of the night.

"*My God is King over the lions.* The lions' den is as safe a place as there is in the universe. It is a grand place. O king! this has been one of my happiest nights. And as for the lions, they are like lambs—gentle lambs.

"Why, here is this surly-looking old Numidian fellow, big enough to eat up two or three men in a

night, lying like a house-dog at my feet. God's angel is the greatest *lion-tamer* I ever saw!"

Daniel was soon out. Then some one said, "The lions were glutted with food, or they would have eaten Daniel."

"Well, go down yourselves, and see what appetite they have."

So they were sent down in Daniel's place. They were soon torn to pieces. But Daniel went up higher than ever.

Young men, there may be lions' dens for you to pass through on your way to the kingdom of heaven. But remember one thing, you will never lose anything by being true to your God. But cowards lose the respect of men, the favor of God, and all the rewards of religion.

In a sermon on "THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST," he had a fine opportunity for his descriptive power.

Speaking of the design of his coming, he says:

He will come to greet and bless the living saints.

They will know him as soon as he appears in the clouds. His face, his robes of light—none other such—will proclaim his character. All will know him. How glad they'll be to see him! When you prayed, and saw him by faith, you were glad.

Some will be worshiping. How glad to see him! There he is! He has come! The poor Christian slave, working under the whip, will stop. No more unpaid work. *My Lord has come!*

The wronged, the oppressed, the *slandered* saint will look up and shout, *My Lord has come!* No more slander and wrong. That sick, bed-weary Christian

will feel a strange thrill through every languid nerve, and start up in the bed.

"Lie down; be quiet."

"No, no; "*My Lord has come!*"

Blessed day for God's saints who are alive!

But he will come also *to call the dead saints from their graves and take their bodies home.*

Oh, the graveyard! How still the marble stands! How sadly the flowers bloom! How deep the sigh of the wind over the graves! How mournfully the grass waves!

The graveyard! There your sainted dead sleep—out at Laurel Hill, afar in the country, in some secluded burial-place where your kindred for a century back lie and sleep.

At "Gettysburg," where your loved ones fell under the iron hail. In the swamps of the "Rappahannock"—in the solitudes of "The Wilderness"—along the Tennessee—and in the defiles of the Virginia mountains—*there they lie.* Some of them afar across the sea, in fatherland. BUT JESUS COMES! and a pulse of eternal life throbs down into the grave.

Father rises—sickness all gone. Mother rises—as free from weakness and pain as in the brightest morning of her maidenhood. Son and daughter rise—clad in immortal youth.

And now all the saints on immortal wing, and in grand procession, soar away from earth, and when the judgment is over, go home—*go home!* Sweet word, HOME! Now they stand on the blest shore, and I think I hear them sing,

"Home at last! home at last!"

In contrast with this, he draws a vivid picture of the dread condition of the wicked.

What consternation among the wicked when the clouds shall part, and Jesus, robed in flame, will come to judge the world! I see them start to run for a hiding-place. I hear them cry, "Rocks and mountains, fall on us!" Then the hearts of the guilty will fail them. Oh what would they not give then to be rid of their sin! No more defiance of God then. The proudest sinners then will break down.

When Fisk was dying, men of iron nerve came to see him die. Men who had defied the courts, laughed at law and shaken their fists in the face of Almighty God were there. Did they hold out then in their wicked defiance of God and man? Gould wept like a child. Tweed could not speak for tears and choking emotion. God had sent one thunderbolt among them, and they were filled with consternation. What will be the condition of the wicked when Jesus, at the head of millions of angels, shall come to judge the wicked and send his enemies to hell?

In a discourse on "CHRIST WALKING AMID THE GOLDEN CANDLE-STICKS," we again find him on imagination's buoyant wing. He says: One effect of seeing Jesus is *to suspend the physical powers, and the senses are entranced.* Some have written and spoken foolishly about such manifestations. The wonder, awe and joy of seeing Jesus as revealed by the Holy Ghost will, in many instances, entirely overpower the poor body. Why, when it was announced in Independence Hall that Cornwallis had surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, in the Revolutionary War, one aged patriot

died on the spot. What! Washington victorious, and the country free! Such a tide of joy welled up in his soul that it killed him. Well, it was a good time for an aged patriot whose mind had been in a state of tension for seven long years, to die. So to see Jesus, the King, in his beauty, will likely be overpowering. Ezekiel bore looking at the vision, at the whirlwind, the four living creatures, the wheels, the wings and all very well until he came to *the throne of God*, and saw the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord, when he fell upon his face, and lay there until God lifted him up. Seeing the personal glory of Jesus by faith, as revealed by the Holy Ghost, may lay your body out. But what then? You will not die. Men do not often die of glory—not often.

Some have thought that Moses did. Perhaps he did; I cannot say. He was old, it is true—one hundred and twenty or more—but his natural force was not abated. Religion and temperance had kept him so well that he was right in his prime. His eye was clear as the eagle's. He was not sick, but he died. Possibly he did die of *glory*—a blessed death to die!

The Scotch lad had a vision of Jesus, and all he ever said afterward was, "*I have seen him!*" They ridiculed him, but his only answer was, "I have seen him." They wanted him to eat, but he did not notice the food; all he said was, "I have seen him." His friends would have him sleep, but he had caught a vision of the divine glory, and through the night-watches kept saying, "I have seen him." When death in a few hours came, he met him with the triumphant exclamation, "*I have seen him!*" and went up.

Be sure to see Jesus once in a while. Shut yourself up in the closet of devotion. Jesus is often seen in the death-chamber of the saint. Many a dying one has said, "There he is! He has come to take me home." *There he is!* Hold on by faith; you will see him. Be faithful, and he will meet you along your journey every now and then.

And there is something better still in store. Over the river we shall *see him as he is*—shall see him all the time; not occasionally—*all the time.*

"*See him as he is!*" We can only bear a little of his glory now; 'twould destroy the body, the poor, fragile body. But over there we shall see him *as he is*—in all his glory—in all his majesty, in all his loveliness; shall see him *as he is.*

Listen again. There is something better still. What now, John? *We shall be like him!* Can that be? Yes. What! that poor sickly, deformed body, like the glorious Being we have been thinking about? Yes; we shall be like him—hair, face, eyes, feet. Ah! dear angels, you will not be ahead of us in glory in that day.

Lift up your head over there, weeping one. One reason why you have wept so much since the death of that precious one is because of the loathsomeness of the body after death. To think that that child of fair form and beauteous face should be a mass of corruption—purple rings below the eyes; a film over the eye itself; lips bloodless; purple spots over all the body—and must be buried out of your sight. Ah! your poor heart, how it bled! But sing one song of triumph this day over death: "*Shall be like him!*"

We may well suppose, amid such lively picturings and tender appeals, the voice of rejoicing and praise would be heard in "the congregation," and hearts laden with grief break out into hallelujahs.

This man of God was, at times, in the pulpit, lifted to some glorious altitude of gospel vision, and from that luminous elevation poured upon listening crowds a tide of consolation which awakened inexpressible joy in many hearts.

At one time he preached about "An open door in heaven," and thrilled the audience with a charming view of Christian privilege thereby indicated. At another time he was leading them along the wondrous line of providential guidance and support, until many were wont to exclaim: "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" Even the godless were moved to say: "How blessed to be led by the divine hand!"

For the illustration of these choice themes he availed himself skillfully of passing events, and made them subserve the great purpose of human instruction and salvation. Thus, in discoursing on "The Spirit shaping the affairs of men," he makes use of the ROBBERY OF THE TRENTON BANK with fine effect, showing how God directs the godly so as to circumvent the wicked.

I quote: "Have you never noticed how often, in carefully planned schemes of murder and robbery, there is a failure just at the vital point? God comes in there and strikes out a link from the well-forged chain, and it all goes by the board. You know of the attempt on the Trenton Bank. Had that attempt suc-

ceeded, you would have seen a great panic here. You have heard how a lady passed the door of the bank just in time to hear all that could have been heard during that night. No other sound would have come through those doors. Did she just happen there at that particular second? Why, that lady had agreed to spend that Sabbath out of Trenton, visiting a relation, and would not have returned to the city until the evening. Then what of the bank? Why were her plans altered? She was impressed, some time during the week previous, that she should not go a-visiting on the Sabbath. She took the cars and went around to tell her friends, and so remained at home, and worshiped in her own church. Who, or what, impressed her? Then, when evening came, she went with her friends, around in Warren street, to visit a sick child. Then, with her two friends, she went to Green street church. Had she remained there to service, she would have gone down Green and Broad street to her home, and would not have been near the bank. But when about to go up the stairway at Green street, she was led to wish she had come up here (to Trinity church) to hear a sermon on '*Daniel in the lions' den.*' She asked her friends why they did not go. All agreed, and came up here. Her mind and spiritual nature were impressed and awakened when she saw Daniel saved in the lions' den, by the power of God.

"The sermon over, the party were about to go home. Had they gone then, they would have been too soon for the detection of the scoundrels at the bank. She said, 'Wait until after two prayers.' They waited, and then *went out.* They might have gone down Green street,

but it was proposed to go around on Warren street again and see the sick child. They went and stayed a moment or so, then went down Warren street. Arriving at State street, it was proposed to go to Green street, and so down Broad. Then they would not have gone by the bank, and the deed of robbery, and perhaps of blood, would have been completed. 'No,' she said; 'we will go down Warren street.'

"They arrived just as Brother S—— was going in. They saw him hesitate there. After they had passed a second, they heard the iron door slam, as the robber pushed it too after Mr. S——. I think her mind was on the alert in an unusual degree. '*What was that?*' said she; 'thunder?' She looked up; something said to her heart, '*They are murdering Mr. S. and robbing the bank.*' What reason for that thought? She did not know that the sound came from the bank, did not know but it was thunder, did not know but that Mr. S. himself had slammed the door; we often slam doors. God knew all about it, and doubtless his Spirit told her, and she just then, under the influence of God's truth that she had heard, was susceptible to spiritual influences.

"'*They are murdering Mr. S.*,' she said to her friends. 'Oh no,' they said.' 'Yes; I must go up to the bank and see.' 'Oh no.' But she went, knocked, heard nothing, knew no more than she did before. How likely that she was deceived, mistaken! As she listened all was still as on other Sunday evenings for fifty years. She still clung to the impression that something was wrong, though she heard nothing. She went away and raised the alarm. On entering the bank,

Mr. S. was found gagged, but the robbers had made off with a part of their booty.

"God by his Spirit led her all around to that place. But why has God so much interest in that bank? I don't know. One thing I know—that bank has helped the church when it has been in straits; and do you imagine that God sits up there on his throne, and looks down with indifference upon those who help his struggling people to build up his cause? God knows whose money and influence put that brick in that wall."

CHAPTER III.

"That ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere, and without offence till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God."

Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
  Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
  Their glorious circuit run.

Christian holiness, entire holiness, was the prominent theme of his ministry.

He was led to regard this subject, not simply from a theological standpoint, but also from that of *personal experience.* Hence, he looked upon it as "the central idea" of Christianity, toward which all other parts of the system of divine truth pointed. And therefore to the building up of the church in *perfect holiness* he bent all his energies.

Did he portray the hideousness of sin, and the ter-

ribleness of its consequences? It was that he might direct the sinner to the attractiveness of purity. Would he open to the mind of a justified believer a settled rest in Christ, and a peace that passeth all understanding? He proclaimed a full salvation, comprehending the thorough eradication from the soul of all the remains of the carnal mind. If he would lead the tempted and sorrowing among Christ's followers to adequate support and consolation, he labored to induce them to enter into the closest union with Christ, and held up before them *entire purity* as essential to such union. If he desired to spread out before the Christian mind the largest fields of usefulness, he insisted upon *perfected holiness* as the qualification. And if he attempted to lift the veil separating the terrestrial from the celestial, and present to the aspiring eye a crown all studded over with jewels, and the highest realizations of the immortal life, he pointed to the straitness of the gate and the narrowness of the way, "*the highway of holiness.*"

Every movement in the church in this direction engaged his attention and sympathy. Especially was he interested in the National Camp Meetings, attending on every occasion when it was possible to do so. His presence there was hailed with pleasure by those engaged in this truly great work. He was on several occasions called to occupy the stand, and preached with liberty and power. He was one of those who were early on the ground at Vineland, delighted with the opportunity to help to push the battle against the hosts of sin. A sketch of his sermon there is published in "Penuel." At Manheim he gave us a de-

lightful sermon on "*Precious faith.*" At subsequent meetings he rendered effective service in preaching and at the altar. Indeed, he was never more at home than in the altar-work at Camp Meeting, and particularly at National Camp Meetings. How much he will be missed on these occasions!

But who knows but the great Head of the Church may commission him to do unseen, and yet valiant service, on some of these illustrious battle-grounds? He may, with the immortal and beloved Cookman, be mingling, ever and anon, with "the thundering gospel legion," and shouting on the final victory. God has doubtless work that we know not of for these tried soldiers, else he would not remove them from the arena of mortal strife.

The subject of entire holiness evidently engaged the study-hours of Brother L. profoundly. Every beautiful text of the Old and New Testament looking toward "the central point of bliss" seems to have been a topic of discourse. He held it up in all its features and divine accompaniments, and with such marked effect that many were led to the fountain of cleansing, and came forth washed, "whiter than snow."

There is one text which appears to have engaged much of his thought, and discourse after discourse was prepared thereupon. It is the great command: "Be ye holy."

This he worked over and over, seeking, by diligent and prayerful study, to make the impression deep and powerful. Varied manuscripts left behind tell how he had labored to give this text its deserved prominence.

Then "The beauty of holiness," "Behavior as becometh holiness," "Holiness without which no man shall see the Lord," "Perfect love," "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee," "Let us go up and possess the land," "Perfection," "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye," "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God,"* etc., and many others, constituted the blessed themes upon which he delighted to dwell.

A few extracts from his sermon on the beauty of holiness will here be in place. Defining beauty to be "the harmonious blending of all the parts of an object, so that there is consistency throughout," he proceeds to speak of the beautiful in nature, and so advances until he conducts us to the brighter realm of *moral beauty*, as displayed in Christian character.

He shows the beauty of *the internal principles* belonging to the high estate of *perfect holiness*—a perfect faith, humility, love and patience. Then he considers its beauty in *outward developments*. In this connection he enumerates "steady adhesion to principle, and uniformity of life," "chastity of manner," "sweetness of temper amid trying and vexatious circumstances." "How beautiful," he says, "is one of your proud, imperial, high-toned spirits, when so tempered by the Holy Ghost that it will meekly bear insult and wrong! The blade made of Damascus steel was so highly tempered that it would cut other steel or glass almost like leather, and yet it was so elastic that it would wrap like whalebone around your hand. So can the Holy Ghost temper the proudest spirit. What a lofty, proud

* This was the text of his last sermon, preached at Broad and Arch.

spirit had Paul! Nature had made him of real imperial steel, and yet how exquisitely tempered!

"How grandly these characters stand along the shores of time! How beautiful is their patient continuance in well-doing! It was a beautiful morning. Behind me, in the east, the sun was rising. A thin, gauzy curtain of mist hung over and rested down upon the face of the land, imparting to objects a soft, mild, dreamy look. Before me I saw a church-spire, symmetrical in its proportions, white as snow, with its point lifted high toward the heavens. As it stood there in the sunlight, partially hidden by the morning mist, it was to my eye most exquisite and almost phantom-like in beauty. So also these characters stand upon the plains of history; against time past as the background, they seem like silver shafts of beauty, landmarks by which spiritual mariners may steer in the voyage of life, each a Pharos on the jutting headlands of truth."

Brother L. had a very short and decisive method of disposing of objections to an immediate realization of the heavenly gift. In a sermon on "Getting rid of sin" (1 John i. 9), he thus deals with objectors: "One says, '*I don't believe any one can be holy.*' Do you say that? Then Jesus is a failure. He came to save his people from their sins; if he cannot save to the uttermost, he is a failure. Is he a failure? Poor Napoleon I. was a failure. *Is Jesus?* Did he fail when he undertook to cast out devils? A word from him sent them flying. Did he fail when he undertook to raise the dead? He met the enemy right in his own dark kingdom, the grave. There the monster got the Saviour on his back *in the tomb,* expelled his soul from the body, sat on his

body, and said, '*I have him!*' For three days he kept him there, and, I imagine, thought he was sure of his prey. But after giving death all this advantage for three days, he then arose. Victor Jesus now has a mortgage on every graveyard.

"What will you do with his word, 'Cleanse you from all unrighteousness'? Will Jesus lie? Oh no, no. 'But this blessing is not for me.' Do you think God is such a respecter of persons, so partial a Father? Suppose, now, that there is a family of children at the table. The father is there. There are good dishes, and some not so good. He gives one son a dish of the best of food, but to another a poor, unsavory dish. Is that right? Does God deal after that manner? Now, just trust him. How is it you will not trust Jesus?

"A minister in Maine has a lame daughter—feet crippled, hands crippled; they have to carry her up stairs and down. She trusts her father. At the head of the stairs, when she is to go down, he takes her in his arms. She puts her crippled arms about his neck, and with her crippled fingers grasps his coat, and *trusts*. He says she likes to get hold of his collar. So she trusts.

"Why can't you trust God—trust God for *full salvation?* True, you are lame, and think you cannot walk before God and be perfect. But cannot you trust God—take hold of God by faith? Was that father likely to let his little daughter fall? Will God let you fall?

"That father, as much as he loved his daughter, might stumble, might be stricken down with paral-

ysis, and falling himself, injure his daughter, or kill her. But God cannot fall. He has walked with an unfaltering step down through the centuries. Oh, why is it you will not believe? You treat God as if he was not to be trusted.

"'But if I get it I cannot keep it.' What! do you think God will be dead to-morrow? 'Oh, no.' Will, Jesus be struck down with paralysis to-morrow? I think Jesus can do as much for you to-morrow as to-day. Trust him. Suppose we all trust him. '*Faithful and just*'—write it down—'*faithful and just.*' And so we are saved, glory to God! and cleansed from all unrighteousness.

"Devils, stop yelling down there and listen to the song of triumph, 'Cleansed from all unrighteousness.' Angels, stoop down here a moment and hear our glad story, 'Cleansed from all unrighteousness.' Unbelieving world, put in your ear a moment at that door, and we'll tell you how it is with us, '*Cleansed from all unrighteousness.*'"

In a sermon on "WALKING IN THE LIGHT" he demonstrates the great advantage of a clear state of justification. The crowning point he makes is that those so walking will soon be cleansed from all sin. His reasons are "that such have clear views of the efficacy of the atonement of Christ; they see clearly that the object of Christ's death and suffering was to make men holy—not simply holy just as they are about to die, as if God did not want men to be holy anywhere on earth but in the death-chamber. Walking in the light, they see too that God means men to be holy *now*—that he commands it in his word, and he

sees that souls are sanctified by faith—the short way of faith. People not *in the light* don't see this. The Bible speaks of growth—the grain of mustard-seed, etc., etc. But people not in the clear light get these figures mixed up and misapplied. To hear them speak of the soul's growing and developing, you might think man was a potato plant or a corn-stalk, and must have time to grow, or that he was an oak tree, and needed about a hundred years to reach any respectable stature in religion. But the man who walks in the light can discriminate between entire sanctification and *maturity*. Entire sanctification means the cleansing something out of the soul that is inimical to growth.

"Riding with a friend through a wood, we saw many oaks that had great protuberances on their trunks—great tumors or wens. Insects had cut the veins of the sap, letting it flow out, and hence the false growth. Suppose some one had said, 'These trees should grow faster, and grow those ugly warts off.' Would you have agreed with him? No; the trees need to be sanctified from those hateful insects that were letting the life-blood out, and then they might grow straight and fair. Your soul needs sanctifying by the blood of Jesus. The man who walks in the light sees this, and that the work is to be done *by faith*. Hence he walks right off into the fountain opened in the house of David, and is washed at once. He does not walk long *in the light* before he walks *into purity*. He must inevitably do so."

Our brother had a very delightful sermon on "THE BLESSEDNESS OF A PURE HEART," in which he sets before the justified believer the riches of his spiritual inherit-

ance. And it is difficult to see how any, amid such unfoldings, could fail to say, "Let us go up at once." One of the points of the sermon is "that the possessor of a pure heart has a position nearer to God than before he received this blessing." He says:

"There is an infinite distance between God and Satan, his great antagonist. Yonder stands God on the *mount of purity*, with the spotless angels around him. Down yonder is Satan wallowing in the very pool of *moral impurity*. There are men and women down close to him, corrupt in every thought and word, having eyes full of adultery and sin, and living day and night in the most beastly indulgences. There are others a little higher in the scale, moving much of the time among better people, but plunging occasionally down. There are others above these, moral and well disposed, abominating evil, and yet without any spiritual life in the soul. 'God is not in all their thoughts.' There are others just awakened to a sense of sin, and looking up toward God in penitence, but having no evidence of forgiveness. Above these, and standing nearer to God, are those just converted, and rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Oh, they are so near to God—he talks with them every day. He walks with them along the highway of holiness, *for they are in it, bless God!* Yes, the justified are near to God, for

> 'The spirit answers to the blood,
> And tells them they are born of God.'

"Dear sinner, I wish you were there. But there is a position still nearer to God. There is another who

has not only been converted, but a second tide of spiritual fire has swept through his soul, burning the last vestige of the carnal mind out, so that now there is no stain of sin upon his soul. And there he stands, very near to God, with the flames of holiness emanating from the Godhead, playing gloriously upon his soul. Oh, it is so blessed to be just there! The pure in heart, they stand up so near to God."

Another point he makes is, "Heart-purity enables us to acquiesce sweetly in the allotments of divine providence. 'Thy will be done!' 'Thy will be done!' Any one can say that with the lips. It is not every one that can, in the dark days of adversity, say it from the heart, 'Thy will be done!'

"You were tried at that point. When your darling child was taken, and your home shrouded in gloom and darkness, you found it not easy then to say, 'Thy will be done.' When your dear companion was taken, and you were *left alone*, and your dear home was broken up, you faltered in saying, 'Thy will be done!' I have known a mother, a professor of religion, too, to become insane over the loss of a child. I have known some to die under affliction. Not so the pure in heart. They still retain confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God in times of affliction, and from the heart can say, 'Thy will be done!'

"Ah, those Hebrews! They had a hot place there in the furnace heated seven times hotter than usual. But did they make a great ado about getting out of the furnace? Did they go leaping against the door, crying, 'Here, let us out, let us out! We'll burn to death'? No; they walked about calmly in the fire, and were

happy in God. Jesus was with them in the fire. Oh, how blessed to have a power within you that enables you to *lie still* in the fire! There is a furnace heating for you—there is.

"I knew of a woman whose husband was out of work. It was winter. They had six children, and they wanted bread and clothing. She was naturally a nervous, over-anxious woman, but she had become possessed of the great blessing of purity—had learned how to trust God fully. She had acquired the power to be *still in the fire.* In all this trial she was a happy woman. Her children wanted bread, and she leaned hard down on God and the bread came—came every time. Her children wanted shoes and dresses, and she looked up and said, '*Thy will be done*,' and the shoes and clothing came. All this time she could sing and praise God and labor for souls and joy in the God of salvation.

"Blessed are the pure in heart! They have so much when they have nothing; they are so rich when they are poor; they are so strong when they are weak; they are so happy when they are sorrowful; they have so much company when they are all alone—*with Jesus.*"

He makes, as a final point, "that the pure in heart *are fully ready to die.* But, says one, 'Don't you think that if a regenerated or justified soul dies, it will go to heaven, though it may not have entered fully into the state of purity?' Oh yes; a very good argument can be offered in favor of that proposition, and it would seem so. But I tell you I like an *assurance* that don't rest on argument simply. After a forcible argument is offered, tormenting doubt may still linger. But when God speaks, then doubt flies and the soul rests. God

says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart.' That settles it. Come on, death—ready now. No half-done work to be finished. The bridge over the gulf that separates the two worlds reaches from shore to shore.

"How sweetly do those die whose hearts are free from all sin! What a rapturous moment was that in which Wesley finished up his earthly career! What heavenly light bathed the scene! I was looking at the picture that represented it, not long since, and so glorious was it that it seemed a little as though the partition between earth and heaven had been taken away, and the two worlds were almost merged into one. O believer, believer, rest not until you feel that you are numbered among the pure in heart!"

Brother L. had a way of bringing divine truth to a focus and turning it upon his hearers with burning potency. Thus, on one occasion, he portrayed the excellency of a life of *entire* devotion by bringing it within the compass of a day—*a single* day; tracing the Christian from morn to eve in his holy and God-ward activities. With him holiness was not a beautiful sentiment simply, but a life and a power.

A discourse on "HOW TO LIVE ONE DAY FOR GOD" has really so many practical excellences that I can hardly refrain from giving it entire. Let us look at some of its directions for a day of entire devotion:

"1. Get up *in the morning*. Time is one of God's most precious gifts, not to be wasted.

"2. Wash in cold water. It is a tonic. It enlivens, wakes up the system, and is a good stimulant. It cleanses. God is in favor of *bodily cleanliness*. There is a wonderful agreement between inward and outward

purity. As soon as an unwashed outcast gets converted to God, he washes and purifies the outward person. Paul says, 'Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and *our bodies washed with pure water.*' I am not sure but this washing the body means *an every-morning ablution*, for outward purity helps a soul along in sanctification.

"3. Then pray. Go now to the Fountain of spiritual cleansing. Give thanks for rest, etc. Ask for special grace for the day—new trials, new temptations. We have heard of the storms of the South Sea, or Pacific. The sky is clear and the ship sailing gently along. Only a few hundred yards off a white cloud big as a blanket forms, and a fierce tornado rushes upon the ship. So the storms arise here every day. We need special grace. Pray for it. Pray, hold on, don't give up until you feel strong, mighty through God—strong enough to defy the devil. Pray till God comes to march with you.

"4 Then read a portion of Scripture. See what command God has for you. Read attentively, and some passage will stick to your mind to bless you all day. Your mind should be charged with truth as a cannon is with shot. The French have a new cannon that for a long time can send a perfect shower, a storm of shot, into the enemy's ranks. So the Christian should have his mind charged with truth for the enemy's overthrow.

"5. Now have family prayers. Call all that God has given you, and put them in God's hands for the day. Perhaps the devil means to foully attack one of

them before night. Let not your children say, '*No prayer at our house.*'

"6. Now the time has come for business. Working is just as much our God-appointed duty as prayer. The world is too small to allow a place for drones. If working for others, fill up your time and do justice to your employer. You can't wrong your employer and be happy in God. If you are in business, buying and selling, look out; the devil will help you, if he can. I don't know how some tradesmen are to get through the narrow gate up there. Such exorbitant prices, and so many mean tricks in trade. *Use soft words* all day long: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Some of your customers will vex you if they can—would like to buy your goods for nothing, and have you send them home in the bargain. Tradesmen need special grace; no doubt about it. It will cool off your own soul like the breath of morn. If you employ hands, remember they have rights. So you pass the forenoon, and come up to noon.

"7. Go into your closet. Look over your forenoon life—look closely. Think of your words, of your spirit, of your manner. Pray for grace for the rest of the day. If a shade has come upon your experience during the forenoon, pray until that is gone. If you have a favorite flower, you would not leave it in the shade, would you? Don't leave your soul under a shadow. Pray until the Sun of righteousness shines.

"8. During the afternoon be on the watchtower again. You must stand guard over your own soul. Do what you can to fulfill the Scriptures. Watch your temper. Toward night you may be weary and more

easily overcome. Lean on Chrlst—lean *hard* on Christ—as you walk.

"9. All through the day seek for opportunities to do good. Sow a handful of gospel seed each day. Help some weak one. A little help rendered at the right time may save a poor soul. God has given us wonderful capacities for helping one another on to God. Nor will you have to look far to find some poor soul that needs a helping hand. You have read of that awful flood that a few days since came down the Virginia valleys from the mountains, sweeping houses and mills, villages and crops, and flocks and herds, and human beings away to ruin. A mightier tide—the tide of evil boiling up out of hell—is sweeping along the streets, carrying countless souls down to death. Reach out your hand and save these shrieking wretches of sin. Don't wait for some grand opportunity to save a hundred or so, but try to save some soul every day.

"10. At evening retire for secret devotion. Examine yourself. Have family prayer in close connection with the evening meal. And now you have the long evening before you. Read. Avoid mere amusement—no time for the nonsense of the opera. Attend religious meetings; help on the work of God. Visit the sick.

"How pleasantly your days will pass if you thus fill up your time for God! And these days will make years, and be unrolled as a panorama at the judgment."

Surely such a practical ministry, so specific in disclosing the line of duty and Christian action, could

not be abortive. Who could mistake? The wayfarer might run and read.

Our brother plainly assigns reasons why the Church does not come up to the experience of entire holiness. In a sermon on "WHY IS THE CHURCH SO SLOW IN GOING ON TO PERFECTION?" he deals with this question with a candor and fearlessness that challenges our admiration:

1. He *states that many professors don't seem to know that it is their privilege to be entirely pure.* Some of the causes of this ignorance are enumerated. The failure to study God's word closely, and the neglect of Christian ministers to declare the whole counsel of God in this regard, are some of the causes. On this latter point he remarks: "Under our ministry we have seen a hundred thousand souls begin to live, but too few of us have so ministered the healing balm of Gilead unto them as to see them perfectly healed of the malady of sin at once. And let me say this is the great failure of Methodist ministers. It is not in building parsonages, we have done well at that; not in building churches, we have done well at that; not in raising missionary money, we have done well at that; not in getting souls converted, we have done well at that,—*but in not leading our converts on to perfection.* We have mourned over the thousands that have annually backslidden, and yet the most of those fell back because we left them with inbred sin in their souls, when we might have led them to Jesus for a perfect cure. What would be the result if a physician should attend a typhoid patient until he got him able to walk about, and then leave him to himself, without medicine or care? Most likely a fatal relapse.

And many—oh how many!—of our young converts *relapse* because they are not shown how to obtain a perfect cure at once."

Another reason he assigns is "that professors *don't want* to be entirely holy. It does seem that many are willing to go just as near to hell as possible without falling in. Children sometimes creep to the very edge of the dizzy precipice, to look over, or pull a flower. And so some professors seem willing to follow a simple pleasure to the very crumbling edge of the precipice of perdition, if they may at the last get back safely. They like the ways of sin, but don't like its wages. Many would use their religion as one would his life-preserver. He carries his life-preserver in his trunk or valise until the vessel is about to be wrecked, and then he takes it out and puts it on. So many would have their religion folded up in a nice little parcel and put in some convenient place, *out of the way*, until the storm of death sets in, when they would take it out, shake out the wrinkles, put it on, and go up, *shouting glory!*

"A merchant, a professor of religion, was sick. His religion was never permitted to enter his store—it had nothing to do with his book-keeping, or with his yard-stick. It never interfered with his weights and measures: it was a very well-behaved religion in this respect. It was very much like a garment that might be hung up on a nail on Sunday evening, to hang there all through the week, and be taken down early next Sunday morning to do service all day long. This merchant's religion stayed at home and minded its business right well all the week. But this man was sick,

and did not know but he should die. So he told his doctor, who was a shrewd but unconverted man, that if he saw that he was likely to die soon he must tell him, for he wished to get his soul in a better state than it then was before he died, for of course religion that only did *Sunday service* would not do very well for the dying day. But his doctor told him he had better get all ready to die, and then, if he did not die, his dying grace would do his customers some good—would have a most excellent effect if distributed around amongst the yard-sticks, weights and measures and account-books.

"But here is the point. That man did not want to be overmuch righteous, unless he was about to die. I fear that many who hardly know it themselves are actuated by the same principles."

He next observes "that some who do desire to be holy, and who seek it, too, do not receive it. Why? Some expect this to be wrought gradually, little by little. Of course no one need to expect such to be entirely saved very soon. They will always be spiritual invalids, because they don't ask Jesus, the great Physician, to cure them at once. Others ask to be healed at once, but *they won't pay the physician his price*. But, says one, I thought the blessings of the gospel were without money and without price. Yes; you are to lay down all you possess at the feet of Jesus. But oh how many of you are now keeping back part of the price, not willing to say, 'Lord, take my property, my friends, my life—all are thine!' Well, says one, 'I think I have consecrated my all to God. I do pay the price.' Do you? I rejoice with you. But

let me test you. If you are known to be one who professes and advocates holiness, perhaps some one will call you a fanatic—it may be you will be termed insane. You know that when Paul was telling Agrippa and Festus his experience, Festus said, 'Paul, thou art beside thyself.' And I suppose Paul was beside himself, *out of his mind*, sure enough—gone out of himself into Christ, had lost his mind, but had found 'the mind which was also in Christ Jesus.' I wish about three hundred of you might just now lose your minds—your crooked minds, your sin-stained minds—and find the perfect mind of Christ right away.

"But are you willing to be classed with fanatics and fools for Christ's sake? For if you get entirely saved from sin, some who are unsaved will speak thus of you. They will say, 'Oh yes, a good sort of a man, but a little cracked on the subject of holiness.' Yes; a fool for Christ's sake. Why should I not be? He lost his reputation for me. For it is said, 'He became of no reputation.' He was God, and yet he came to be called a man—he lost his reputation. He was a King, but came to be called a carpenter—he lost his reputation. He was *The Immaculate*, but they called him a deceiver—he lost his reputation. He was the Son of God, yet they said, 'He had a devil.' Jesus, my Redeemer, lost his reputation for me. I will lose mine for him.

"Some who seem to have made the consecration, and to see Christ as man's only Saviour, won't believe that Jesus the great Physician saves and cures *now*. On some to-morrow in the future the work can be done, but not now. But the condition on which your heav-

enly Physician proposes to cure you is faith—not that he will do it soon, but that *he cleanses now.* This heavenly medicine, the balm of Gilead, must be applied by faith to the soul the present moment, or there is no cure.

"Some who seem to believe, and to be about cured, do not realize a substantial and lasting cure because *they won't arise and walk.* Remember, when Jesus cured men in the days of his incarnation, he commanded them to use the hitherto disabled member *immediately.* They brought a man to him sick of the palsy, and lying on a bed. Jesus cured him with a word—one word was enough. Then said the Saviour, 'Take up thy bed, and walk.' Suppose he had said, 'Oh no, Master, I had better not try to walk just yet; let me lie still, and see if I am really cured; let me use my limbs a little to-day, and a little more to-morrow.' With no more faith than that the palsy would have come back upon him again.

"Then Jesus was at the grave of the dead Lazarus: '*Lazarus, come forth.*' And as those life-giving words rung through the chambers of the tomb, the spirit of life came back to the dead form. But suppose Lazarus had lain still, and said, 'No, no, Master; let me wait a day or so, to see if I really am alive, for it would be a dreadful thing for a dead man to walk about.' The damps and miasma of the charnel-house would have poisoned him to death in a day. Jesus would have left him to his fate. But he came forth—he walked; he showed himself to the world as a living man. If Jesus makes a dead man live, he don't want him to continue to lie in the tomb. If he comes and saves you from all your sin, he would have you walk forth

as a holy man before the world. The word Jesus speaks to every restored soul is, 'WALK!'

"And may I tell you what the first step in walking is? It is *professing* to the world what Jesus has done for you. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made, saying, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' But some, Jesus fully restores, will not take the first step, and they get sick again."

It is quite common for the remark to be made in regard to those making the subject of entire holiness as prominent as did Brother L. that they undervalue the great work of justification. Now, no man could possibly speak in more exalted terms of justification than did our departed brother. His views on this subject were clear, and again and again did he put forth all his strength in magnifying the riches of divine grace in this first stage of Christian experience. And he insisted strongly and constantly that only those walking in the clear light of justification were prepared to advance surely and speedily toward entire sanctifiation.

In illustration of this, I give a few extracts from a sermon on "THE LIFE OF THE JUSTIFIED." He opens by saying, "My limited observation has fully convinced me that a large portion of the Christian Church openly set up a very low standard of excellence—I might say, even, of *morality*—as substantial Christianity. Hence, when *entire holiness* is preached, many stand aloof from it, because they apprehend that more carefulness and strictness of life are demanded of them in the doctrine of heart holiness than in what is sometimes called *the lower state of grace.* But I propose to show you that

in the lowest state of grace the soul lives without sin. The text used is, 'Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin: for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.'" 1 John iii. 9.

He defines the state of grace here referred to very clearly: "By being justified we mean, that a soul through faith in Christ is made just in the sight of God, as though he had never sinned. By being born again we mean that the Spirit of the eternal God enters the soul and gives it life—yes, life; for before he was as one dead. God, it is true, was all around him, over him, and beneath him, but he neither felt, saw nor heard him. The unregenerate man is an entire stranger to God. He don't know him any more than if he did not live in the universe. But after the Spirit of the Highest has entered his soul, then he is sensible of God's presence, and then he can say by sure experience, 'Thou art about my bed and in my path. I feel thee in all my ways. Yea, I feel thee in my soul. I walk with God.'

"The eyes of the understanding are now opened. When he opens the Bible, he sees God on its every page. When he opens the book of Nature, he sees God on every quivering leaf, and his soul seems lost in delicious communion with God. He finds his experience just the opposite of what it was before. Before, he had trouble; now he has peace with God. Before, he had sorrow; now he knows what it is to have the joy of the Holy Ghost. Before, when he looked at the eternal world, he shuddered and looked back; now he sees bright angels just over the flood, beckoning him away."

Not much undervaluing of the work of justification, or the new birth, in the conceptions and the above language of the preacher. Nor can we discover that he had very much sympathy with those who would represent the child of God, the truly justified one, as in a wilderness state, wandering on in darkness and unbelief, like the children of Israel in the wilderness. No, no; he conceived of a justified soul as a *freeman*—freed from the guilt and power of sin; a *joyful believer*, rejoicing even with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Yea, as delighting to walk in the divine commandments, and waxing stronger and stronger, and daily growing in grace by divine communion and holy exercises.

I wish this feature of Brother L.'s teaching to be closely observed. Depend upon it, he estimated the glorious state of justification more highly than to suppose that the wayward, unbelieving Israelites, floundering about in the wilderness, with murmurings and idolatries, in any sense represent souls "born with a new, celestial birth." Such teaching is to be deprecated, from whatever quarter it may come. It does not harmonize with the Bible, or with Wesleyan views of justification.

But this is not all. Brother L. proceeds to show, "II. *That those who are in this state not only do not but cannot sin, while they remain in it.* By sin here we mean outward sin, or the voluntary transgression of the known law of God—that is, of a law that is known to be such at the time it is transgressed. This includes the willing entertainment of thoughts, the voluntary expression of words, or doing of actions that are known

to be contrary to the law of God. The requirement of the Holy One is, that all his children should live without thus committing sin. You cannot anywhere find that God winks at little sins, or any sin, but the absolute, unqualified, unconditional command of God is that the soul shall not sin. I verily believe that some think that because they do not make a high profession they may indulge in this and that and the other, even though God's word may be against it. But I would have you to remember, this day and for ever, that Jesus says: 'Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.' But the word goes farther than this, and declares that 'whosoever is born of God cannot sin, because his seed remaineth in him.' Does that startle you? Remember that whether it startles you or not it is God's word. The meaning seems to be this: that while the inspiration of the Spirit is felt in the soul, and this flowing in of the Spirit is breathed back to God by the soul, in prayer, and praise, and thanksgiving, thus keeping up a constant communication with God, the soul cannot sin, because its motions and actions are all governed by the Spirit divine. Self may come up and demand gratification, and the world allure, and the devil tempt; but while the prayer of faith, mixed with praise and thanksgiving, keeps the Spirit in the soul, it cannot sin. You might as well expect water to freeze at boiling heat. His soul is ruled by love to God, and that love won't let him sin."

He here meets an objection—that those who have been recognized as in God's favor have *sinned*—as

David and Peter, whom he instances. He quotes from Mr. Wesley, in which the steps from grace to sin are well defined. And he continues: "Here, then, you see what is required of the youngest, weakest babe in Christ. Mark you! I am not stating the requirement concerning the man or woman who professes and really enjoys entire holiness, but I am illustrating the requirement of God concerning the soul in *the lowest state of grace.* He must not commit sin—nay, he doth not commit sin; while God's presence dwells in his soul, *he cannot commit sin.* Before a soul can be prepared for violating a known law of God, the Holy Spirit must leave that soul. Now, don't, I beseech you, think that you can violate God's word a little now and then, and yet be a child of God. Don't think that you can refuse to study his word, that you can keep his Sabbaths carelessly, that you can drink in the spirit of the world, dressing and amusing yourself like it—don't think you can speak lightly of God's children, or that you can indulge a spirit of levity, and do many other 'little things,' as some call them, and yet be a child of God. If God dwelleth in you, so that you are born of God, you cannot do these things."

In this sermon he gives reasons why he dealt so plainly with the Church in regard to these spiritual realities. He says: "I give you my reason for the earnestness I feel in reference to the Church. I believe in the holy God of the Bible, in the literal heaven of the Bible, in the literal hell of the Bible, in the eternal punishment of the wicked. Yes, all this I believe. I believe that sin will sink souls so deep in hell that no

ray from Mercy's eye will ever reach them, to cheer for one moment the horrors of their eternal home. Then, when believing all this, as I do, I take my text, 'Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin,' etc., and apply it to many that I see in the Church, and find by it that they do break God's law, committing outward sin every day. I see their awful state—I see them apparently in a state of self-deception; and then all that's good within me prompts to cry aloud and spare not. And if I should, for fear of losing your favor for the present, say not a word about these things, but let those who are sleeping in Zion sleep on, how I should despise myself! how God's wrath would blaze over my head! and it seems to me the very devils would prepare a separate place for me, as being unfit to mingle with common fiends."

With such realizations of his responsibilities as a Christian minister, no wonder he laid "judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." He felt that souls were in danger, and that there was no time to trifle.

Himself in the enjoyment of this great salvation, and growing in this grace, daily developing the qualities of this exalted state, he was able to publish to the sons of men "*the signs infallible.*" And many, beholding the fullness of Christ, were constrained to go down into the purifying stream, and will doubtless shine as stars in the crown of his rejoicing for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broad-cast it o'er the land."

The ministry of Brother Lawrence was wisely adapted to all the diversities of human character and condition.

Those who have heard Brother L. preach on special occasions, for instance, at Camp Meeting or Conference, were very likely to hear a sermon on holiness. There was a reason for this—an all-sufficient reason. He well understood that the Wesleyan doctrine of entire holiness was not being made as prominent as in the early days of Methodism, and that the Church needed a great revival of scriptural holiness. And hence, when called upon to preach on these special occasions, as he frequently was, his inquiry was, "*What will do the most good at this time?*" And the answer to his inmost soul was, "*Preach holiness*—that is the prime necessity of the hour." He felt that as it was only a single opportunity that was presented for serving the Master at the altar, he must strike the heaviest blow possible at Satan's kingdom. And like a skilled workman in this service, he understood that the mightiest weapon with which to demolish the empire of darkness speedily, was holiness. Yea, he knew that the surest way to reach the hearts of sinners was by holding up clearly this cardinal truth of divine revelation.

In the adoption of this line of policy, however, his

ministerial reputation was somewhat sacrificed in the estimation of some who heard him only on those special occasions. The conclusion to which they came was, that he could preach nothing else—that he was a "one-idea man," shut up within a very narrow circle. He was content to be so regarded for Christ's sake. He knew well what he was doing. He was not seeking an earthly name or reputation, but building for eternity.

The manuscripts of Brother L., which it has been the privilege of the writer to examine, demonstrate that this "one idea" was of such gigantic proportions as to give him the most expansive views of the gospel system, and to lead him along avenues wide and diversified. Indeed, so varied are the subjects upon which he treated in his charges, that it is very distinctly proved that holiness, so far from contracting, had wondrously expanded his vision, and given a vast scope to his pulpit labors. So strongly is this marked that it really seems as if every class, every conceivable phase of human character and condition, received at his hands "a portion of meat in due season."

He was ready for every occasion, acting upon the suggestion of Rev. Robert Newton, "That a Methodist preacher should always be ready either to preach or to die." This characteristic of readiness was strikingly exhibited at the dedication of "Pitman Grove Campground." A distinguished doctor of divinity had been engaged to preach the opening sermon. Circumstances, however, prevented his attendance. The presiding elder's eye was cast about to see who could best fill

the vacancy. Brother Lawrence was quickly selected, and with little opportunity for preparation ascended the stand. Those who were present remember how interestingly and profitably he discoursed on the text, "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD." He, like the one to whose memory such a beautiful monument is upraised, was ready to do what *he* could, almost at a moment's warning, rejoicing in the privilege to speak in the blessed Master's name. Here, too, the great idea, the thought of thoughts, the central truth, was not overlooked, but made grandly prominent.

After endeavoring to impress his hearers with the fact that every one could do something, he remarks:

"1. *Every one can keep a holy heart*, there is such rich provision in the blood of Jesus and the power of the Holy Ghost, who is at hand, to dwell in it and keep it pure.

"2. *You can avoid the very appearance of evil.* All your dealings may be so transparent, you may be so frank and candid, as to be above suspicion. If you avoid the very appearance of evil, the devil will have trouble to make his lies stick fast to you. I know he has some expert slanderers gliding about, but then people who are careful what they do, and where they go, and how they speak, will be more than a match for the cunning slanderers. I have seen some insects come up out of the mud with shining coats; nothing could stick to them. So Christian character may be so covered with holiness, so free from the appearance of evil, that Satan cannot make a lie stick at all. I care not where you live: it may be in Sodom or Sardis, among the wild

beasts and monsters of sin, but you can *keep your clothes clean.*

"4. *If you cannot do much else, you can pray a great deal to God for the world.* At the National Camp Meeting, at Oakington, a few Christians met in a tent for prayer. They prayed for two men, one an old sinner, hardened into opposition to God and Christianity. How unlikely a case! While, months after, sitting in his own parlor one evening, listening to a Christian singing, he was arrested by an unseen hand, and saw that he must yield or go to hell. He bent down before the mighty Conqueror, and was converted that night. The other, a noted politician of the Fourth Ward, New York, who had spent forty years among those wild beasts of sin. But prayer brought the Spirit to convict. It came suddenly, one Sabbath afternoon, while standing in the street listening to a street preacher. It pierced him like an arrow. He ran, but God kept up with him. But he fought against God, and the Spirit was grieved. Four months after, while standing at the bar of his gin-mill, the death-angel smote him, and after lingering senseless for a few days, unable to be removed from the place, he died as the brute dies, surrounded by dogs and abandoned characters. Nevertheless, the little praying band at Oakington did what they could.

"5. *You may give money to the Church for Jesus.* Some get very nervous when you talk to them about money for God. Some expect to go through, all the way to heaven, *on a free pass.* If you crowd them off one train, they will get on another. I will undertake to build all the churches, feed all the Christian poor, and

send all the missionaries necessary to convert the world if I can get the money spent by the Church for candy, ice-cream, ribbons and tobacco. I will save the world with this *world-money.*

"6. *You can encourage feeble Christians and speak a few words to sinners as they pass you.* Did it ever occur to you that Jesus spent the first day and night after his resurrection in encouraging his disheartened disciples? He had rather a scurvy set of disciples, it is true: Judas had sold him for thirty pieces of silver; Peter had sworn that he did not know anything about him; all the others had forsaken him and fled. Speaking after the manner of men, you would say the whole party was not worth a thought—a hard kind of a church; but as soon as Jesus was out of the grave he went in pursuit of the poor things, to get them together and strengthen them. He found the Marys at the tomb, and sent them off to tell the disciples and Peter. He saw two of his disciples walking and talking sadly on the Emmaus road, and quick as thought he was with them, to make their hearts burn within them. Then in the evening, in Jerusalem, in an humble room, the eleven and others came together, full of trouble, and Jesus walks right in among them, saying, '*Peace be unto you!*' Ah, what a night was that! Then he went about Jewry and Galilee for six weeks, just to encourage the feeble, getting five hundred of them together at one time. When his disciples were tired and weary, having fished all night and caught nothing, Jesus went to them, told them how to throw out for a great draught, and then kindled a fire on the beach, and in their hearts too.

"'Oh,' says one, 'I have so many cares at home I cannot do much.' You would be worth more for home-duty if you would go forth and smooth out the wrinkles from your soul in doing good to some one. Many have an early second childhood because they starve their minds to death in drudgery at home. This is true of many women. *Speak to sinners.* Go tell them something about Jesus' love. 'I cannot—I have no gift that way.' What a poor thing you must be!—can't ask the sinner to love Jesus—can't so much as tell a sinner that his feet are in the way of death! You must be a poor soul indeed.

"But be careful you don't deceive your soul about this matter. A woman who had been in the Church for thirty years came to die. And what do you think was the thought that tormented her soul on the death-bed? It was that in all that thirty years she had not spoken to any person about the soul.

"Rev. S. Y. Monroe, when in Trenton, had a resolution to speak to one sinner every day. One night, while pulling off his boots, he thought that he had not spoken to a soul that day. He went out and spoke to a man on the street. That man was converted."

In closing, he remarks: "All may die a happy death for Jesus," and makes a stirring appeal to all to imitate the example of the one held up to view in the text.

Following out a line of thought on the passage, as above indicated, he stirred the hearts of the people at Pitman Grove at the very outset, and made many feel as though they would, *they must*, "do what they could" while sojourning in the tented grove.

The keynote was happily struck—the keynote of *work for Jesus.* Following this well-timed sermon was one of the best Camp Meetings held in New Jersey for many years. Many sinners were converted, and not a few of God's people wholly sanctified. Pitman Grove was covered with a broad, lustrous and divine sanction, and Brother L. was seen day and night nobly sustaining the altar-work, knowing no cessation, but urging on the battle with all his might.

In confirmation of the position taken—that the ministry of our brother was wisely adapted to all classes, possessing a beautiful variety—I observe that, beginning with little children, he advanced to manhood and womanhood in all their diverse conditions, and had a word for each. He has left behind a number of sketches of sermons *To Children* on texts like these: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me," etc.; "God's wonders;" "The childhood of Jesus;" "To boys—Samuel;" "New Year's sermon to children;" "Choose ye this day," etc. He knew how to lay a kind hand upon their heads in the family, and to breathe soft words into their ear from the pulpit. His happy faculty of illustration enabled him to secure the attention and captivate the hearts of the tender lambs of his flock. His sermon on "THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS" establishes this. He holds up Jesus as the model to the boys, and the following will give an indication of his method:

"1. He grew. It was a healthy growth. Did not chew or smoke. Tobacco will degenerate a race. Let a family for two or three generations use tobacco, and they will become feeble. He did not eat can-

dies or sweetmeats—did not drink liquor. He ate plain food.

"2. He waxed strong in spirit. The spirit of God was in him. You are not so. You must not neglect your spiritual nature. Some big bodies have little souls. You often hear it said, 'That man has a big heart.'

"3. His mind was filled with wisdom. In order to this, he did not spend hours in the corner grocery, or with bad boys in the street, or at the circus—no wisdom there. He did not read miserable romances. He did study Nature. What a book! He read good books. Boys, think much—pray much.

"4. The grace of God was upon him—the love, the kindness, the holiness, of God. It was upon his heart, his mind, his lips. No foul words. What filthy lips some boys have!—filthy with tobacco, so much more with foul words. Be sure to get the grace of God.

"5. He commenced doing good when only twelve years old. Commence now. Learn early. What skill some have in doing good,—Tyng, for example. I saw a man on board a steamboat, as holy, I think, as Tyng, but not converted until nearly sixty. What can he do now for God? His mind has been neglected—his powers dwarfed. Tyng has been preaching for fifty years, and all his powers are under discipline.

"6. He was subject to his parents. Though he knew so much, he was subject to his parents. God says, 'The ravens shall pick out the eyes of those who disobey parents.' Do you know there is a youth lying dead a few doors from this? He is the son of a Quakeress, and would be a newsboy on a railroad. He

would have his own way. He went on the top of the car, and was killed. If your path is one of disobedience, it will be a rough one. Seek this same Jesus. He will help you to live as he lived. Seek him *now*."

This illustrates his method of addressing himself to the tender minds of his flock, dropping in seeds of living truth that might germinate and spring up, and bring forth abundant fruit.

Young people, young men and women, engaged a large share of his attention. To them he addressed some of his most interesting and effective sermons. He preached a course of sermons on THE PRODIGAL SON, which produced salutary impressions. The wasteful career of the young prodigal, and his ultimate return to his father's house, furnished excellent scope for Brother L.'s descriptive power. His description of the arrival and reception of the prodigal at home, is impressive:

"The poor young man started. He retraced his steps, begged his way, got back to within sight of home. His father was thinking about him—had said to his wife, 'I wonder where our son is?' 'Oh dear! I don't know. I dreamed last night that he came home, looking so sick. Oh, if he only would come home, or send us a letter, that we might know something of him!' 'Why, wife, who is that yonder, coming over the hill, out by the gate? It is a beggar, I believe.' 'Oh no,' says the mother, 'it looks like our John.' But the old man is off; he sees that it is his son. He runs, throws his arms around his neck, kisses him, though his face is dirty enough. He takes him to his home—the old home: 'Here, mother, here is John.' *Poor woman!* there she sat crying. But she too hangs

on the neck of her son. The father now begins to see the rags on him. He says to the servant, 'Go up stairs and get a suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, and a ring as a sign of my favor. Here, John, go into the bath-room; a little soap and water will do you good.' And I should think that a man who had been living the life of a drunkard, visiting filthy harlots, and feeding swine, would need soap and water before being fit to live in any decent house. So they dressed him up. Then a calf was killed, other delicacies were procured, a feast made, and neighbors were invited, for the long-lost son had come. Oh how happy he was, at home again—home again!

"So, sinner, you must leave your sins and miserable companions behind, and come to God. He'll forgive your sins, clothe you with salvation, and feast your soul.

"There was a family living away down in the State of Maine. They had one son, and John was his name. He was a wild, rattle-headed sort of fellow. He gave his father much trouble, and at length ran away from home while yet in his teens, and went whaling. The father and mother of course mourned for John. They hoped he would come back. One year passed, but no John. Another, but no John. Another, but no John. The *fourth*, but no John. The old father strained his eyes, but no son came to gladden them. At length the son of a neighbor was leaving to go to sea. The father of the long-missing boy said to him, 'If you see my boy anywhere, tell him to come home—*I want him.*' He went forth. After I know not how long a time, he went one night, in a distant city, into a dance-house. There, among the revelers, he saw John.

He went to him, and said, 'John, your father wants you to come home.' 'Who are you? Does father want me? Hain't they forgotten me?' 'No.' It went to his heart to think that his poor old father wanted to see him, and the young man went home. So God invites you, sinner, to come home. O, come!"

Young women, too, were specifically addressed, especially those having to work for a living. He was not unmindful of the perils surrounding this class, and sought to fortify them against the approaches of evil by directing them to the strong tower into which they might run and be safe. He preached a sermon on "THE MODEL YOUNG WOMAN," from which I quote some passages. He endeavors to show "what she should be in her own family, among strangers, to the suffering, and to her God."

I. He finds an example in the case of Miriam (Ex. ii. 4) of what she should be in *the family*, and remarks:

"1. In this dark day she helped her mother. A young woman who will not do this is not of much account. Be shy of that girl who will not help her mother through the trying times of the family. Brave girl! Danger along the Nile, but she braved it for her mother's sake.

"2. She was a loving sister. It was her helpless little brother Moses; she would watch him. How prudently she managed her case when Pharaoh's daughter had the little child brought to her from the river! She was only a half-grown girl then. Don't slight the young woman who is kind to her brother. Young woman, your brother is in danger!"

Here he draws a graphic picture of the perils of in-

temperance, licentiousness, etc., and he beseeches the sister to watch him and help him, and says: "A pure-minded, intelligent, determined sister can almost defy the powers of hell to ruin her brother."

He goes on to show—

II. What the young woman should be in the family of strangers. He takes his example from 2 Kings v. 2: "THE CAPTIVE MAID." Here he talks plainly about domestic life.

"Many young women have to leave home and go out to serve others; it is a trying mode of life. Some women who hire help are mean and tyrannical, some husbands are mean, and children in some families are hard to live with. Here we have a young woman who was help in a family. We infer that she was pure. She lost not her character by any indiscretion. She was industrious. She was affectionate and solicitous for the welfare of the family. She was a princess in the capacity of a slave. She was a *lady*, though she worked in a kitchen. Young women, if you move in the same sphere of life, be just as pure, just as industrious, just as affectionate, and you will not be without a home."

III. A young woman should be kind to the suffering. DORCAS is the example. Acts ix. 36. "This world," he says, "is full of woe. Poor women are shedding bitter tears all around you. Helpless orphans shed their burning tears on the hard pavements of want. Oh what a mission is yours—a mission of kindness! A woman without kindness! What a monster is a woman without kindness—a sort of tigress! How the world has been shocked at the women of the Commune, in Paris—coarse, brutal, bloodthirsty, pouring

kerosene on the floors of other women's homes, and then firing them! Your mission is to bind up wounds, wipe away tears, etc.

"When Peter was at Lydda, they sent for him to come to Joppa to attend the funeral of a woman named Tabitha, or Dorcas. She was not famous for beauty—nothing said about her beauty—but she was famous for good works and alms deeds. It sounds well. She was not famous for dancing, but for good works. When Peter came, they took him into the room where lay the corpse. The widows who had been blessed by her charity stood there weeping, and showing what? Her fine head-dress? No. Her elaborate flounces? No. Her long trail? No. Her fine earrings? No. But the coats and garments that she had made while with them. Ah! they would miss her now. They would no more see her kind face in the day of sorrow. They would no more have her to come and help them make clothing for their children, that they might go to school. Yes, they would miss her. But who would miss the mere butterfly of fashion, who just lives to pimp and paint and promenade? Young women, live for something. Go out and help the helpless, go and comfort the sorrowful, go raise the fallen!"

And while our brother thus directed his appeals to children and young people, he discoursed to parents and guardians, showing them their duty to those committed to their care. And when young people came into the church, he endeavored to build them up in the knowledge and love of Christ, by preaching sermons expressly to young converts. He understood

that it is one thing to get persons converted and introduced into the church, and another to have them established in the faith.

In further illustration of the *variety* of topics which he set before his people, I may just specify a few. Some of them are rarely made subjects of pulpit ministration. This proves that entire holiness had not dwarfed his mind, or contracted the compass of his vision. Observe these: "The Trinity;" "The reciprocity of love between the saint and the Saviour;" "Bitterness of soul a hindrance;" "Laying aside all malice;" "Joseph's tears of forgiveness;" "Why the martyrs are exalted;" "Is there an intermediate state for souls?" "The blessedness of giving;" "How a nation gets along without God—France;" "Ignorance kills folks." Let this suffice. The reader of the above range of topics (and the line might be almost indefinitely extended) will see that his mind's eye swept over a grand area.

One of the subjects which specially interested him and was frequently discussed was FAITH. The reason of this doubtless was, that before his conversion he was somewhat skeptical; and being brought out into such a wealthy place of religious life, he had a blessed experience of the *joy of faith*, and delighted to set that joy, as far as he was able, before his auditors. All the peculiar phases and manifestations of faith, and its saving accompaniments, entered into his ministrations.

One of his favorite themes was "PRECIOUS FAITH." On this I heard him preach not long before his departure, and others with myself were thrilled by his happy delineations of its preciousness. I cannot forbear giv-

ing some extracts from this very impressive sermon. He says: "The text, like its divine Author, introduces itself, and hence, without waste of time about the threshold, I notice—

"I. *The nature of faith.* Not faith in one's self, nor faith in the general permanency of the constitution of things, but faith in God, and in those laws that constitute the plan of salvation, is the kind of faith of which I would speak." After referring to the apostolic definition, "'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for," etc., he proceeds: "Faith is conviction that the Bible is the word of God." Here he notices certain reasonable presumptions: "1. That God would not leave his creature man without a revelation of his will, for his guidance. 2. That God has by this time made such a revelation. 3. That God's book must have something about it that distinguishes it from all other books and writings. If you receive a letter from father or mother, or brother or sister, you know it by the handwriting, even before you break the seal. If Charles Dickens should issue a new book, but withhold his name, publishing it as anonymous, the literary world would at once detect its authorship, for there is but one Dickens. And do you think that God has so little individuality and originality of thought, style and expression, that he could write a book that might be taken for the production of some penny-a-liner? I believe some infidel hypercritics have been considerably troubled because the Bible was not written in their style, and perhaps *it is a pity.* And yet it seems to me that even infidel critics ought to have common sense to know that the All-wise was not very likely

to imitate "The Spectator," or "Atlantic Monthly," in style. If God has written a book, it is in his own handwriting, of which there is yet no counterfeit. If God has published a code of laws, it has his own inimitable imprint upon the title-page, and heavenly lustre on every leaf. And hence, too, it was fair to presume from the outstart that neither popes, priests, nor any other devils incarnate would be able to hide or burn up the book of God."

The above shows how he was accustomed to drive the ploughshare of truth into the foundations of infidelity.

After these what he calls '*irresistible presumptions*," he states a fact or two: "1. That there is no book now in the world, if you lay the Bible aside, that comes up to what common sense would say a divine revelation should be. 2. That the Bible is just what we would antecedently suppose a divine revelation should be. Now, when a man believes all this, the first layer of masonry is laid in the temple of faith." The second branch of faith he defines to be: "Confidence that the promises will be fulfilled on compliance with the conditions." He mentions here three preparations to faith: "1. Knowledge of the promises. 2. Mental and actual forsaking of sin. 3. Consecration of soul, mind and body to God." He illustrates this in the case of the penitent seeking pardon and the believer seeking purity.

He insists "that God wants you to believe, though you have no evidence that you receive. Men often believe thus in reference to temporal affairs. 'I think not,' says one. Yes, they do.

"There is a man along yonder street that I want to see.

I say, 'Sir, can I see you at your office?' 'Yes, as soon as I go down to the wharf and get some goods See, I have hired this porter and his cart to go after them.' 'Are the goods at the wharf now?' 'No; I am receiving them by the steamboat, just in the offing. I have sent for them by a trusty expressman.' 'But you have not gone to all the expense of hiring this porter on the word of an expressman?' 'Why, yes; he has never deceived me; and hark! do you hear the bell? They are at the wharf now.' And down he goes, and sure enough the goods are there. And Jesus, our Expressman—no; better than that, "our Daysman," our "Intercessor"—has gone to the throne of God to get pardon for you, and purity for you, and can't you believe that you do receive, though you have not the evidence? Can't you trust Jesus?"

We have many remarkable instances of this kind of faith in the Scriptures. He draws a beautiful picture of Abraham offering up Isaac. And then this: "See yonder! There goes a poor woman with a beautiful babe in her arms down toward the river Nile. It is Jochebed with the infant Moses. Why, woman, what are you doing down here with that child? It is no place for helpless women and children, down here. See there! that ferocious crocodile, and terrible river-horse! They'll destroy thee and thy infant in an instant. Get thee back to thy home. 'Ah!' says the woman, as the tears of maternal love steal down her face, 'I can't keep my boy at home; the officers of Pharaoh have been looking for him to kill him already. For three months have I concealed him from them, but I can do it no longer. So I have prepared this little

bulrush boat, and shall put my child in it, and launch it out on the river, and let God take care of him. It is all that I can do.' 'But you don't see God along the river, do you?' 'No, but he is here; he will take care of my child.' And she does according to her word. The babe is in the little boat on the river. And the old Nile's waves gently rock the sleeping child, and the zephyr murmurs a sweeter lullaby in his ear than mother's loving lips ever sang. And wasn't he safe there in the arms of God?

"See that old man along the streets of Jerusalem. His white hair floats in the wind over his shoulders, his step is feeble. 'Old man, you'll soon die.' 'No,' says Simeon, 'I shall not see death until I have seen the Lord's Christ!' 'Now, Simeon, you are in your dotage. Why, you are almost in the grave now; the grave is just before you. And as to Christ, is there any more sign of his coming than when the fathers fell asleep? Don't say you'll not see death until you have seen the Lord's Christ.' 'But,' says the obstinate old man, 'the Lord says so; that's all I know about it.' And he goes up into the temple, believing it with all his heart, and sure enough there was Mary with the blessed Jesus to do for him after the manner of the law. And when Simeon's believing eyes fell on him, he said, 'That's him—*that's Jesus*, the long looked for, the desire of many nations; *here he is.* Mary, let me have your boy. I'll give him back to you in a moment' And he took him up in his arms, gazed down into the depths of those eyes divine, and was satisfied, saying: 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

In the second division, on the preciousness of this faith, one point is that "Faith gives us a view of home once in a while, to cheer us on the way."

"HOME! it does the pilgrim's soul good, once in a while, to take a look at home. There is an Irish lad standing on the New York Battery. He has just landed from the newly-arrived emigrant ship. The poor boy is homesick. Do you know the meaning of that word? His soul would revive in him if he could have just one look at home. Suppose I have a telescope, just invented, that bends the vision right over the rotundity of the sea, so that objects over there, three thousand miles away, are clearly revealed. See here, my lad, would you like to have a look at home? 'Please, your riverence, and I would; it is there I left my old mother a month since;' and he wipes his eyes with the sleeve of his coat. 'Put this glass to your eye.' Now he puts it to his tear-wet eye: 'Ah! there is my old home, with mother at the door. How much would such a glass cost me, sir?' 'Take it along!'

"*Precious faith!* There is the pilgrim on his way home. Across the dreary deserts of this world he presses. But oh how he longs to be there! But he too has a telescope of wondrous power—the telescope of faith. He adjusts the lenses; he takes some of those precious promises from the word of God. Now his heavenly home is before him. Mansion, crown, palm, harp and robe,—they are all in sight. And the Saviour —there he is! Friends that have gone before—there they are! Precious faith!"

He has some choice things in a sermon on "THE HOME OF THE SOUL"—that "home of the soul" which

he describes above as seen by the telescope of faith. He says: "The soul is doubtless the greatest of all God's works—sensitive, intelligent, immortal. It can live in a body or out of it—in any of three worlds. Water cannot drown it; fire cannot burn it." With some of these impressive sentences he opened the way to his subject, "THE HOME OF THE SOUL." He first speaks of the land of its location as beautiful, the fairest part of creation. Rivers, trees, gates and walls—all beautiful. It is *healthful*—no sickness, no weakness, no blindness. It is without disorderly characters to disturb its peace. Ocean Grove is a faint resemblance. "As to the *building*," he says, "you may infer its character, as it is for the soul and body, and Christ is the architect and builder. He is a great builder. He teaches the ants to build their wonderful houses—chambers, halls, and several stories under ground. The spiders, bees, birds, also—Jesus gave them lessons. They are practically *geometricians*. Never has there lived a man who could build a bird's nest. The rabbits, too, he teaches whether to build on wet or dry land, whether the season is to be wet or dry. The beaver he shows how much lining to put in his house, and the fishing-eagle how to build her nest on a limb so high that the furious sea-blasts cannot blow it down. There is one at Long Branch which has remained for years, though buildings built by men have been blown down. This same Jesus is to build the home of the soul."

In regard to the associations of the home he makes some points in his peculiar style:

"The arrangements for social enjoyment will be

perfect. We like to live near our friends. There are groups of friends at Ocean Grove, from Troy, Philadelphia, etc. We shall be near our friends, no doubt. 1st. Your own immediate family around you. 2d. Your other kindred a little farther off. 3d. Angels will visit you, and Jesus, no doubt. 4th. You will have visits from friends. There will be plenty of room for them. We shall like them better then than ever before. It is about as much as you can do to bear with some of them now, they are so strange. Some of your religious friends are queer. Even the sanctified have their infirmities. Some of them haven't more than half sense, if they have so much as that. If not for the light of the Spirit, they would not have so much as that. Grace develops mind, and multiplies talents. A converted and sanctified fool will get along tolerably well among men and women of sense. But with all the grace they can get, some are scant about the head. Hence you don't enjoy them much. You must call on me in heaven. Call on me now, but *especially there.* Some of your friends are so warped by sin before conversion that you are afraid they will, in spite of grace, spring back again into their old shapes. But they'll be free from all these infirmities in heaven, and you will enjoy them so much when they come to see you up there in THE HOME OF THE SOUL."

Our beloved brother has entered that home of the soul, upon which he so beautifully descanted. He is there, amid its wide-reaching glories, and realizing its transcendent joy. Oh, may we meet him at length on that bright, immortal shore!

CHAPTER V.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

"Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky."

HAVING followed Brother L. along some of the avenues of thought and ministerial activity in which he was wont to tread, I conclude this sketch with a few brief reflections.

It is hardly necessary to remark that this ministry was one of *power*. Taking with him into the pulpit the unction from the Holy One—yea, the Holy Ghost himself, as an *indwelling presence*—he was indeed clothed with power. With an appearance of such gravity and solemnity as led the people to say, "He has been talking with God," he conducted the whole services as a man conscious that the burning gaze of Omniscience was upon him, and that he was a messenger to dying men and women. Revival after revival followed his labors in the several charges to which he was appointed, and he won many souls for his adorable Master. Indeed, he seemed desirous of being in a perpetual revival.

But how of his *pastoral habits?* A word upon this point is sufficient. A minister of Christ realizing so much of the divine presence and entering so constantly into divine communion as did Brother L. does not find it a task to visit the people from house to house,

pastorally. He usually devoted his mornings to study, and in the afternoons his tall form was seen moving rapidly through the streets, and dropping in, here and there, among his parishioners. If he knew of a disheartened one, he called to give him a word of encour agement. If there was one waxing cold and becoming feeble, he hastened to lift him up and bid him on to new life and activity. If the sick claimed his attention, he was in their room to tell them of the Comforter, and to point their languid eye to "the home of the soul," where "the inhabitants never say they are sick." And if he knew those who were heart-sick, longing to be free from the pressure of unforgiven sin, he was sure to find them, and point them to the bleeding Lamb, and perhaps leave them in the enjoyment of settled peace. And if there were those of his flock who were divinely illumined, so as to see the exceeding riches of their privilege in Christ, even entire holiness, he hastened to meet them in the quiet of the home-circle, and led them out into "the land of corn, and wine, and oil." Thus in private as well as in public, he was constantly laboring to fulfill his high ministerial obligations.

And not satisfied with the ordinary routine of ministerial life, he planned *extraordinary movements*, if by being "instant in season and out of season" he might in any way make inroads upon Satan's empire. A few years ago he suggested to the writer that it might be well for several brethren in the ministry, of congenial spirit, to spend several days together in each other's charges, visit from house to house in the daytime, and hold revival meetings at night. It was resolved to make the first experiment in the charge of the writer.

Several brethren came together at the appointed time, Brother L. being one of the number. They scattered over the place, beginning in the morning after breakfast, and making a clean sweep along the streets and avenues. Women were found washing or baking, and a word of counsel or explanation was dropped, a moment spent in prayer, and so on to the next house. The result was, persons who seldom went to church came out in the evening.

One morning the bell was rung at five o'clock for service, which startled the people from their slumbers, and some sprang from their beds, thinking the town was on fire, as there had been several alarms of fire previously. Their fears were, however, allayed when they learned that it was simply *a fire in the Methodist church.* A revival commenced, which resulted in the salvation of about one hundred souls.

Never shall I forget *the season of prayer in the study* before the work of systematic visitation commenced.

Brother L. seemed to claim the promise remarkably; and when, subsequently, his brother at one time became somewhat discouraged in the midst of the battle, he wrote him a stirring letter, saying, "*Hold on, brother; I am sure God means to do something there!*" The soil was hard and the difficulties many, but he did "hold on," according to the counsel of the letter, and the victory was gained. That movement led to the formation of a league for mutual help and service in the charges of those composing it, which would doubtless have eventuated in other movements had our brother lived. Indeed, he had it in mind, and agitated the matter somewhat, to procure a large tent for itiner-

ant service within the bounds of our Conference. But the Lord has taken him ere these plans were brought to completion. Who knows but he is more vigorously employed, a thousand fold, in the exercise of his redeemed faculties, unseen, but mighty to do battle in unison with the militant host?

I must now, ere closing, give some testimonies from those who sat under the ministry of our brother, in different places, which amply confirm what I have written in these pages:

LIVING TESTIMONIES.

SALEM, N. J.—One of the official members of the Walnut street church, Salem, writes: "Brother Lawrence served this church for two years with great success. It was in the beginning of the rebellion, but he stood firm amid all the conflict. He sowed the seed of holiness, and reared the plants, so that they could support themselves. After his removal they met at different places for edification, until they now have a place and a set time of meeting. Those few have increased until now there is quite a family. Some have finished their work, and are transplanted to the paradise of God. He left a rich legacy to the Walnut street church in raising the banner of holiness."

NEW BRUNSWICK.—An intelligent and deliberate brother, and one of the officiary of the Liberty street church, New Brunswick, of which Brother L. was pastor for three years, gives this testimony: "I wish I had the time and ability to put on paper all I would like to say. As a preacher we never had one with us more generally liked. Our church was never better filled.

Our membership was never in a better state, religiously —almost in a constant revival. Brother L., to my personal knowledge, never preached a sermon without saying something about the subject of holiness. Oh what an untiring worker he was! I would like to tell you how many were converted under his ministry with us if I had any means of finding out. As a pastor he was, as far as I know, one of the most faithful in every respect. I can hardly realize that dear Brother Lawrence is gone. It seems but a short time since he was sitting at our table last spring; we always enjoyed his visits so much. But he has gone to his reward. Our loss is his infinite gain. May we so live that when the Master calls us we may be prepared to go and meet him in the *better land!*"

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.—Rev. Philip Cline, now pastor of the church of which in former years Brother L. had the oversight, gives this statement, based on facts gathered there: "He was popular—very popular—as a preacher in this place. He was here and preached for me in my special service of June last. The people *thronged* to hear him. His sermon was based on—'Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.' His nervous force seemed to be *overtaxed.* But he was listened to with marked attention, and profound impressions were wrought. His pastorate in this place was a decided success. He was a very good pastor, and had a grand revival of religion, the influence of which is felt, in the blessed experience of *perfect love*, to this day. His style, so peculiar to himself, was evidently an element of power by which he drew to his ministry and largely benefited

'the common people, who heard him gladly.' His picture hangs on the walls in the parlors of many of the people. His holy example is fragrant as choice perfume—his work will live for ever."

It may be proper to add that while stationed in Mount Holly a very close intimacy existed between Brother L. and Rev. Samuel Aaron, then pastor of the Baptist church. They were congenial spirits. Seeing eye to eye, especially in regard to national questions then agitating the country, and on temperance, they labored together very delightfully.

At the death of Brother Aaron, Brother L. preached a special sermon, in which he dwelt with interest upon the peculiar excellences of that man of God, for he was possessed of extraordinary abilities, and was a bright light in the Baptist Church.

TRENTON, N. J.—Rev. Joseph Atwood, known as an experienced and thoughtful minister, who was associated with Brother L. in the Trinity charge as a supernumerary, has furnished these interesting particulars: "I sat under the ministry of Rev. R. V. Lawrence for three years, and frequently preached for him, and assisted in visiting the members and the sick at his request. His ministry was characterized by plainness, fervency and divine unction, which made it comforting, edifying and attractive, and which had a tendency to encourage the believer cheerfully and sweetly to travel in the highway of holiness. Holiness should always be preached *encouragingly*, and presented to believers as their blessed privilege. Holiness is Christ-like, and has charms in it, when presented by the preacher *who enjoys the sweetness and power of it himself.* Such

was the preaching of Brother Lawrence. It was a theme he delighted to dwell upon. Nor did he neglect the unconverted. He addressed all classes of sinners—none escaped. He gave to each his portion in due season.

"Many of his sermons were directly on the subject of intemperance in all its phases—he was a *power* on that subject; and, in fact, there was no subject designed to better the condition of the human family that he was not foremost in advocating and assisting. The Bible, the Missionary, and the Sunday-school cause he was ready to aid with pen and tongue and means.

"He could say plain and pointed things in his sermons and lectures which if almost any other preacher had said would have given offence. His wit and sweet manner would disarm prejudice, and cause him to be admired and respected for his faithful but *kind* dealings with them as an ambassador of Christ. He was so attractive in his preaching that I have heard members say they longed for Sabbath to come, that they might hear Brother Lawrence preach again.

"He had a continuous revival while at the Trinity church. God blessed his labors abundantly, and from a small membership and congregation when he came here, it increased to a heavy membership and overwhelming congregation.

"He was the most untiring, persevering, and laborious minister I ever knew. Summer and winter he had a prayer-meeting on Sunday night, the brethren cordially working with him. He attended to all parts of his work, financially and spiritually.

"As nothing but the lecture-room of the new church

was finished when he came to Trenton, soliciting and collecting money and arranging for the completion of the audience-room much increased his labors. But all his work, both temporally and spiritually, was done in the kindest and most pleasant manner, with a sweetness and mildness of spirit that is seldom equaled. His whole heart was in his work.

"As a pastor, he visited all his members frequently, *and always prayed with them.* They prized his visits very highly, and he was much beloved by his people.

"In his intercourse with the official brethren all was harmony. If any difficulty was likely to occur, he was truly a peacemaker, and with a few mild and pleasant words from him all would be harmony. He had quite a host of local preachers, exhorters, and other official brethren around him, and in the prayer-meetings he was judicious in calling on brethren to pray, so as to miss none.

"He was punctual to the minute in commencing meetings at the hour specified. In fact, he was a model, laborious, successful, and holy minister of the ever-blessed gospel of Christ; and is now, no doubt, enjoying the sweet rest of heaven with his glorious Redeemer. He fought a good fight, and now has obtained the crown."

HIS LAST CHARGE—WHARTON STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE LEADERS' AND STEWARDS' MEETING, JULY 12, 1872.

Whereas, the Most High hath called our precious *pastor, Rev. R. V.* Lawrence, from wielding "the sword

of the Spirit" to wear the "crown of life" in the skies, thereby leaving us without a shepherd and filling our hearts with unutterable sorrow; and

Whereas, under the remarkable ministrations of our departed brother, the awakening of sinners and purification of believers gave promise during his few weeks' sojourn with us of still sublimer victories in the future; therefore

Resolved, That whilst fully recognizing our profound loss at his sudden translation, and whilst earnestly anxious that his successor may be girded with the same panoply in which he fought and victoriously overcame, yet shall our reliance henceforth be only in "the living God, who abideth for ever," through whose help we hope, as individual Christians, to fill up in some measure the unfinished work of our lamented brother.

Resolved, That whilst in the pulpit and in prayer- and class-rooms, his ministrations were significant of rare ability, power, and Christian faithfulness, his *official* deportment was likewise ever marked by wisdom, gentleness, and transparent fidelity to the cause of Christ.

Resolved, That his shining example in deeds of love, in gracious words, and in tireless efforts to extend Christian holiness, shall be constantly in our memory, and, by the blessing of God, shall be emulated in our lives.

Resolved, That our tenderest sympathies are extended to his dear companion and orphan children now oppressed by this nameless woe; and our prayer is that their bleeding hearts may be solaced by the inex-

pressible presence of Jesus as Husband, Father, Counselor, and Immortal Friend.

PETER LAMB,
WESLEY STRETCH, } *Committee.*
M. A. DAVIS,

In this charge, with which our dear brother spent only a few brief months, he had in connection with him Rev. Thomas T. Tasker, an aged and honored local minister, who represented the Philadelphia Conference in the last General Conference as *lay delegate.* He has kindly tendered this beautiful and glowing tribute to the memory of our departed brother, with which I conclude this sketch.

A PLAIN TESTIMONY IN MEMORY OF REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

The remembrance and usefulness of our beloved minister and pastor of Wharton street M. E. church, who was removed from us by death July 1, 1872, is still as ointment poured forth, keeping fresh in our enjoyment the rich fragrance of his intelligent teachings in all godliness, as well as his sweet spirit embalmed by meekness, which constantly went from him as if the fullness of Christ was his without ceasing. No sooner had he fairly entered upon his sacred duties, than our large membership was a unit to hold up his hands, and co-operate with him by prayer and personal presence, giving good heed to his more than common experience in divine things. He had scarcely made his appearance in our midst before attention and seriousness, with self-examination, became the practice of all

who had consistent respect to godliness; while those of ripe Christian attainments were taken captive by his suggestive teaching, and sought to be cleansed from all unrighteousness, and became so much in earnest that it was not long before several were brought into the clear light of full salvation, and this blessed attainment applied as well to those of other denominations worshiping occasionally with us as to our own people.

At our public meetings those present seemed to listen with faith in an unusual degree, so that he could carry them wheresoever he went, or he desired they should go: if he led them to the depths of humility, or to complete and severe sincerity, or even to the tug of sacrifice and cross-bearing, they went cheerfully with him. He spake with assurance, and as one who was familiar with the cross, the grave, the resurrection, the ascension and glorification of Christ, in all their profound expressions of comfort and divinity.

His was in the highest sense a living ministry. The spirit of glory and of God rested upon him. When it was my privilege to listen to his preaching, it often occurred to me, while he was speaking, what my father used to say of Rev. Joseph Benson, of the Wesleyan Conference, which was, "That such was the high opinion he entertained of the man and his preaching that when he went to hear him, he feared nothing but the pride of his own heart, in the ability of Mr. Benson to declare the counsel of God, from preventing his receiving a blessing while he was preaching."

Brother Lawrence possessed superior powers of discrimination. He knew the strong and salient points of his subject. He could often so control his hearers as

to place the law in the conscience of the unbeliever, and the gospel in the fluttering heart of the anxious seeker of salvation, and could put hypocrisy to shame. and even to flight, and then as quickly reduce condemnation to control, by bringing the mind under the influence of a cheering faith that pressed on to victory. His words and spirit were a power to arrest the wayward, and often as remarkably a sudden gush of relief to the doubting and fearful.

In his description of facts and things he really touched the life influence they retained, and made them instantly as tangible as himself. If he referred to Daniel in the lions' den, everybody saw the lions, then the angels sent to shut the mouths of the lions and suspend for a time their native ferocity, then Daniel as safe as a lamb in the fold, though among lions, then deliverance complete; when the voice of the anxious king was heard calling to Daniel, and receiving assurance of his safety, there was a shout in every heart present.

Brother Lawrence was a close observer of men, manners, and maxims. He recognized humanity in all its aspects, and from what he saw and heard and read, gathered arguments, appeals, entreaties, and warnings to present with all the force of fresh truth and the authority of fact, and thus from Sabbath to Sabbath, he came up to his ministerial work full of thoughts bearing upon his heart, feeling constantly the grandeur and power of his mission.

The fertility of his mind was a surprise, and that not unfrequently. He delivered his discourses without *notes, but not without* thought: his words seemed to

come fresh and sparkling from the fountain of his genius, which was kept warm by coals of fire from the altar above. Christ was his great theme, holiness the only cure for disquiet and every other moral evil, and assurance of pardon, peace, and cleansing from all sin the only true condition of safety to the believer. Purity and expansion, living and growing, a stroke and a victory, was the condition of his personal experience, and was well set forth in what we heard and felt in his word of power, with assurance from time to time.

The death of our dear Brother Lawrence fell heavily upon us. The mystery involved caused us to pause and wonder, yet are we not forsaken. Our heavenly Father had allowed him to be the sower of seed that was full of vitality, and that came up quickly and bore fruit under the care of the perfect Vinedresser, Jesus Christ our Lord. The seed sown is growing to-day in many hearts and lives, and kept fresh by waterings from the same fountain at which he obtained his supply. He was with us but a short time comparatively, but it was precious time; each portion was a gem, and all together was a crown of rejoicing. His end was peace, and our higher attainments through him are living monuments that God was with him. We are persuaded death was gain to him, and not to be scrutinized by us.

We submit gratefully to Him who giveth and taketh away, who also prepares for toil and makes haste with his rewards. Farewell, genial spirit, until we meet again in the beautiful home above.

PART III.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

TAKEN CHIEFLY FROM THE COLUMNS OF

THE METHODIST HOME JOURNAL,

PHILADELPHIA,

TO WHICH HE WAS A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

A READY WRITER.

WITH the pen, it has been appropriately said in other parts of this volume, as well as in his pulpit and pastoral capacity, Rev. R. V. Lawrence exhibited a surprising degree of energy, adaptation and power; and the influence he thus wielded is likely to be most permanent and wide-reaching for good to the Church and individual souls.

The press, as an instrumentality to awaken and mould human thought and control the springs of action, cannot be over-estimated. Oral address has its immediate advantages and results, in newly-stirred emotion. Appeals through the ear to the heart and conscience prompt impulses, arouse reflection and bring forth some fruit. In every audience, however, are found the wayside soil, the stony ground, and a tropical growth of the briers and thorns of distracted attention, drowsy sensibility and overmastering dissipation, and much of the good seed is choked by accompanying tares.

A good thought written and put in the imperishable form of type can never be lost. The "words of the wise," listened to by scores or hundreds, may be forgotten, but read by thousands and tens of thousands, the area of influ-

ence is so much wider, that the impressions fixed on the mind must be proportionately greater.

Moreover, in the form of popular articles for the current periodical literature of the land, truth is propagated to an extent we have no accurate means of knowing. A newspaper article is copied, borrowed, reproduced and goes the entire round of the reading public until millions, perhaps, enjoy its perusal.

After a decade it starts again, and makes the circuit of the habitable globe; and thus it goes on with the stamp of an undying vitality upon it, blessing the living, and living itself to bless the generations yet unborn.

He is "the man for the times," therefore, who uses well such an engine of power. His life-work, although unexpectedly interrupted and terminated by disease and death, becomes reduplicated a hundred fold; and while the material part moulders in a lonely grave, "he yet speaketh."

In this book the brave, earnest man whose absence we all mourn, still lives to preach and teach the truths of God. His mission to "reprove, rebuke and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine," is not ended. Few who ever heard his voice will fail to catch the same ardor while reading that they felt in listening to his earnest ministry.

His connection with the METHODIST HOME JOURNAL, as one of its regular and most valued contributors, gave this paper a wide celebrity, and brought his own name so prominently before the Church, that from Canada to California it was and is as a "household word."

No one could have a better opportunity than the writer of these lines to ascertain the hold his words took on the popular heart. As editor of this his favorite paper, we were brought into correspondence with people all over the country, who freely expressed the admiration and satis-

faction with which they weekly hailed, and lingered over his incisive sentences.

Any one of his brief, pithy papers, we were frequently told, was worth the cost of a year's subscription. We have reason and authority to declare that "heart and church divisions" were healed by his trenchant satire. Ministers and official boards were often shamed by his holy irony out of petty plans for raising money, by giving place to Satan. Burdened souls, while reading, found faith springing up, and their chains snapped in sunder. Others were led up into the Beulah land of blessed soul-rest, and often wrote to us of their new-found joy and peace.

Our memory could here supply many an illustration of the good effected by these articles; but we are admonished that the limits allowed will not admit of anecdotes or incidents of this nature, farther than to state that the divine Spirit attended some of them in a remarkable manner.

His whole aim was in the most perfect unison with the leading object of the JOURNAL—to exalt the spiritual, awaken and save souls, guard and train them up for usefulness, and as the indispensable prerequisite for this, to urge every believer to "go on to perfection."

He was a welcome contributor, also, to the *Guide to Holiness*, *The Earnest Christian*, *The Living Epistle*, and other publications devoted to the spread of full salvation as a gospel privilege, and a present experience.

From these latter sources the editor might have gleaned additional and even richer material for this department of the volume, had time and circumstances permitted. Yet the selection given includes a somewhat extensive range, and touches nearly every phase of religious life. Many tried to gather these fragments as they first appeared, and in various scrap-books still cherish them as priceless helps to a holy life. To all such "The Earnest Minister" will

come in a more durable form, and will doubtless prove a solace to them in trouble, a light in their perplexities, and a faithful friend who, if he wounds, it is that the great Healer may be resorted to, and that he may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

It may occur that some favorite topics will be missed from these pages, while others, open to criticism in their mode of treatment, are presented. If taste is in any case offended, or disappointment felt, it is due the public to say the best discrimination at command has been exercised in selection and classification. Only a comparatively small portion of these striking and instructive papers could be used, to fill the allotment of space assigned them. We pray that the blessing of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost may still attend their perusal.

A. WALLACE.

METHODIST HOME JOURNAL OFFICE,
February 17, 1873.

CONCERNING REVIVALS.

L.

TO THE PASTOR OF A DEAD CHURCH.

ALL around you reigns spiritual death. Half the seats in your church are empty. Three-fourths of those that are filled are filled with spiritual corpses. Those members who lead in prayer offer such ghastly prayers—so formal, so cold—the same threadbare platitudes again and again. If they only would forget the old story and put in something new! If any one of them only could put a new piece on his prayer! But on their minds run, in the same old track of thought, drawling out prayers as dreary as a sandy road in a pine forest.

Yes, nearly all are dead. While you preach they are as inanimate as it is proper for corpses to be; no sparkle of acquiescence, approval or opposition in their eyes, but *so* dead. If they only would do something, show some signs of life, approve you, contradict you, fight you—anything but being so *respectably dead!* Oh, this preaching in a charnel-house!

Can there be a revival in your church and neighborhood? Yes, and you are the man under God to bring

it about. Anywhere outside of the walls of perdition a revival is possible under proper management—possible in spite of a dead church.

Your poor church! Its members don't mean to be dead; they hardly think they are dead. Indeed, they hardly know what life is. They have parted with spiritual life so gradually, and so gradually fallen into the stupor of spiritual death, that they dream that all is about right. What is to be done? Get three men, ministers if convenient, that hate sin, and are not afraid of sinners of any grade, to come and spend three or four days with you. Appoint meetings for every night, and spend the whole of every day, after nine o'clock in the morning, in visiting from house to house. Don't go together, but every one of you four go alone. Take the houses just as they come, not avoiding this family or that. As you go in, tell the persons you see that there will be meeting in the church (naming church and street), and invite the family to come. Have a talk with them on personal religion, and then pray with all your faith and fervor for a blessing on the family and on the meeting. As you go round you will find a good many warm hearts and tearful eyes—more than you supposed could be found in the whole community. And at eventide you will find many more people in the church than you could have expected to see under ordinary circumstances. Then let one of the brethren preach a short sermon that has *point;* none of your long, slow homilies, with interminable firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, fifthly, lastly, finally, etc.—a few of which would *kill the mightiest* revival ever known—but a short,

sharp, sweet sermon that will make the dead open their eyes and look around, followed by a live prayer-meeting. Tax your ingenuity to chop up the long prayers into short pieces. The devil is not much afraid of long prayers.

Be sure to get your church out of the old ruts. Get them to stand up, kneel down, come to the altar—anything. Better send them home in fifteen minutes after the sermon is ended than to drone on in the old style.

Don't hold your meeting too late. Next morning start out, visiting all the homes you can, *talking religion* to the people, and praying for their salvation from hell. Don't talk to them about crops, markets, the war or politics. Their hearts have been stuffed with these now for months and years. Give them a new dish. Keep this up for three or four days, and before you are hardly aware of it, you will find a revival on your hands. "But it will be a heavy cross to go about thus from house to house!" A downright pleasure if you obtain the aid of the Spirit of God.

REVIVING A DEAD CHURCH.

It may be that you have *home help* that will aid you as efficiently as any you can bring in from outside your own field. You may get a half dozen men and women, members of your own church, to lay aside their work and business, and go by twos throughout the neighborhood, inviting the people to come to church in the evening, and praying with them at their homes. If your church is dead, it will doubtless be difficult for you to find any to help you in this way.

The dead cannot help the dead. But it is possible

that you can enlist some in this work if you preach two or three sermons on *entire consecration.* The views of most church-members are very defective as to the extent to which their consecration calls them to work for God. They do not think themselves bound to perform *unpleasant* religious duties. They will tell you that they have no gifts for that kind of work—they are not called to it. They do not understand that *bearing the cross* means doing what may be unpleasant to the flesh. The Church needs a great deal of pointed preaching on entire consecration.

Give your dead church some loving and pointed sermons on this subject, and then you may find a half dozen to go with you through the community, searching after souls for Jesus.

Let each take a package of tracts for distribution. Besides the good the tract itself may do, it will help introduce you to strange families. And if those that aid you thus cannot talk very fluently on many religious topics, yet they can talk about the meetings being held every night, and invite the people to them.

Bring yourself and as many members of your church as you can, into personal contact with the dead souls around you, and you will find that your fervor will warm them into life.

When the politicians wish to incite their party to activity, they find means to do it. By personal visitation, by the distribution of documents, by processions and posters, and by the mingling utterances of ardent orators, they soon succeed in rousing the masses. *And shall* we, when all the omnipotent forces of heaven *are standing ready to* help us, pine in inactivity over

dead churches? Have all the wisdom and all the tact been given to the children of this world, while we, enlightened, as we claim, by the Holy Ghost, are left to sit down in imbecility to wait for something "to turn up"? God has not left us in this pitiable plight. He has put his own almighty resources at our disposal. His chariots and horsemen are waiting to dash at our command upon the enemies' ranks. Then let us "organize victory" in the name of Israel's God. Let us go forth in confidence, assisted by the faithful few that will obey the call, and drive the Philistines of sin from the Lord's heritage. If you use aright the means that God has placed at your disposal, you are as certain to have a revival in your field as you would be to raise by good tillage a crop of corn in the best field in the land.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN EXTRA MEETINGS."

"But I believe that the ordinary means should be so conducted that souls might be converted at every service." No doubt of it. The sermons and the efforts in the prayer-meetings should all be aimed at this; and if we seek and obtain the help of the Holy Ghost, these blessed results will doubtless be achieved. In the sermon on Sabbath morning, and during the prayer-meetings on Wednesday or Thursday evening, as the case may be, two or three souls, perhaps, might be brought from darkness to light.

But what harm could there be in holding another service on Monday and Tuesday evenings also, and another on Friday evening, when two or three more souls at each service might be brought to Christ? As

the season when many mills and factories have stopped, and thousands of carpenters, masons, etc., are without employment, and Satan is taxing his ingenuity to the uttermost to

> "Find some mischief still
> For idle hands to do,"

would it not be well to make the church of God the focal point of interest in the community rather than the theatre and grog-shop? Can ministers and laymen do better than to assemble nightly to make efforts to save their fellow-men? In the apostles' days souls were "added to the church daily," and hence we infer they held *daily* meetings. As we excel the ancients in the production of artificial light, we may conveniently hold ours *nightly*, and often indeed *daily* too.

The man who supposes that two or three public efforts a week will suffice to bring this world to Christ evidently does not know what Satan and his assistants are about; or what efforts must be made to move men in any cause. There stands a stately church edifice on that corner. It is open for the general public about three times a week. An eloquent orator preaches there twice on the Sabbath day. If the people come to hear him at these times, well. If not, it is their lookout. No advertising can be resorted to to arrest the attention of the people—that is "clap-trap." No nightly meetings must be held—that would occasion excitement; and many of those thus brought in would backslide—a matter more to be deplored in the estimation of many than the continuance of a whole neighborhood in sin.

Now look at the other side. Around the above

stately church are a hundred drink-shops, open night and day. By the means of raffles, oyster-suppers, balls, etc., they are kept full all the time. There is a theatre, not far off, open every night and advertised on every corner and in all the newspapers. Negro minstrels, sociables, the circus and various kinds of shows do what they can to make the people forget God. The strange woman, too, is out hunting for victims, and Mammon works his slaves from early morn till midnight. Can the church at this rate save the people from the voracious hell-hounds hunting on their tracks? Can the church, with three services in the week, checkmate Satan working his appliances in a hundred places every hour of the day? Save all you can in your ordinary services, and yet you will find the devil will beat you with his extraordinary services—win more in a day than you can save in a month. What is to be done? Multiply your services; strike often and hard; call in the mightiest ministers to be had to help you; organize your own men and women into praying, singing and tract-distributing bands; send for other praying and singing bands to come, with their new tunes and modes, to arouse with novelty and freshness those who would sleep under ordinary means, and so excite the public mind on the subject of religion that the above-named temptations and pernicious amusements shall be forgotten. Of course all this must be done in dependence on God for help.

Christians must more than match evil-doers in energy and activity, or the cause of Christ is lost. Then he who imagines that ordinary means will suffice is, it seems to me, altogether too slow for the times

"At it, all at it, and always at it," is the only programme that will answer for the times. Let us throw aside our dress-parade attire, unlimber the guns and fall upon the serried hosts of the enemy, shouting "Salvation through the blood of the Lamb!"

And remember, the church that is having souls converted in the ordinary means, is the very one to succeed in extra services.

HOW NOT TO HAVE A REVIVAL.

Mix up so much fun and humor in your sermons, that your hearers will look upon the whole subject of religion as a good joke, and yourself as a good joker. If they go to the altar at all, then they will go as they go to a public or any other place of amusement.

If it suits your taste better, give your sermons such a high literary polish, and make them so formal with pompous rhetoric, that the fire of the Spirit cannot kindle on them or in them.

Preach such long sermons that when you are through, your worn-out auditors will think more about a revival of their exhausted physical powers, than of a revival of spiritual strength.

Insinuate a doubt now and then as to the eternity of future punishment; or in argumentative sermons be sure to state a good many infidel notions of which the mass of your people never before heard. By this sowing, you will ensure a plentiful crop of unbelief.

If you have in your church persons who believe in, or profess entire sanctification, preach occasionally against "perfectionists," these "very holy people," etc. By so doing you will dishearten them, and keep

them still (for they are commonly workers)—may possibly try some of them so that they will partially backslide; and excite prejudice against them in the church, so that they cannot do much if they would. Thus you may extinguish about all the fire there is in your church, and enjoy the blessedness of a Nova Zembla latitude for twelve months in the year.

Should you get any one to preach for you during the week evenings in your extra efforts, secure one who will preach a full hour—say up to nine o'clock. Your people will then feel that it is time to go home instead of going to the altar, and no movement will be likely that night. But lest some poor soul might be induced to come out, after sermon, sing a long hymn to a slow tune, in a drawling manner, and then call upon some excellent brother who can pray full fifteen minutes (and put in at the close of his petition an eloquent oration about the Franco-Prussian war), to pray. If you are not all dead by that time, there is no virtue in good tactics. After showing such tenacity of life, the devil may conclude to let you alone. Should you go on farther that evening, sing long, slowly and lugubriously, and call upon those to pray who will be good for ten or fifteen minutes, and who will be sure to pray for everything under the sun and moon and seven stars but a revival. You may find it convenient to vary the character of your funeral by getting some one to give a twenty-minutes' exhortation at the close. You had better use what little strength you may then have left in getting home. If you should be found dead along the street, the coroner's jury will have no trouble to determine what killed you.

The next evening you will not be likely to find more than half as many present, the other half not daring to risk such another encounter. However, give those that do come two hours more of long, pointless sermon, drawling, singing, world-wide prayers, and dreary exhortations; you will finish them in a few evenings. Perhaps some of your leading members will help you in not having a revival. They might get up a series of sociables and parties (all harmless, of course) to keep, the young people away from church, and their minds otherwise employed.

If a piece of carpet or a chair is wanted for the parsonage or church, or some money is needed to pay interest, a fair or festival might be projected to employ the time and energies of the people, so that the revival effort might be neglected and forgotten.

Maybe some of your people would, in order to help the matter along, and secure the loss of souls, get up a church quarrel. There are many nice little things that people who fancy themselves good Christians can quarrel about—such as whether there shall be any cushions on the seats in the church, an organ in the choir gallery, or who shall lead the choir, or who shall be treasurer at the fair or festival, who worked the hardest at the last fair, or why Sister Simpkins wasn't invited to Mrs. Purseproud's sociables, or—well, there are plenty of such grave and solemn questions for the dear brethren and sisters to quarrel about. True, they are a little threadbare from having been gone over so often; but by a little Satanic help (always available) *they may* be brought out as fresh as if they had not *been quarreled over* in almost every church that has

had an existence for the last thousand years. A little quarreling will be found very efficient in extinguishing revival fire.

When you find your church is dead as was the body of Lazarus, don't say a word to them upon the subject of holiness, or allow any one else to do so—that might stir them; but continue to bellow away at outside sinners about hell-fire, damnation and the judgment, just as innocently as if you supposed that the aforesaid sinners outside did not know, that about the only difference between themselves and your church members is, that the latter make profession of religion while they live in sin, while themselves live in sin without a profession of religion.

These prescriptions, if well shaken, and taken according to directions, as the druggists say, will ensure as long a continuance of spiritual death as the devil or any one else may desire.

TO A MEMBER OF A DEAD CHURCH.

You are a member of a dead church. Are you dead? Most likely, for there is nothing so contagious as spiritual death. If the more influential members are struck with it, it will sweep through the whole body like yellow fever.

If you are not dead, you are in great danger. I have known a living Christian to move into a neighborhood cursed by a dead church, and soon die of the common disease.

Your family, if you have one, is in great danger in such a community. The hell trains run with frightful speed along there. They are on a down grade, with

no brakes. Under the baleful shadow of a dead church intemperance, lechery and general licentiousness have full swing. If universalism or any such accursed ism has a foothold, it will grow rankly. As decayed matter grows fungi and breeds insects, so a dead church seems to supply nutriment for the growth of these deadly isms. Arguments delivered by pastors of dead churches against these evils, commonly make them thrive the more. And if said arguments do not help on the work of the devil, the inconsistent lives of dead Christians will. One good blast from a red-hot Methodist prayer-meeting, backed up by the consistent lives of holy, living Christians, hurts error more than all the syllogisms ingenious brains ever invented.

But if you and your family live in a town, village or section of a city cursed by a dead church, look out. You yourself are in danger, but your children, under the influence of the godless young people around, who will get up all sorts of lewd dances and unholy pleasure parties, are sure to be ruined.

If there is nothing between your home and perdition but a dead church, you are all in danger of being carried off bodily to hell. You will soon hear the war-whoops of the fiends coming after you.

Lot, the next man of his times to Abraham in piety, undertook the experiment of living and rearing his family in a town in which God had no church. If there ever had been one there, it was then dead. What was the result? He became very rich, it is true, but his family became monsters of wickedness, while he *did not* grow in grace very rapidly, and finally must *have been burned* up with his godless neighbors, had

not the angels of God come down and pulled him out of the fire. If you live in a malarious district, don't imagine that you can make your doors and windows so tight as to keep the deadly malaria out.

If your church is dead, it is time you became alarmed. Life must come speedily or there will be more death. The spiritual corpses around already taint the whole moral atmosphere. Oh, think of the broken-up classes, of your thinly-attended prayer-meeting and its long monotonous prayers, of the iciness of your Sunday morning and evening services, and of the apparent absence of spiritual life from every soul.

The bones in the valley are *very* dry. Something must be done about it—*must* be done, and done soon. Awake the dead around you, get out of the place, or *die.*

GOD AND YOU.

What may you not accomplish?

God and Moses go down to the Red Sea, and immediately old ocean flings aside its imperious waves, leaving a path wide enough for a nation to travel.

God and you! The priests with the ark and God go down to the freshet-swollen Jordan, and at once a way opens for all the hosts of Israel; nor dare those waters come back again until God and the priests had come up out of the river, but stood up in heaps, waiting for leave to flow on.

God and you! Nor did Jordan in all the years of sin that followed, forget Almighty God; for when Elijah and God, centuries afterward, went to its brim, Elijah waving his strange mantle, the sullen waters

fell apart once more, and Elijah and the awe-struck Elisha went over dry-shod to the other shore.

God and you! There is no battalion of devils out of hell to-day that can defeat you. There is no mob of bad men that can stop your way. No dead, inert church can keep you back. No iron-clad soul can altogether resist your words. God and you! the world is yours; go and take it.

Never say *cannot* again, when urged to work for Jesus. The almighty Holy Ghost has come all the way from heaven to help you. With such an ally you are invincible. You may be nothing, but your Helper is everything. Go forth, then, remembering that to God and you nothing is impossible. Unsling your battle-axe and hew down the sons of Agag. Clear away the rubbish, and sow the seed-corn of the kingdom.

A few thousand men and women, relying upon God as they should, can subdue this devil-infested world for Jesus in a few years.

MOTHER!

Are you a Christian mother? How significant that phrase—a Christian mother!

To Christian mothers the nation looks for salvation from the incoming tide of infidelity and vice that is sweeping across the sea from the Old World. From the Christian home, which cannot exist without the Christian mother, there must flow forth a pure stream of virtue that shall refresh and renew in the verdure of holiness the arid desert of sin that stretches out all around to the far-off horizon.

Mother, how are your children to be saved unless you are a Christian? What will become of your son when he gets out there in the fearfully corrupt world, unless the very roots of his soul have been nourished in the pure sympathies of a Christian mother's love? When he comes in from the world, there should be such a heavenly charm about you, and so much of heaven in your home, as to break whatever infernal spell the sorceries of the wicked may have thrown about him.

And your daughter, what is to become of her in these fearful times, unless the charm of a godly mother's influence be upon her heart wherever she goes?

Skillful libertines walk the streets. A life of shame is made brilliant by gorgeous dress and costly ornaments. There is a drift toward the voluptuous and licentious in most of the current fashionable literature of the day. The old-fashioned modesty that kept unprincipled villains off at a good safe distance, has been laughed out of society, and an immodest boldness has come in vogue that opens the way for the satyr to the side of his unsuspecting victim. Do you, godless mother, think that your daughter, whose soul has not been strengthened and purified, and confirmed in purity by the life-giving atmosphere of a Christian home, is likely to withstand these unholy and insinuating influences? Young girls as good as yours, have been enticed into the most shameless dens or induced to live a life of gilded infamy, without pretence to the sanctity of marriage, or have been murdered and packed in a trunk, or sunk in the river that could not hide their shame. On what ground do you hope for better things

for your children? Many who are carefully reared are ruined every year; what is to become of those who are left to drift with the tide of sin?

Mother, for the sake of your children, you should be the holiest of women, the loveliest of women, the tenderest of women. You should be such a saint, and so impress your children's minds, that away in the years to come, when you are in your grave, they may remember you as an angel of purity and love—remember you as one who always controlled temper and spoke in the accents of kindness, whose prayers were so sweet and confiding, and whose home was a very heaven on earth. Some mothers are thus remembered by their children, and some are not.

I sometimes hear one in an experience meeting, in the midst of falling tears, say, "I shall never forget my mother; to her, under God, I owe my salvation! Her advice, her prayers, her love, led me to Jesus." Then I have heard another say, "My parents were not religious people; I had no one to help me at home." "No help at home." Poor soul! A thousand devils, and bad men and women, tugging at his soul, trying to drag him down to hell, and no help at home!

O mother, can your son or daughter bring against you this fearful accusation, "No help at home"? From the depths of sin and misery, may a child of yours look up and say, "My mother did not help me to resist the tempter"?

What wilt thou say in the day of judgment to such charges as these? What canst thou say to thy conscience this day? Come to Christ now, and get him to help you rear your children for purity and heaven.

UNCONVERTED MAN, A WORD WITH YOU.

Your wife is a Christian woman, struggling hard to overcome self, sin and the world, but she gets no help from you, but, on the other hand, is much hindered by your influence and example. Of course you don't mean to obstruct her passage to the skies, but you do. The religious duties she performs in your presence are very heavy crosses. She has no sympathy from you. You do not directly oppose, but your indifference chills her enthusiasm. She often feels that she would be the happiest of women if you would kindly take her by the hand and go with her to heaven!

You are not doing your duty to your children. You may think you are, but you are not. You throw around them a *cold moral restraint*, but is that enough? You never read the word of God to your children; you never pray in your family; you never tell your children, who respect your word so much, the story of the cross; you never tell them that Jesus is a Saviour for you have found him, and he has saved you; your children are in a wilderness of sin—heaven is away off yonder out of sight; they know not what path to take; and you, instead of taking them by the hand to lead them to the city of God, let them grope on as best they can, though liable to fall a prey to some of the vices that prowl about to destroy the unwary.

How heartless in you thus to leave your children without a guide! What right had you to assume the relationship of father, if you meant to be so cruel to your children? Come, now, be a father indeed to your children, and try to save your children from a life of

sin, and from a yawning hell. Be a kind husband, and show it by helping your wife on to God. Be an honest man before God, and pay him "that thou owest."

TRIFLES KEEP SOULS FROM GOD.

Why does not that man seek God? He has a complaint against a professed Christian. He can give no other reason. Of all that go down to hell, there is no greater fool than he who does so because some one professes to be a Christian and is not. If you analyze this objection, it amounts to this: I will not believe in God, I will not believe in goodness, because a man is a deceiver; I will not believe in a class because an individual of that class is false.

One has a five-dollar counterfeit bill put upon him. He works for you, but will not receive a genuine greenback for his labor because he suffered loss by the counterfeit. You would not think such a one very much of a Solomon.

One owns a house. It burns. But he gets no money from the insurance company because the policy has run out. You have just built a new house, but will not insure because your neighbor gets no money on his run-out policy. Fire comes and your house is consumed, and amid the ashes and cinders you bewail your folly.

Is he any wiser who, because of the inconsistency of some Christians, will not give his heart to God? Take religion on its own merits. Never mind what patches of inconsistency are on the characters of church-members. In the dying hour you must stand alone. At the judgment you will not be asked how

many hypocrites there were in your neighborhood. You cannot climb to heaven on other men's failings. God will not let you through the gate into the city because you saw a pretender as you came along. You must answer for *yourself.* The matter of your soul's salvation lies between you and your God, and not between you and your neighbor.

Losing sight, then, of everything else, come to Christ now for yourself and be saved. Pass by that hypocrite and save yourself. Stop not to wonder how that man can be a tippler and yet profess to be a Christian. Wonder not how that merchant can be so sharp in his dealings and yet profess perfect love. Leave all that—it is not your business. Be yourself pardoned and changed and sanctified, leaving God to settle with the unfaithful. "What is that to thee?" said Jesus to the inquisitive disciple; "follow thou me."

"ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE."

A lady in one of the papers, tells of her escape from the Chicago fire. Her home was in one of the favored palaces of wealth and splendor. There were magnificent apartments richly furnished; statuary and paintings filled the niches and decorated the walls. Likenesses of dear friends, and celebrated men and women, were almost without number. For years she had called the place *home.* But the fire was coming. She heard its awful roar and saw the red flakes fly hissing past her window. She must flee to a place of safety. But how could she leave? Every apartment was dear —some of them especially. But the wave of fire was rolling on. She gathered up precious things until her

arms were full; then going into another room saw yet more precious things, and throwing away the first, gathered her arms full again—threw them away for others. The fire is much nearer—she must leave. She goes to a door to call a carman. Sees a cart going by loaded with some one else's treasures. Its precious load takes fire right before her door, and in that raging hell burns to ashes in almost an instant. It is folly to waste time unloading goods in the midst of that unquenchable fire. Haste now—the fire is kindling upon her own loved home. She flies, and barely escapes with her life.

O sinners! The fires of wrath divine are sweeping on toward your abiding place. You have been warned again and again. God is angry. Reports of the awful sinfulness of earth have come up to his throne. Justice demands execution of the law. Mercy pleads. But the storm is coming. Fire, hurricane, pestilence, famine, sudden death, sweep over land and sea. What are you doing? Filling your arms with toys when your soul is exposed to everlasting burnings. You loiter, and yet the wave of wrathful fire is rolling on. Hear you not the cries of sinful wretches like yourself, who, overtaken by the storm that they seemed to fear not, sink to unending despair? Sinner, dear sinner, escape for thy life. Tarry not. You have but a moment in which to secure the salvation of your soul.

"AND HE BROUGHT HIM TO JESUS."

Bring your friends to Jesus. Leave no means untried. If one thing fails, try another. If a dozen efforts are fruitless, don't despair of the thirteenth.

To raise wheat you need fertile soil. But fertile soil alone will not do—you need the genial rays of the sun also. But both soil and sun are insufficient—you need rain and dew likewise. Nor will all these without more suffice; there must be culture, seed-sowing and care, and after all this reaping and garnering. So use all the means to bring your friends to Jesus. Pray for them. Pray with them. Talk to them. Get others to talk to them. Conspire with all your religious friends in efforts to save them. Write letters to them. Put tracts in their way. Ask prayers for them in noon-day and other daily prayer-meetings. Get whole churches and individual saints to pray for them. Yes, use all the means. Sinners are stubborn, but the most of them will yield if you try them on every side.

They are pretty well scorched even now, some of them; but you may pull them as brands from the fire. Rest not until they are saved. Don't let the devil have them. What right has he to souls for whom Jesus died? He has maimed your friends, and scarred some of them all over now, and thinks he will soon drag them down into his own den of fire, to gratify his hatred against God and souls. Tear them from his grasp. Disappoint him. Take them to Jesus, which is to take them into the realm of peace, and finally into the heaven of love.

Bring your friends to Jesus and they will bring others. Andrew found Jesus and then brought Peter to him, and Peter on the day of Pentecost brought three thousand more; they in turn brought their friends to Christ, and so the tide of salvation rolled out on every side. So get to work. Kindle a fire—

make a stir—raise a commotion among souls around you, until

> "Hearts of adamant shall melt,
> And rebels shall obey."

WAIT FOR GOD.

If you wish to see God sweeping through your church and congregation with power, pray and wait. Be not in a hurry to close your revival effort. Do not insist that your meeting shall close at nine o'clock, *sharp*, in the evening. Some people who think nothing of continuing a social party until twelve o'clock, get very economical of time at a religious meeting. Very improper to stay longer than nine o'clock to work for God.

Pray and wait, if you would see God do wonders among you. For six weeks had the meeting in which the writer was converted, been protracted, and yet only two or three persons, and they weak-minded and illiterate, had been to the altar. But the man who was responsible for the meeting would pray, work and wait. The critics thought it folly to hold on any longer. Though you cannot find many to help you hold a meeting, you will find many critics to tell you how you ought to do it. Some laughed at this man, and some, with the gravity of owls, advised him to stop. But he prayed and waited, and God came. The Spirit swept through the community like a mighty wind; awakenings were general. One hundred and fifty were brought to Christ; and one of them, at least, is facing Zionward to-day.

Wait for God to come. Put your hand in your *pocket, pay for light* and fuel, and wait for God.

When Jonathan Edwards preached on "Their Feet shall slide," the people caught hold of the pillars of the church to keep from sliding down into hell. God wonderfully helped the preacher. But then many of his people had been up the whole night before, praying for God's blessings on him.

John Livingstone preached a single sermon in Scotland that brought five hundred souls to Christ. But some of his people had been in prayer the whole night before. If you want to see God do wonders among you, pray and wait.

Give as much time to God in the evening as you commonly give to the social meeting. Continue your series of meetings until God comes. Don't retire from the effort without success, leaving the devil jubilant over your failure. Work, pray and wait until God comes.

Seed-time and harvest are not more certain—*hardly* so certain—as that God will come in answer to continued and faithful prayer. A general outpouring of the Spirit will cost you much in money, time, effort, but it will be worth a hundred times as much as it will cost you.

Don't listen to dead professors, of which every church has far too many, for they are careful about many things, especially their own ease and bodily comfort; but taking counsel of God and his word, hold on, and pray and wait.

If all the churches in this land would pray and wait, the Church would soon be in a blaze—not like that which consumed Chicago, but of love and spiritual fervor.

COUNSELS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

STAND FAST.

MANY souls are now seeking Christ, and making profession of faith in him. To these young converts we would say: The general Church feels a deep interest in you; not only for your own sake, but as recruits to the army of the Lord, do we rejoice over your *conversion.*

Dear young Christians, *abhor the idea of backsliding.* In governments and armies there is no character so much despised as the traitor. No man in American history wears so black a coat as Benedict Arnold. No enemy is so dangerous as the traitor. The backslider is a traitor—traitor to his God, and to the church that took so much pains to save him. God is displeased with him, the church pities and contemns him, and common sinners ridicule him as a weak changeling. The backslider is a trifler with holy things, a presumptuous venturer on sacred ground, a back-boneless creature of circumstances, or a mindless soul, incompetent to comprehend the great verities of religion. Be not a backslider. *Die first.* Self-respect, regard for your friends in the

church who love you, fear of God, desire to be happy here and hereafter,—all unite in saying: Be not a backslider.

Backsliding is not commonly the work of an hour; it comes creeping upon you; it commonly has its source in neglect—in the neglect of some duty; it begins in little things. A man in Old Testament history is represented as having a prisoner committed to his care; but becoming "busy here and there," the first thing he knew his man was gone. So many, under the pressure of business, lose the grace of God from their hearts, and hardly know it until it is gone.

Remember that religion is never to yield to business, but business must give way to the demands of religion. If your business will not allow you time for secret devotion during the day, you may be sure that you have too much business for one person; you had better give up some of it, "for what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" If you are connected with so many lodges, divisions, etc., and have so many reunions, sociables, and what not, to attend that you cannot get to your class or prayer-meetings, or assist some night in the church in evangelistic labors, you may be sure that you have a little too much on hand for the good of your soul; you are spreading yourself over a little too much ground—you had better lop off somewhere. No human organization, however moral its end, can claim your services to the neglect of the Church of the living God. "This one thing I do." "One thing is needful." You have no business with anything that is not promotive of success in looking after the "one thing." "Press to-

ward the mark for the prize;" make that sure, whatever else you lose. Don't backslide. Men will despise you as a traitor, and God's detectives will search for you and arrest you as a *deserter*. Stand fast.

DANGEROUS GROUND.

In order that you may not backslide, you must give heed to your steps. Many once, like you, elated with bright hopes of heaven, have gone back into the world again. Their carcasses lie out there in the wilderness, only a little way from the bright and safe path you now walk in.

You must renounce the *amusements* of the world. I am speaking to many who are young in years, as well as in the Christian life. You may in the past have found much pleasure in the amusements common among young people of the world. You went to the theatre, the circus, the hall where negro minstrels and itinerant opera and theatrical troupes performed, to the gay gathering of young people at which *fun* was the order of the hour, and to the dance. But *now*, if you would keep yourself in the love of God, you are done with all these. All this is dangerous ground, and God has put up many a finger-board along its border, upon which is inscribed *keep off*. But one may say, "Dancing is a fashionable amusement; they have balls at college commencements, and dancing at most of the social gatherings; in what, pray, consists the *harm* of dancing?" I have no time for argument upon the subject; but let me call your attention to a few significant facts. You remember, with gratitude, that *certain ones* connected with the church in which you

were converted were very active about the altar and in the congregation. Is one of those *working* Christians a *dancing* Christian?

Not one of them. Things are somewhat mixed in this world, it is true, and yet you will find that those who stand up for the devil in the dance do not stand up for Jesus about the altar of prayer. Or suppose that when you were at the altar in penitence, trying to find your way to the cross, one whom you had seen a short time before throwing his heels in a lively manner in a dance had come to you to show you the way into the kingdom, would you have accepted him as a spiritual guide? No. Though you might not have been able with your intellect to answer the plausible arguments that some offer in favor of dancing, yet in your *heart* you would have felt that you wanted no *dancing* professors talking to you about Jesus and purity.

Or again: had the dancing-master of the neighborhood been a class-leader in your church, would you, when you came to choose your leader at the time you joined, have selected him? No, indeed. Let me say you can trust these decisions of your heart, whether you can answer the arguments worldly-minded professors offer in favor of dancing or not. You will, it is to be hoped, become interested in our Methodist history, in which you will find many illustrious names —the names of men and women, from Wesley down to the present, who have been noted for the great things they wrought for God, but not one of them was a *dancer*. They had not time, nor taste, nor heart, for such small work. Multitudes of souls were perishing around them, and could they find time to dance? No

your neighbor's house was burning, would you think it exactly proper for you and some friends to be dancing in your own? How, then, can you dance when fire inextinguishable is kindling on the souls of those you love? And you will find many advocates for dancing within the pale of the Church. This is one of Satan's grand appliances for leading *souls to forget God*, and he has hired some professors of religion to plead for it.

Seek not happiness in the amusements of the world. Jesus says, "Come unto me, and I will give thee *rest*," and, "My peace I give unto you."

Go to no party or place of amusement to which Jesus is not expected. Your former associates in sin, desirous of getting you back with them into the world, will perhaps invite you to what they call "innocent parties," etc. If you *should* go, and should find that Jesus was not invited, you had better leave. Would a wife or husband go to a social gathering to which the other was not invited? And has not Jesus married you? And will you be a willing guest where Jesus has been slighted? If you find on arriving at any such place that no Bible has been put in a conspicuous place for reading; that godly conversation is not in order; that prayer is not a part of the exercises; that singing hymns (the apostles, when merry, sang hymns) is not on the programme; but that jokes, repartee, light music, songs of mere sentiment or glee, trifling conversation and *fun*, constitute the bill of fare,—you may be sure that Jesus is not invited, is not expected and is not wanted there. If entrapped into *such a place*, the sooner you leave, the better. If

Jesus is not invited, you should not accept an invitation. If Jesus is not wanted there, you should not want to stay. You cannot go a little way with the world in its amusements without spiritual loss. Many think they can, but getting once into the current, are soon carried away. If you would not backslide, *keep well away from the world.*

OUT TO TEA WITH JESUS.

If you should have a social gathering at your house, be sure to invite Jesus, and let the order of arrangements be such that he can stay all the evening; for if Jesus is an invited and honored guest, and no indulgence is allowed but what will please him, the souls of all present will be blessed and the cause of God advanced in every social party.

I lately took tea in company with Jesus and some of his friends. It was at the house of a Quaker who loves the Saviour. There were present, besides his own family, some eight or ten persons. Of the whole party about four were Methodists; the rest, save three or four unconverted persons, were Friends of the most evangelical and spiritual order.

We found that no fiddler was present, that there was neither a pack of cards, billiard-table nor rope for "copenhagen" about the house. Nor was there any wine, even of domestic manufacture, set forth; and as all were arrayed in their proper attire, a masquerade was out of the question. "Dull times!" you say. Yet we sat down to enjoy ourselves as best we could. We found *Jesus* with us. Conversation began. Rev. S. Coleman, who was present, was then called

upon for an account of his conviction, conversion and sanctification. He gave it in his own peculiar way—just enough wit and humor to soften his solemn bearing, without touching levity in the least degree.

Apparently, the unconverted present were more interested than if there had been forty professional gigglers present, laughing themselves into hysterics.

Then followed an animated conversation on religious experience: it was common sense spiced with grace. It is better than buffoonery. Try it. Then we sat down to tea; a plain repast, prepared by the skillful hands of the Quakeress. Of this we ate temperately, and did not die of apoplexy before morning. During tea, the conversation, for a season, ran on making bread. This, though an innocent topic, was not specially profitable to the soul. Soon Mary James proposed that we should have some "crumbs of the bread of life." One repeated a favorite passage of Scripture, then another did the same, and so it went all around the table. The most of the passages referred to the "bread" and the "water" of life. Our souls were fed and refreshed.

The conversation then bore on religious experience. Many striking incidents of conviction, conversion and sanctification were given. Minds were enlightened and hearts warmed. After that we sang; Father Coleman led in prayer, Jesus spoke to our hearts, and we rejoiced.

Then we went to the house of God, where we were trying to save souls, and found that taking tea with Jesus and his friends had not disqualified us for service in revival effort, as social parties so often do, but had rather given us a special preparation for the work of

the evening. Since that, two of the unconverted present at that social party have professed faith in Christ, and a third, a middle-aged gentleman, was, as a Quaker phrased it, "impressed" during the evening.

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

BE SOMETHING.

Be something in the church. Have more than a mere name there. I do not mean that you are to be ambitious for office and distinction, but be useful. Do something for God and souls. There are many whose names are in Zion who are of no account in the great battle between right and wrong in constant progress. Their names count at Conference in the statistics, and they fill seats at church on the Sabbath, but that is all. They are so much dead weight that the cause of God carries along.

Do something for God. Bring some one to Christ —yea, many to Christ; be at it all the time. Commence at home. A young girl about fifteen years of age was converted in New Jersey two or three years since. Her father and mother and two older sisters were members of the church, but were not *over-righteous;* we haven't had many of that sort since Solomon's day. She commenced work at home. Her mother was in the habit of buying milk on Sabbath morning, as so many professed Christians are. The Christian daughter lovingly suggested to her mother that it might be got on Saturday night, boiled and kept, so that there might be no ringing of bells or traffic in milk on the Lord's day. The mother yielded

in a short time, and that evil ceased. It was the custom also in her home to cook much on the Sabbath—indeed, the Sunday dinner was *the* dinner of the week. Of course mother or some one else had to stay from church to cook it, and the day was one of feasting rather than worship and self-examination.

Prayerfully and lovingly did the daughter address herself to the work of reform here, and in a short time cold dishes were substituted for hot at the Sabbath dinner, and much unnecessary work was avoided.

But her work at home was not yet done. There was no family altar there. Her father had thus far failed in the programme of duty as priest in his own family; and yet could she suggest this duty to her own *father* without reproof for his past failure? Not knowing how to approach her father on so delicate a subject, she took the case to her heavenly Father—*he* could understand her—and prayed that the Spirit might move her father to the performance of this important duty. After a few weeks of frequent prayer for this, her father, one Sabbath evening, called his family together, referred to the fact that hitherto the family altar had been neglected, and stated that he would now lead them in devotion, and that henceforth he would attend daily to that duty. The young girl's heart overflowed with joy and gratitude. A new spiritual life was thus breathed into those loved hearts there at home, and then she commenced work in the fields beyond. No one is more useful in her neighborhood than is she today.

Young converts, be useful. Stir the world about *you. Let his* satanic majesty hear your blows falling

heavy and fast on the citadel of his power. Give him trouble. Save souls. Pluck them as brands from the fire. Some of them are half consumed now. Hurry along to the rescue. Do something more than fill a vacant seat. Be felt somewhere else besides in the column of statistics.

BEGIN WELL.

You are beginners—only beginners. Many older Christians may speak to you as if, now that you are in the church, all is done—you have nothing more to do than to be faithful to the grace already given. In some churches there are no special meetings to help beginners on to perfection. There is the ordinary prayer-meeting, it is true, and you should be there without failure; but most of us need something very specific to stimulate and help us in our sluggishness and ignorance. And some prayer-meetings are so very general and objectless that you can hardly tell what the drift of thought is, if any at all. It is to be hoped that in your prayer-meeting something is aimed at.

But you are beginners. Keep that in mind. You are comparatively ignorant of the Scriptures. Of the deep things of God, you have hardly yet a faint conception. You have been forgiven and changed—that is a perfect work; but there is much beyond. Your guilt having been taken away and the breath of spiritual life breathed into your soul, you are now in a condition to be cleansed from all sin. You could not even conceive the idea of heart purity until now. Before your conversion God's business with your soul

was not to cleanse, but to pardon and give life. Now, it is to cleanse from all sinfulness. There is a house that needs cleaning from cellar to garret, but the doors and window-shutters are shut and fastened. The first work of the cleansers who have just appeared on the premises is to get the doors and shutters open and the light and heat in. Now they are ready for the work of cleansing. So God has got into your soul, imparting life; and now the very texture of your soul is to be washed—washed until it is whiter than snow. Would you have it done? Are you willing? Nay, more, are you anxious? Do you, from your inmost heart, cry out—

> "I cannot rest till pure within,
> Till I am wholly lost in thee"?

And this cleansing you must definitely seek—seek as definitely as you sought pardon. Beware of those who tell you that, now you are converted, you are only to *grow*. Souls do not *vegetate*, they grow in grace by *addition*, and God adds it in answer to prayer. But cleansing is taking something away—sinfulness away. After that God will fill you.

Those who talk most about growing without definitely seeking present purity grow the least. Those who know them best, know that they are no farther away than they were years ago. Indeed, the most of them have lost the freshness of their first love, and are now dry and barren as a field in midsummer a month without rain.

Seek purity *now*, and you will realize a great enlargement of soul immediately.

THE MORNING FOR WORK.

Young convert, look around you. The world has not been brought to Christ. Sin abounds. Consider! The work of salvation is not going on very rapidly. It is almost at a stand-still in the churches. On the other hand, the most corrupting influences are working with fearful rapidity in every circle in society.

Why are these things so?

Christians do not work—at least only a few of them. Look around you in the church. How few professors of religion are active!

A few do the praying at the altar. A few only go out into the congregation to persuade souls to come out for Christ. Still less, you will find on inquiry, visit from house to house to exhort souls to flee the wrath to come. Hardly any go out to look after feeble Christians to supply that which is lacking in their faith. Not many are willing to take tracts and go forth in the streets, giving them to sinners in broadcloth and silk as well as to those in rags and squalor.

In a church of three or four hundred, perhaps twenty-five persons do all the active work, and many of these perform their duties so mechanically that little or no good is done.

You have just been converted. You are now taking your position as a *drone* or worker in the great hive of salvation.

If you do nothing for Christ now in the fervor of your first love, you will never do anything for him.

What have you done thus far? Have you brought any one to Calvary? Have you plucked any soul as

a brand from the burning gulf that flames all around you?

There is a wreck on the shore down there. Hark! Hear you not the cry of the perishing? What have you done for Christ since your conversion? Nothing? Shame! Are you to be added to the long roll of useless professors, useless church-members, useless saints?

Come you into Zion as mere lumber to be crowded into the already over-full rubbish-room of the church? The church rejoiced over you when you professed conversion. Is that to be the last time that we hear of you until your funeral, when the pastor will rack his brains to think of some good to say of you?

Go to work without delay. Go to work while your soul is pliable under the dew of your first love. Go to work before chronic formality closes your lips and ties your tongue so that you cannot utter one word for Jesus. If there is no *dash* in the young soldier, there will not be any steadiness in the veteran. If there is no vigor in the morning, you will surely faint in the heat of the day.

Have you no burning, consuming love for souls? Have you sat down in an easy-chair in Zion, glad that you are housed, but having no anxiety for those that are without? Why, you are half backslidden already. Bow again at the altar; be renewed and go forth in the love of Christ to save your fellows from ruin and eternal shame.

WALKING WITH GOD.

You have been, or are about to be, received into full membership into the church. But being received into the church does not put you out of Satan's reach. Just at this time some of the severest trials will overtake you. The extra meetings which were such a blessing to you have closed. You miss them so much. You used to go to church very often feeling depressed, but during the services you were strengthened, and often went away rejoicing in God. You lived on the meetings. Now beware! As you have not these mighty means of grace, you cannot have a mighty revival in that way. You must rely on secret prayer to a greater extent now. Learn to walk alone with God. Depend not too much upon your minister or class-leader, but be sure to lean down hard on Jesus. He will meet you whenever you seek him in the closet. He is, it is true, guiding the worlds as they roll through space, and feeding the sparrows and little ants, but he will meet you, nevertheless, in your closet.

I repeat, learn to walk alone with God. If you learn not that lesson, you will never be of great stature as a Christian. If it is necessary for you to be where people are singing and praying in order to be put into a good frame of mind, you will never have much strength. You will belong to that class of persons who make a noise about religion in the winter, but are never heard of or seen in the place of duty in the summer. Be numbered not among such camp-followers as these. Take a stand with another company. Noah walked alone with God for one hundred and twenty years, and

needed no extra meeting to warm him up. Enoch for three hundred years trod the narrow way alone, and had the testimony that he pleased God. Joseph for years in the Egyptian prison exercised the faith that drew the water of life from the everlasting springs of God.

Learn to walk alone with God. Hang not upon some Christian friend like a sickly child to its mother's apron-strings, but by the hand of faith take hold of God for yourself. Gird up your loins and go through the "heated term" without a languid step.

A SABBATH WITH JESUS.

Was last Sabbath a day of rest and peace and progress and growth to your soul? If it was not, beware. You are on dangerous ground. When a soul ceases to advance, it begins to decline. A few stagnant Sabbaths, and you are undone. You should know that very imperceptibly to yourself your soul may receive upon it the rust of sin. Behold that wheat-field. Up to your loins so green and luxuriant, and waving in the soft summer breeze. Did you ever see anything more beautiful? Now it is night—all are asleep. In the morning a heavy mist hangs over the earth, enveloping the hills and hiding the valleys from view. For hours the fog like a curtain rests upon all. How beautiful the wheat now, bending under the weight of the silvery mist! But the sun is struggling up, and after some hours' effort kisses away the mists and clouds, and pours his burning rays down upon the wheat so lately wet. In a few hours the husbandman's anxious eye detects the red rust on the wheat-stalks, and he knows

that the fair promise of his harvest-field is blighted. So silently did the mist and sun together deposit the fatal rust upon the grain!

So beware! The moral atmosphere of this world is very hurtful to souls. The mists of sin hang heavily about; if you are not careful, the fatal rust will dim the fine gold. Before you know it the shadow will come upon your soul. Make the most of your Sabbaths. Get plenty of rest on Saturday night. Rise early on Sabbath morning. Do not cheat God out of the best hours of the day. Read the Bible, meditate and pray. Preparing your soul thus for the sanctuary, you will be ready to receive the seed into a good and honest heart. Pray earnestly and much that God will aid the minister. But above all expect to meet Jesus in his temple. He promises to meet you there, and will keep his word. Look for a literal fulfillment thereof. Abhor that dead faith that finds no living Jesus anywhere. A dead historic Jesus will not suffice for you. You must by faith bring your heart in contact with the pulsations of the loving heart of a living Saviour. Feel around by faith until you find Jesus, and then tell him all your wants.

See to it that your Sabbath is to you a day of rest, of peace, of refreshment, of holy joy. Pay no visits and receive no company. Spend the day with Jesus—with Jesus only. Take no pleasure-rides, but, Enoch like, walk with God all day.

TAKE CARE OF THE CONVERTS.

Many of them do not stand well, and hence many of the vineyard laborers are not satisfied with the result of revival efforts. Lately an able writer in the *Home Journal*, in discussing this question, recommended more thorough work with penitents, and to ministers more plainness and point in speaking of the horrors of hell, and of the depravity of the human heart. All well enough, and of the first importance. but, after all, we must take men just as they are and make the best sort of Christians out of them we can. The material is bad, and we can't help it. Jesus is supposed to have known what is in man, and he tells us that among men there are four classes of hearers, viz.: good-ground hearers, stony-ground hearers, wayside hearers and thorny-ground hearers. With the first you have no trouble; in the second the seed soon springs up, but having no depth of earth—strength of character and stability—soon withers away; in the third the germinating seed is trodden out by the devil's trampers; and in the fourth thorns—worldly cares—choke the good seed out of the soul.

Happy the minister who has a church full of good-ground hearers! I suspect you will have to search a long time to find him. Stony-ground, wayside and thorny-ground hearers are abundant, and Jesus wants us to make something out of them if we can. If they soon "go back" after the first revival, let us lovingly "work them over" again and again. Possibly the ground may get deeper on the stony ground—soil does in some places, in the process of years, grow

and deepen on rocks—or we may succeed in getting the "wayside" fenced so that Satan's foot-pads may not trample them to death, or God may through affliction or by our efforts pull out some of the thorns from the thorny ground, or just when they have been well "worked over," perhaps for the seventh time, they may die and be saved. Let us not require too much of the stony ground if God does not—when but little is given, but little is required—but patiently work such soil as we have. "He who makes a blade of grass grow where there was none before is a benefactor to his race."

Jesus foresaw that we should have trouble with our converts; then let us not worry, as though some strange thing had happened, but do the best with them we can. This backsliding is not something that has just commenced in the degeneracy of "modern times," but it began in the days of Christ and the apostles; it must have been pretty general immediately after Pentecost, for soon the long night of the Dark Ages set in, and history shows that Wesley and Whitefield sowed more than one handful each on stony, wayside and thorn-covered ground. *Work on*, and wait until the judgment for results. Our peculiar views sometimes lead us to rejoice when we should weep, and to weep when we should rejoice. In one field where I labored, we had a great many at the altar professing faith in Christ, but they did it *very quietly*. Some of the older members who remembered former times became dissatisfied; they did not like the still-born style of conversions. I, too, became a little nervous, and longed for a gust of power that should sweep the altar from

end to end and compel new-born souls to shout the praises of God.

It came at last, one Sabbath evening. We had a sermon from a young minister visiting in the town, from "What shall it profit a man," etc. The sermon was followed by an exhortation that almost made the hair stand on end: it was accompanied by the old power. Nearly forty came to the altar. There were tears, groans and cries that night. Several professed conversion, too, and among them *five* strong men professed faith amid the most glorious demonstrations. The most of us were highly pleased. An old patriarch also remembered the "old times," got up in the pulpit to look down on the blessed scene. The sight made him young again. It was glorious; and yet the *five men* whose apparent conversion had pleased us all so much did not *stand long enough to be received on probation*, while of the others, the quiet ones, I called about ninety of them out at one time to be received in full membership. I was humbled, and said, "Lord, work in thine own way, only work."

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Do not fail to attend the means of grace during the hot weather. You will need all the aid that you can obtain from the class- and prayer-meetings, and from the preached word.

When you feel the least like going, then you need the most to go. When one has lost his appetite, he may be sure that his disease is assuming a most threatening type. If you have lost so much love for Jesus *that you have* not an ardent desire to meet him at the

appointed place, you may well be alarmed for the state of your soul. You have already lost much. It is time now for your will to compel you to do that for which you have no desire of heart.

Have too much real manliness to linger around home when you should be at church just because it is warm. Our American summers are very enervating; but if you have been truly awakened to the importance of eternal things, you will hardly allow the summer heat to overcome you. The true soldier of the cross succumbs to neither summer's heat nor winter's cold. You have *promised* to attend the means of grace. Keep your word. Come short in no particular. When you could be at the house of God, but are not, what becomes of your promise?

If you make an appointment to meet a friend at a given time and place, but do not, what is the impression made on your friend's mind in regard to your veracity? And if this is repeated a few times, your friends lose all confidence in the truthfulness of your word.

Can you break the promise you made to God to attend his house, listen to his word and take part in his service without incurring guilt and loss of grace? Fail not at this point. Go through the heat of this your first summer in the church shoulder to shoulder with the most faithful. Be in the front rank of God's grand army. Let no man take your crown. Let your pastor know right soon by your conduct that he can count you in every expedition against the enemies of God.

CHRISTIAN YOUNG WOMEN.

What are the young women of the Church doing to save the dying around them? Women have tender hearts, and Christian women are the tenderest of their kind; but where are the Christian young women who, moved by divine pity, go forth to win their young friends to Christ?

Did God give you no nobler work than that of dressing, adorning and showing yourselves? Have you no pity for the poor straying souls around you that are so rapidly going down to the shades of eternal death?

A less danger has ere now moved the gentle maiden to deeds of noble daring. Near the coast of England, on a reef of rocks out in the sea, stood a lighthouse, to warn and guide vessels approaching that dangerous spot. The storms are terrific there.

One dark, wild night, the keeper became aware that a ship with hundreds of passengers had struck the reef only a little distance from the lighthouse, but the mad waves were boiling and dashing so furiously that it hardly seemed possible that a boat of rescue could live three minutes, if an attempt should be made to save any of the passengers or crew. And to make the matter more hopeless, there was no one with the keeper that night but his daughter, a maiden of some eighteen summers. But as the father was disposed to attempt the rescue of some of the unfortunates, she volunteered to help in the noble work. Together they launched a small boat; and the girl pulling the oar *opposite* her father, they made their way through the

surging billows to the wreck, and brought off nine persons safely to the lighthouse. The rest were lost. The noble girl was honored throughout the kingdom for the heroic deed.

Near you, sisters, multitudes are perishing in the mad storm of sinful passion that rages all along these shores of time. Jesus, the mighty to save, will save them if they will but look to him. But blinded by the spray of sin, they see him not, but must soon perish. Many of these are young, just such as you can influence. Will you not give a tract, say a tender word and offer a prayer to save them? Nay, will you not go forth with lovelit face, streaming eyes and glowing tongue to rescue your young friends from the yawning abyss of hell?

You will not? And yet do you say that you love Jesus? that you have partaken of his Spirit? Why, he went about doing good. He wept over such as you neglect and make no effort to save. A band of Christian young women, with hearts aglow with divine pity and love, could set the revival flame burning in any community.

Pastor, cannot you find such a company in your church? Sabbath-school superintendent, are there no young ladies in your school who will go forth and work for Jesus?

How I have seen young women search through a whole neighborhood for material for a fair or festival! Have not our Christian young women as much love for souls? Have they no pity for the miserable victims of sin perishing all around?

WHY DO SO MANY OF OUR CONVERTS BACKSLIDE?

Methodism makes yearly returns of (sometimes) hundreds of thousands of souls converted to God. The comparatively slow increase of full members shows that fifty per cent. or more of these backslide. This is a very discouraging fact. Hence some have been led to denounce our whole system of revival effort, and to praise the slower but as they say surer process of conversion going on in our sister churches. Some have charged this falling away to the employment of evangelists or foreign aid, alleging that the young converts get attached to the strangers under whom they are converted, and when they depart lose all interest in religion.

Thus many matters are referred to as causes for the lamentable and disgraceful backsliding of our young converts. Many will backslide in spite of all that we can do. Some of the apostles' converts "went back," and we must expect some of ours will.

Jesus had occasion to say, "Will ye *also* go away?" for many went back and walked no more with him; and we will have occasion to ask the same sad question. Satan knows how to pervert those who have been truly converted to God. But many more could be transformed from the probationers' list to that of the full members, if the same specific efforts were made to *perfect* the young converts that are made to convert sinners. Seeing that God says to the young convert, "Go on to perfection," should we not at once set to work by specific instruction to get them *perfected in love in the shortest* possible time?

Some of us ministers act as if we thought that our chief business is to get sinners converted. This is *part* of our work, but from the Scriptures it doesn't seem to be the chief part. Paul (Eph. iv. 11, 12) says, "And he gave some apostles and some prophets and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers." What for? "For the perfecting of the saints." And this is our chief business; for if the saints, instead of getting cold by degrees, are speedily perfected in love, sinners will be converted as surely as wax will melt by the fire, while Boanerges will thunder with might and main over the heads of backsliding saints (please allow the expression) to get sinners converted, and then fail. Or if he should succeed in getting scores converted and into the church among the half-backslidden professors, what then? Why, the young converts would soon become like the older ones; they would all freeze fast together, and the minister would soon find a bigger iceberg before his pulpit than he had before.

We need special meetings for the perfecting of the saints. "No, we don't—all our meetings are holiness meetings." True, in one sense, yet all our meetings tend not to perfect the saints. A meeting in which all thought and energy is bent to the conviction and conversion of sinners *is not* calculated to bring about the immediate sanctification of believers.

Entire sanctification is by faith, and faith comes by hearing. Hearing what? Why, truth on that subject, and not such as is usually employed to awaken sinners. Truth that shows the sinner his sins does not show the new believer how to take another step and become perfect in love. When a congregation of Christians

are in a state of desperation over fifteen or twenty penitents at the altar, they are not also, at the same time, seeking their own immediate perfection in love.

Special means are needed. So Mr. Wesley thought; and hence he instituted the band meetings. And the truth in regard to the perfecting of the saints must be very specific and well defined, or many will not see the point. Colonel E. Ball, of Ohio, an intelligent layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says that during an experience of thirty-five years in the Church he had not, until 1867, heard more than two or three sermons on the subject of perfect love. Of course he had heard much of holiness in a general way, but no specific pointed sermons, showing one how to be saved from all sinfulness by faith here and now. Under such indefinite teaching young converts are not likely "to go on to perfection;" and if not, what do they? Why, blunder and stumble on, sometimes up and sometimes down, the more faithful and determined holding on after a fashion, but one half getting discouraged and falling back.

But now suppose that pastors and class leaders should take the same pains to get the young convert perfected as to get him converted, would he be so likely to backslide? But he is too often in a general way told to "go on," but, poor soul! he don't know how to go on. He is told to "grow in grace," when he don't know how to eat and exercise that he may grow. He is told to be "faithful to the grace already given" and all will be well, when he needs more grace at once to destroy sprouting seeds of sin still *buried in his heart.*

Specific labor to perfect the saints is what is needed now. There is but little doubt that if every pastor in the United States and all his leaders, would for six months to come exercise themselves in this one work, the most of our present converts would be saved. There would be so much moral power accumulated in the Church that five hundred thousand souls would in the next six months be converted and added to the Church, and the most of them would stay.

Oh, let us remember that as many sinners will not be converted unless we lead them to the cross, so not many of our converts will go on unto perfection unless we by specific treatment lead them on. If they do not go on, the most of them will go back. And some of them will find out that they *are back*, and leave the church, while others, having a fair morality, will think that all is well, and continue in the church, though as dead spiritually as many that leave it.

Let us all pray God to give the leading spirits in the Church light on this subject.

AIM HIGHER.

Ere this, I trust, you have become interested in the subject of *holiness*.

If you listen to all that is said on the subject by those belonging to your church, you will soon become bewildered. But there is a way to find the truth on this subject.

If you study the Scriptures carefully, you will find that a very high standard of piety is set up therein. It is called holiness. You cannot find a better name.

If you look around you in the church, you will see

many who evidently have been born again—and who certainly seem to be in a gracious state—who do not measure up to the above-named high standard.

Yet you meet with a few who, so far as you can see, do, in both inward and outward life, fill out the pattern of scriptural holiness. This should satisfy you that this measure is attainable, for God is no respecter of persons.

Then seek it without delay. God says it is for you, and commands you to seek it; and a thousand sermons may not make the obligation more binding or the way any more clear, though they might mystify the whole subject so that you could not recognize a single landmark.

Go to God; offer yourself wholly to him; reckon yourself dead to the world and sin, and pray on until the blessing comes.

You need not delay to go to ask instruction of any human teacher—you'll be misled as likely as not. The Holy Ghost has undertaken to lead you into all truth; and if you submit, he will do it.

Just lay this paper down and pray. This moment is as favorable as any that you will have in forty years.

And now, if the "mighty work is wrought," *go and live it.* Away with this sentiment of holiness that says pretty things on the subject, but only lives about up to the average standard of the Church!

Away with this holiness that is garnished all over with the finery of the world! Call not that holiness that in times of provocation cannot command the "soft answer that turneth away wrath."

Don't name that holiness that refuses the cross and *will not work.* Such stuff as this has been burning in

hell a thousand years. Pray until you get the genuine article, and then live it seven days in the week. There are young converts enough in the Methodist Church to save America in a year or two, if they would but come out for God and holiness in the true Wesleyan style.

If you would be useful, be holy; if you would be safe, be holy; if you would be truly respected as one whose life and character are in keeping with profession, be holy.

DON'T READ NOVELS.

Many hearts were pained to find in a recent issue of a Methodist paper a plea for novel reading, written by one who is connected with one of the first Methodist families in the land. Had Methodists from the beginning been novel readers, Dr. Stevens would have had but scanty materials for a "History of Methodism." Did not Methodists now read so much fiction, ten thousand copies more of his inimitable history might be sold every year.

It is difficult to detect the good derived from novel reading. Does Dr. Stevens, or any other annalist, trace any of the millions of Methodistic conversions to the perusal of "The Lady of the Lake" or to any of Dickens' or Marryatt's novels? When Dickens would paint a scamp, he commonly selects a member of the Church for his subject, or a saint, he finds one out of the Church, and often without a profession of religion. Will such caricatures aid Christian people in getting nearer to God? Will such covert sneers inspire the unconverted with confidence in the Church and religion?

Is intellectual growth promoted by feeding the mind on fiction? I believe mental philosophy concedes that mind to grow, to expand, must be fed on truths, on facts. If novel reading did not dwarf the mind, and corrupt the heart, it certainly should be put off until the mind has become familiar with all the facts to be known. Reason says, *Truth* before *dreams*. In this view of the case, who of us is ready to spend his time poring over works of fiction? Who is familiar with all the facts in natural philosophy, natural history and general and sacred history?

Other things being equal, I believe a man's power is just in proportion to his *ready knowledge* of facts. Hence, until the whole mass of facts within reach have been stored away and philosophically digested, we have no time for the dreams of novelists. It may be said that the best novels are pictures of *real* life, and therefore instructive. They are not such *good* pictures of real life as Macaulay's History of England, Lossing's History of the Rebellion, D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, Ruter's Church History, and many others that we will never have time to read. Why reject the better and take the worse?

"But the bow must be unbent, there must be some relaxation." Well, so far as this is found in novel reading, or in any other kind of reading, you can find it in a higher and better degree in histories and narratives. Macaulay's History of England has all the better qualities of the romance, besides being true and profoundly philosophical. After you run a train of his thoughts through your mind, you seem to have some *room to let*. Your mind has been so *stretched* that it

won't contract to its former size. Novel reading, if indulged in, will produce a race of mental dwarfs, rose-colored sentimentalists and easy-going, loose-jointed moralists, for whom there is no room in this world, where matter-of-fact, hard-working, holy and prayerful Christians are needed.

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

PICTURE OF A PROSPEROUS CHURCH.

AID church has a large membership; for however small it may have been at its beginning, it is so attractive that hundreds have been drawn to it. Its congregation is large—indeed, too large for the edifice. The preacher draws, and the members, being active and kind, draw too. You must go early if you get a seat there.

The Sabbath-school of Prosperous Church is large. There are hundreds in the Bible classes, other hundreds in the middle department, and almost as many more in the infantile. The very children feel the current setting toward said church, and are drawn along that way.

They have all the money they need to meet the demands upon them. The people there have learned that they must pay tithes to God, giving him one-tenth at least of all their income. They know that nine-tenths, with God's blessing upon it, is better than ten-tenths without it.

They pay down when due—weekly, or, at most,

monthly, not keeping God out of his money. Hence they give their minister a good salary, and pay it promptly—sometimes in advance. As the members increase in wealth they increase their contributions, not giving the same when possessed of their ten thousands as they did when having only hundreds.

They have no festivals at Prosperous Church. Once they had, but they have learned a more excellent way. Instead of giving their money to buy cakes, ice cream and strawberries or peaches, and then going to buy them again, or coaxing some one else to do so, they give the money at once to the church and save all the wear and tear to both soul and body of holding a festival.

They soon swept the debt off of their church. They built a large edifice—a spiritual home for the masses; and when done many thousands of debt rested upon it. But the men brought their tobacco money and the women their jewelry and superfluous ribbons, and this, with systematic tithing, soon swept the debt away. They are free now, and ready for another enterprise for God.

They are rich in grace at said church, too. Nearly all their many hundreds enjoy the witness of adoption. You should hear them sing, "My God is reconciled; his pardoning voice I hear." They are as happy as prisoners just out of jail. And more than this, the most of them enjoy the blessing of perfect love, or are seeking it definitely and earnestly. They are all "glorious within," and "unspotted from the world" without. I suspect that the angels come down once in a while to rejoice over the holiness of Prosperous Church.

It would be well for you if you could attend their prayer-meetings. Three-fourths of their whole membership come out. They sing with a will. And having learned that *long* prayers and *thin* prayer-meetings go together, they pray short. Instead of telling the Lord many things that he knows better than they do, they *ask* for something, and then stop, giving some one else an opportunity.

And then such experience meetings! Their class-rooms are full, and the members are ready to speak. You don't see dried-up Christians get up, turn their faces toward the wall, and then mumble something about "crooked paths," "leaving undone many things," "hope to get to heaven," etc.; but having met Jesus lately, just before they came to class, and indeed, walked with him all the way, they have a new story to tell about his love, though after all it is the "old, old story."

What times they have in their love-feasts! They neither preach sermons nor give exhortations, but relate experience. The leader does not have to urge them to speak, but they are up, quick as thought, one after another, and sometimes two or three at once, telling in a few words the great things God has done for them. You must be on the alert or you will not get a word in.

They have many souls converted at Prosperous Church. Saving souls is their business. By personal effort and combined movement they are all the time advancing on the enemy's works and bringing the rescued slaves of sin to the cross of Christ. They do *not sleep* all summer and shout all the winter, but they

are "always abounding in the work of the Lord." Their harvest lasts all the year.

When you can, go around to Prosperous Church, or perhaps you had better go to work and bring your own church up to this standard. It can be done. By the preaching of the genuine living word, by the aid of the almighty Holy Ghost, who will come in answer to prayer, and by untiring sanctified effort on the part of only a few at the first, any church may be brought up to this degree of prosperity. "O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity!"

TOO MUCH MACHINERY.

A city pastor thinks there is growing danger to Methodism from what he denominates "red tape," or the multiplicity of organizations which require so much time and attention, leaving but a moiety for the primary purpose of saving souls. He thinks it will be a mercy if we survive Conferences and committees. He utters the sentiments of many of his brethren in the following paragraphs. We can suggest no remedy for the complex machinery of present operations, except it be in making every society, committee and Conference a soul-saving arrangement. We agree with our brother in his appropriate suggestions.—ED. METH. HOME JOUR.

"But little real progress will be made without the conversion of souls or the sanctification of believers. Souls are themselves benefited by being converted; and then, as a church, we need them to give money for our various church purposes, to buy and read our many periodicals, and to patronize our many schools and colleges. A soul converted has a financial

value to the church. But we are likely to be scant of time to convene meetings for the purpose of saving souls; for nearly everybody has to go right away to attend a committee or a society of some kind.

"It would be interesting to know how many Conferences, boards, committees and societies Methodism is now running. There are Conferences within Conferences, and boards within boards, or sub-Conferences, sub-boards, sub-committees, etc., etc. There are meetings of committees and adjourned meetings of committees almost every night in the week. Besides the legally appointed committees, nearly all the work in the church is done by committees, calling for the appointment of many more than those designated by the discipline.

"If some widow needs a loaf of bread, a committee of three or five must be raised to procure the funds and carry out the benevolent design, so that there is not much time left for saving souls. The pastor finds himself on about a dozen committees all the time; how he manages to hold a series of meetings for salvation is a wonder. He can only find two or three nights in the week, as the other evenings are occupied in holding Sabbath-school anniversaries, church festivals or official meetings. About Wednesday evening he is free for some religious effort; but when his forces are assembled, he finds a number of his strong men absent.

"Upon inquiry, he learns that Brother Jones was so much exhausted last night at the anniversary that he had to stay at home and recuperate. Brother Brown is meeting the excursion committee. Brother Smith is

attending the local preachers' city association, and three or four more have gone to carry a loaf of bread to Widow Jenkins—*i. e.*, to give her a surprise visit and eat up three-fourths of what they carried.

"And thus it goes on night after night, and week after week. After a little the meeting runs out—dies of committees, official meetings, anniversaries and society business.

"And now the General Conference has given us another wheel—the District Conference. Of course around this will cluster another nest of committees, sub-committees, anniversaries, etc.

"Instead of spending our time in efforts to save souls, we will use up all our time and energy in Conference and committee-rooms. Well, God is wise; he may suggest how we can sandwich a little soul-saving effort in between the meetings of Conferences, committees and boards, but to us the work seems difficult.

"Let us pray that God will show us how to save souls in spite of all these hindrances. But let all who love our Zion take notice that we are rapidly running to 'red tape.' The time and energies of the church are being frittered away in committee-rooms. Complication of machinery is likely to break us down."

CHEATING MINISTERS.

The minister, if what he should be, is a personage of much importance to the community in which he lives and labors. He has an education that costs much money and many years of close application to acquire. He is endowed with that excellent article called common sense. He is a man of judgment and sound dis-

cretion. He is expected to preach two thoughtful, stirring sermons, and give at least one lecture, every week. The weekly prayer-meeting depends upon him for leadership. The classes all look for him at least once a quarter. He is to know and call by name every member of his church on sight after the first introduction. He is expected to visit from house to house and be familiar in every family. Of course he must run the Sunday-school and every official board, though some one else may get the credit for it. If any one is sick on his charge, he is to find it out at once (though no direct information may be sent him by the family of the sick person) and visit the sick-chamber, though it may be reeking with typhoid, scarlet fever or any other malignant disease. Why shouldn't he? is he not ready to die? As to his having any weakness about leaving his family and all that, it is preposterous.

In case of a funeral, though he may not be consulted about the time, he is to be on hand at the hour, though it might disarrange his own private affairs in the most serious manner. What right has he to have any private affairs? Don't he belong to the people? The funeral discourse must be tender and familiar or dignified and general, just as the tastes of the family may be, though he may know nothing of their tastes. For three months in the year he is to hold nightly meetings, in which he is expected by the parents to get all the young people converted. If any of the young men have become dissipated, he is to look after them and bring them back to sobriety and to God. If *any sinful* wretch who has spent all his life in sin

comes down to the dying hour unprepared, the minister is to be there and pray him straight into the kingdom of God. In short, he is to be a light to every man's path, a blessing to every family, and an oracle on all moral and religious questions to the whole community. And, indeed, we say without irony, the minister should be all this.

But now what is he to receive for all this absorbing, exhausting service? As much learning, talent, taste and industry employed in the practice of the law, would win thousands every year without doing a tithe of the good.

How much do the people give the minister? Perhaps seven hundred dollars, possibly nine, maybe a thousand. They may open their hearts and go up to fifteen hundred, or two thousand dollars in rare cases. The work on the heavy popular charges is done for perhaps from twelve to eighteen hundred dollars. But then this small sum is not paid promptly at the monthly meeting, but a half or two-thirds of the monthly installment is doled out each month, leaving much of it unpaid until near the end of the year, when a spasmodic effort is made to bring it up in the public congregation, the pastor in the mean time sweating most freely to hear the stewards *beg* for the money he has earned so well.

At many of the monthly meetings, when the leaders or collectors have brought in but little, the stewards might relieve him by giving him a check for the balance of the monthly installment; yet they don't often think of that, but let him go out to meet butchers, grocers and dry-goods men to whom he owes bills,

without any money to satisfy their demands. If they only knew how he suffers at times, maybe they would make some little sacrifice to help him out. But they seem not to have any idea that he needs more than the little they dole out. And yet they are business-men, and know that a man with the cash in his hand, can buy much more cheaply than he who buys on credit.

Giving a small salary is cheating a minister; keeping him out of it after it is due is cheating him still more. Just a little system on the part of the members, leaders and collectors in a church of ordinary size would secure a good salary to the minister, and cause it to be paid promptly.

Why will not our good laymen who get rich by introducing system into their own business introduce the same into the business department of the Church of God? And why will not the people who seem to love their pastor so much, pay their church dues promptly, instead of cheating him out of his just dues? "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Cheating ministers seems to us very much like cheating God.

CHEATING CHURCHES.

Recently we had our "say" on "Cheating Ministers." But churches have rights as well as ministers, and it may balance the account to write what we think on cheating churches.

When a minister becomes a pastor of a church, he puts himself under obligations to render very important services to the same. His people have a right to

expect him to preach the doctrines of their Church. If it should come to pass that he should doubt any of them, he is not to trouble them with his doubts, but to resign his charge. It would not do for him to remain silent in regard to the doubted doctrine, preaching the rest of the creed to them, for they have a right to expect that particular doctrine from his lips, and he has no right to cheat them out of it. The world of theology is pretty wide. He can most likely find a people agreeing with him in due time. What right, for instance, has a Methodist minister to deny his people the doctrine of perfect love, when it is one of the radical ideas of our system? Many congregations have so long been denied this doctrine, that they hardly know that the discipline enjoins it as a grace to be groaned after until received.

The church has a right to expect from the lips of its pastor the purest morality. Not one of the moral laws has been altered since they were written by the finger of God on the tables of stone. Or if changed at all, they have been made more strict; for Jesus taught that they were not only to apply to the outward life, but to the secret thoughts of the heart. Puritanism, though so often ridiculed, never taught so rigid a morality as did Jesus and Moses. The minister is to be an oracle of moral purity to his people. Immorality is to have no wink of favor from him. He is not to give license even to the wealthy and powerful. Many congregations have been cheated out of a pure morality, especially in reference to some questions, until the distinction between right and wrong has almost faded out. How is it that in some churches wine and strong drink

are used as if they were as harmless as water, there being next to no conscience on the subject of temperance at all? Have not such people been cheated out of the light they should have had in respect to this most prevalent of evils?

The minister should be a medium by which the Holy Ghost should be transmitted to the people. God seems to be in some men, so that from them a divine influence flows out upon the congregation. They become warm because the minister is warm. They borrow spiritual impressions from him. How is it that some congregations are so ignorant and void of the truly spiritual, knowing only of the "letter that killeth"? Have their ministers failed to bring them to the very *life* of the gospel? A minister should be the model of a man in moral purity. He should not only be free from actual transgression, but from the very appearance of evil. He should not be the slave of any unseemly habits. Parents should be able to point their children to the minister as a pattern of excellence for imitation; and yet do not some ministers, by their carelessness and laxity in social life, cheat their people out of the Christ-like model they should find in their pastors?

Churches have a right to expect their pastors to visit from house to house. Mighty sermons in the pulpit will produce but little fruit, comparatively, unless preceded and followed by pastoral visitations. The people ask that the minister should be a friend in the family, ready to counsel and full of sympathy. Do not many ministers fail at this point? Is the literary recluse a *pastor? Can he* whose attention and time are absorbed

by financial speculations and outside operations, be a frequent visitor and intimate friend at the homes of his parishioners? Many churches are cheated at this point.

People everywhere are crying for some one to help them to Jesus. Multitudes, dissatisfied with their present experience, want to go on to perfection, and don't know how. Some of these ask their pastors, and sometimes fail to get any light. Instead of satisfactory advice and urgent exhortations to go on at once—or rather, instead of leading them on at once—a fling is made at "perfectionism," or they are told not to expect too much; and so they are quieted for the time with soothing-syrup. Ministers should be able to lead all these souls into the coveted Canaan of perfect peace at once. If they are not competent to this blessed work now, it would be for their own and for their church's advantage to go hundreds of miles to some National Camp Meeting, or to any other assembly where the light shines, to get the "anointing" that will prepare them to lead their anxious people into the "valley of blessing."

Some churches cheat their ministers, and it is to be feared that quite as many ministers cheat their churches. Let us deal fairly all round. It is a shame and a sin for a church to allow the minister to be in want or in debt. It is a deeper shame and a blacker sin for a minister to starve the souls of his people. Dear brother, let not your people starve. Though you may seem not to have more than five little loaves and two small fishes, ask Jesus to go with you to your pulpit, and about among your people, and you will have enough for them

and something over. Don't substitute literary husks or sentimental trash for the real gospel.

THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.

It has become fashionable for many to speak lightly of the presiding eldership; in speaking lightly of the office, of course those who fill it are depreciated. They must be men of power if they can always successfully meet and overcome the prejudice excited against them and their office in this way; and yet the eldership is doubtless one of the God-appointed provisions of our economy. Our Church is superintended by itinerant bishops, but they can know neither the capacities and wants of every church nor the capacities and wants of every minister. Hence, presiding elders, or sub-bishops, have been appointed to travel districts and gain this information for the bishops.

In order to dispense with presiding elders, it would appear that our whole episcopal economy must be changed. But why should it be changed? If the bishop can be useful in his wide range, cannot the elder in his more circumscribed field? Let us look at the model presiding elder. He is selected, not because the man wants a place, but because the place wants a man. He is a man of wide information and disciplinary skill. He is more noted for deep piety than for official dignity. Love for souls moves him rather than denominational zeal. He is possessor of a large share of that same thing that we call magnetism, which in connection with the loveliness of his Christian character draws the people to him as he goes about from place to place. In his personal intercourse with the ministers

of his district he in some way manages to make them hunger and thirst for the bread and for the water of life. They are apt to feel, after an interview with him, that they are not fully up to the standard of ministerial piety. Upon the families by which he is entertained he leaves the impression that he is a man of God.

His sermons are not stiff with official buckram, but tender and loving, and pointed straight at the heart. It is a common thing for souls to be converted and entirely sanctified under his ministrations. He is not shy of the latter great specialty of Methodism.

In his Quarterly Conferences he manages to get through with the disciplinary questions in time to have several prayers and some experiences, sending the men away with their hearts burning with love divine, thus rendering it almost impossible that any deviltry should originate or lurk in that body.

If in going around his district he finds a dead church, he begins to pray and labor for its resurrection. He spends days visiting with the pastor from house to house, and—calling to his aid some preachers or laymen from a distance who have power—continues, in connection with all these, to preach, pray and beseech until the Holy Ghost comes and the church is revived. He becomes an evangelist in his district, stimulating and encouraging the pastors under him, inspiring the official men, and awakening the dead with his burning, loving words. No one complains that he is a *tyrant*, but all love him as a Christian minister and évangelist. No one looks upon him as a cold-hearted martinet, but as a sympathetic friend and Christ-like minister of the gospel of love. His battle-cry, "The Blood of the

Lamb," is heard in the front rank at Camp Meeting; he leads the way in the Sabbath-school conventions, and his influence is felt in organizing for victory the temperance cause.

To such a mân the presiding elder's district affords a coveted field, and in it he wins five hundred souls to Jesus every year. "Not many measure up to this standard," do you say? What then? abolish the office? Suppose you deal with the pastorate in that way? How many come up to the standard? Shall we, therefore, send every minister home? Methodism can't spare the eldership. Yet we can imagine how it might be broken down. If men should be put into it who have no magnetism, no zeal, no eloquence, no power over the masses, no evangelistic spirit, no ability to stir up dead churches, no kindness for ministers unless their personal friends, but who, because of some personal dignity, in possession of wealth, or connection with influential families, or many years in the ministry, or skill in theology (and yet having so many negatives that no prominent church will have them), must still be provided for,—the time would soon come when the Church would throw off such an incubus as the presiding eldership then would be, and in throwing it off would likely throw something else off that we cannot well spare, or so modify the something else that it would hardly recognize itself in its new shape.

But we should have no fears of this, for we do not often find more wisdom concentrated into one body than we find among the superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. They have been wise and true, and we have reason to believe will be.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE AT CONFERENCE.

There are many things done at Annual Conferences. Many reports are made and heard. Valuable statistics are gathered and published. Many questions are proposed and discussed, sermons are preached and anniversary speeches delivered. The appointments are made and the preachers go home. But after all this we often find the people at the seat of Conference disappointed, especially if at a place where Conference was never held before. They looked for much *religion*, but they found more *business* than religion.

And do not ministers sometimes go home from Conference with souls rather lean? Now, the business must be done, and a great deal more than business might and should be done. A devotional fire might be kindled that would warm the whole town, and send the ministers and laymen who have been connected with the Conference home flaming with a fresh love for God and souls. The seed for a hundred revivals might be planted at Conference. A public devotional meeting held every afternoon at three o'clock, would do much toward the accomplishment of this purpose. These exercises should be conducted so as to advance all attending in personal holiness and faith.

If it should not be convenient to hold said meetings in the church at which the Conference is held, a room not far off could, in most instances, be procured. Ministers having no special duties in the afternoon, and many of the people of the town or city whose morning duties will not allow them to attend the regular Conference sessions, would attend these meetings,

very much to their personal good, and to the general welfare of the Church. Shall not our Conferences be pentecostal seasons? Shall we not kindle fires at them that shall burn all through the year to come?

The Methodist Church never needed a baptism of love divine more than she does now. While our souls are touched on every side by the contaminating influences of sin, and rapidly borne onward by the swift-wheeled chariot of time toward the judgment, we need all the help we can get from daily meetings held for the promotion of holiness.

Let us, then, waste no time at Conference, but see to it that we work while the day lasts.

A WORD TO RICH METHODISTS.

On seeing it announced that a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church within the bounds of the New Jersey Conference, had by will left one hundred and fifty dollars to be divided among the Conference claimants, I was led to ask, "Why do not our wealthy Methodists oftener manifest their gratitude for salvation in this way?" There is a merchant now successful and rich as man need be. He has his city residence, country-seat and many thousands at his command. A few years ago he was a thoughtless young man just entering upon a career of dissipation. The more thoughtful among his acquaintances shook their heads ominously as they looked upon the fast young man. But he attended church. A minister then in his prime with love and fervor besought him, in common with hundreds of others, to give his heart to God. Personal appeals were also made. He at length yielded,

gave his heart to God, and was just saved in time. He became a new man. Religion made him thoughtful, careful, industrious and economical. God blessed him, and he prospered. The minister who instrumentally saved him is now on the list of "worn-out" or "broken-down" men. He is poor. The Conference gives him a pittance, his children help him a little, and so he goes in half want down to the grave. Has the rich merchant forgotten the man to whom, under God, he owes all his success? No—not forgotten him; the mention of his name always warms his heart—but would it not be right for him to do a little *more* than remember and feel kindly toward him? The income of a few thousands settled on that minister would make the residue of his journey very pleasant. Such a deed would have a moral beauty as well as justice in it. It would also aid the worn-out minister to repel the tempter when he suggests, "Now that your work is done, and you are of no further use, you are turned adrift like an old horse to die on the common of neglect." Ingratitude, it is said, is the basest of all crimes. We do not really believe it exists in the hearts of our wealthy Methodists; but they often fail to give it a practical manifestation. Said the Frenchman who stood in the midst of the crowd that was condoling with the carman whose horse had just been drowned, "I am *sorray* one five dollar!" and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out the money and laid it in the carman's hand. That *practical sympathy* was contagious, and furnished another horse in fifteen minutes. Let not love for the man who saved you from a life of dissipation and sin, and made a man of you, run off in

mere *sentimentalism* that can be turned into neither food nor raiment, but let your gratitude be transformed into *bread* and *clothing* and *fuel.* Money thus used would be seed sown, and under the blessing of God would speedily bring another crop. And though some of you, my readers, may not be rich, yet "let these things be in you and abound" when your pastors take up the collection for "Conference claimants."

HELPS AND HINDRANCES.

THE JOY OF THE LORD YOUR STRENGTH.

YOUR strength in bearing burdens and working for God. It matters but little how weary you may be; the joy of salvation will refresh you.

You have often gone to the house of God so weary that you could scarcely reach the place at all—brain weary, foot weary, hand weary and heart almost weary of life—and gone away fresh as a child in the morning. Your soul had been renewed, and as an effect the body had received new life and vigor too.

The camel, weary with his hundred miles' travel across the burning sands, eats a few dried leaves, drinks at the well, lies down on the hot earth and rolls about a while, and is ready for another dash across the arid plain.

So the tired burden-bearer comes to the house of God, drinks from the fountain of life and is renewed in soul and body too.

Ponce de Leon searched across this continent for the "fountain of life" that was to renew youth and confer immortality, but found it not.

It is here at the altar of God, an everflowing spring that will refresh the weary and bring youth to the aged. The joy of the Lord seems often to heal the sick.

Billy Hibberd found a man sick and sinful. He prayed with the sick one; the Spirit came upon him, and filled him with joy. The man got right out of bed and insisted that he was well. Hibberd was alarmed. The prejudice against Methodists in that community was so bitter that if the sick man should be made worse by the excitement, the church would be ruined. So he persuaded him to lie down and be quiet. But he was better, and soon came out a new man in every respect. The joy of the Lord had cured him.

One cannot easily overwork, so long as spiritual joy fills his soul. You cannot well overheat a well-oiled axle. If the current of salvation from the sea of love sweeps in upon your heart, it will work you without friction and without wear and tear. Working without power does the harm.

A thin horse must have more food to do the same work than one whose bones are well clad with flesh. Be filled with the Spirit, and hard work is easy.

Absent not yourself from the weekly prayer-meeting because you are weary; rather come and be renewed in both soul and body. In God is the fountain of life.

Joyful Christians, other things being equal, without doubt live longer than sad and gloomy ones, and accomplish much more while they do live. And life is worth far more to such than with those who always go with their heads bowed down.

Some get more of good out of life in a day than

others do in a month. Drink oft from the fountain, and your burdens will seem light.

YOU WILL BE TRIED.

It is said in Daniel, "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried." You will not be an exception. If sanctified, look out for the trying. The sanctification of a soul makes the devil angry. The sight of genuine holiness seems to throw him into spasms.

When one gets clear out of jail, he rouses up all hell, and scouts are sent out in every direction to bring him back. When Christ comes into a soul-house, the devil commonly hides in the basement or attic; but when driven by sanctifying grace out of his hiding-place, he has no more rest for the sole of his foot there; he goes off and gets seven other evil spirits to help him force his way back. Then look out for war.

Those whom you love best will very likely try you the most. Not being able to enter into your feelings, they will seem to drive right across your wishes and desires. Your spirit of devotion and their worldliness will not mix. If they are irreligious, persecution may come.

But, strangely enough, you will be tried by those in the church, and maybe those high in the church. There will be sneers about "these sanctified folks," "the holy people" and "perfection." You may be shunned and slighted. Some may, in an authoritative way, tell you that no one can live holy here. A minister, perchance, may admonish you that you should be very careful how you profess to be perfect in love, may tell you he has noticed that people who profess

perfection are very unreliable, and maybe he will give you a good long list of persons who, after professing sanctification, fell into gross immorality. Your leader, perhaps, will manage to let you know that he makes no such profession, and will give a long general admonition, meant for you in particular, to watch against spiritual pride.

But in the midst of it all keep calm, argue not. Don't talk much specifically about your trials. Go and tell Jesus—tell him all about it; and ask him for grace to bear it all, and wisdom to conduct yourself properly in perplexing circumstances.

Don't wonder and worry because you are tried. Are you any better than Joseph, or Daniel, or Stephen, or St. Paul? Be not severe on those in the church who oppose and try you. Pity them and pray for them. They are half blind, and see the things of God but dimly. And the poor blind man in the pulpit who is fumbling among these great truths, and seems not to know any of them clearly, pray for him by the hour. Pity him! Yes, indeed, when he is leading a whole troop of blind folks down into the ditch. It is no small thing for a man to stand in the pulpit and sneer at holiness—no small sin for him to say one discouraging word to one of the weakest of those interested in the subject of entire purity, as he will find out in the day of God.

Yes, pity and pray for the poor man—pray the scales off his eyes, pray *for* him in secret, but not *at* him in public. Thaw him out by your loving kindness. And be sure to hold fast to your profession. *Defy the lions*, quench the violence of fire, lift up the

banner, nail it to the mast, propagate your principles, sweeten the world, thaw the icebergs!

Let your opposers see that acid cannot corrode pure gold, and that love can live under the frown of unkindness. Do more praying, distribute more tracts, give more money, bear more burdens and bring more souls to Jesus than ever before, and Christ will take care of you and give you heaven for pay.

"Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried." Then be not surprised.

ARE YOU A BLESSING?

"Thou shalt be a blessing," said God to Abraham. Who would not be a blessing? It is desirable to be blessed, and equally so to be a blessing.

In a time of fiery drouth, when the fields were dry and the plants drooped their heads, I saw a cloud rise up in majesty from the west, and spreading its kind bosom over the land, pour its sparkling waters upon the thirsty fields. The plants and every spear of grass that had any life left lifted up their heads, as if they were saying, "Thank thee, kind cloud!" That cloud was such a blessing. Who would not be a blessing?

There are men in every community who are a curse to the people among whom they live—men of mind, of thought and influence, and yet each a curse. They dally with virtue, and she dies; frown upon morality, and she is not; sneer at holiness, and she hides away in the closet; cast the glare of their baleful eyes on the fair garden of domestic bliss, and every plant withers; they breathe their poisonous breath on the electors at the ballot-box, and political purity vanishes away.

Yes, there are men, and women too, who curse the soil upon which they tread.

And there are others who seem neither a curse nor a blessing, fit only to eat and to drink; to wear coats, hats and boots; to go out and come in, to lie down and get up; and none scarcely but the census-taker finds out that they live—a little more than nothing, and a little less than something.

Oh, I would not be a curse, so that when I died men would find relief in my death. I would not be simply a dead weight in society, so that when I died men might be glad that a clod had fallen from the wheels of time.

By the silent influence of example, by fervent prayer, by the force of good words and deeds, you may be a blessing. Instrumentally, you may make some one good, may make some one happy, and even fill a whole neighborhood with joy and gladness.

God says to thee, as to Abraham, "I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing."

KEEP UP YOUR EXPERIENCE.

It is well to profess holiness. It is difficult, if not impossible, to retain the blessing without professing it. John Fletcher, though so noted a saint and so wise in the things of God, lost the witness of perfect love four or five times from not confessing it. Thousands have had a similar experience. I would say to all, if God has bestowed this precious grace upon you, let the world know it. It will do both you and the world good.

But there is a danger on the other side. It is pos-

sible to keep up the profession after the experience runs out.

I knew of such a case. A brother was sweetly cleansed. There was no doubt of it. The blessing shone forth beautifully in his life for a number of years. But in the process of time, in the absence of the preaching of the doctrine in his church, little by little the fine gold became dim. The power, the unction, the sweetness he once enjoyed, it was apparent to all, were gone. Yet he kept up the profession of holiness. But his testimony grated on spiritual ears, like a wheel revolving on an oilless axle. It made good folks nervous. Be sure to keep up your experience as high as your profession.

If the former fails, be honest in confessing it. God and man both love honesty. It will not do so much harm to acknowledge declension as to keep up the profession when the grace is gone. Examine yourself frequently to see if you are in the faith. The brother referred to above doubtless failed at this point. He did not mean to tell a lie about so sacred a subject. But with a little of his own help, the devil deceived him as to his true spiritual state.

If you have lost any degree of love from your soul, the shortest way back to the lost state is by the way of acknowledgment and confession.

Keep up your experience, and then humbly tell it to the world. Jesus wants witnesses to such matters of fact, but false witnesses will not do his cause any good.

BUYING ON TRUST.

"What a bargain I have!" said a lady who had been out shopping. "Here are goods worth one dollar and seventy-five cents that I bought for one dollar and a quarter." But another lady made a better bargain. She had no money in her purse, no meal in the barrel, meat in the larder or credit among the shopkeepers. Yet she was in need. Said she, "There is one store at which I can buy, though I have no money." She went into her closet, shut the door, and there she found another door open—the door of the store of grace. The heavenly Merchant was in. "What wouldst thou have?" "Perfect peace for my poor heart," said she. "But knowest thou not that perfect peace is a rare commodity? Believest thou that I have it for thee? Canst thou trust me for so great blessings?" "Oh yes; nothing is impossible with thee. True I have no money, but thou hast advertised to sell without money and without price." This pleased the heavenly Merchant. The Holy Ghost, who was there to wait on customers, conferred the desired blessing on her, and she went home full of the peace of God—at peace with God, with the world, and with the passions of her own heart, for the elements of internal trouble were cast out. That was a bargain—perfect peace bought on trust. She rejoiced in the fullness of this blessing for many a day. At length her husband died, and her supply of perfect peace seemed well-nigh exhausted. Was there enough in the market to meet her great need? There was only one store at which it could be obtained at all —*it was* the store of grace kept by Jesus, where she at *first bought the* precious merchandise. Thither she

went again, still without money, and bought on trust again, for she knew it had been said of the heavenly Merchant, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." For a long time she bought daily.

After a little her only son, upon whom she had depended for daily bread after her husband's death, died also. Could she find a supply of *perfect* peace now? Yes, she went and bought on trust again; Jesus kept her in perfect peace many a day. But how stands her account now? Is she not much in debt, as the result of buying so much on trust? She inquired into the account one day at the store, and came back singing,

> "Jesus paid it all—
> All the debt I owe."

Bankrupts can't deal at a better store. You, reader, if you have undertaken to settle with justice, are bankrupt. Go to Jesus—no one else will trust you for what you need—and you will obtain perfect peace on trust.

BEWARE OF EXPLOSIVES.

One of the editors of the Chicago *Tribune* had a shell—a souvenir of the siege of Paris—in his office. It produced no disturbance until the great fire came, and then the heat became so intense that it exploded, cutting out a section of the solid wall fifteen feet wide from the bottom to the top. Rather an expensive keepsake!

There were other dangerous explosives in that unfortunate city—men who had been left without religious instruction, and to go their own way. They were sav-

age, ferocious with sin; but as they generally kept themselves hid in their dens about the city, no one was troubled about them. They had *votes*, and on election-day they were carefully looked up, and voted—several times perhaps; and that was about all the notice that was taken of them by *civilized* people. But when the fire came, they sprang from their dens; and as the fire did not spread fast enough to suit their fiendish purposes, they seized burning torches, and going in advance of the wing of flame, kindled it where no spark had yet fallen. They seemed quite harmless in peaceful times; but when the day of trouble came, they were fiery demons let loose. The animals in the great menagerie of sin are costly beasts. Beware when they break from their cages. These people are bombshells in the basement. Leave the premises when the sparks of temptation are falling.

Boys growing up in homes where there is no prayer and no God, and roving the streets and commons instead of being at Sabbath-school, are getting their torches ready to burn your property, that they may the more readily steal what they will not work for. A secret sin is a dangerous explosive. It may be hidden behind a moral exterior. You may keep it from the eyes of the world for a time. It may make but little disturbance in its hiding-place. But at length the tempter becomes very bold, prudence falls asleep, your hidden sin comes from its hiding-place, and there is an explosion in the community about your ears. The wall of your habitation is rent from bottom to top.

Inbred sin is an explosive. Some people imagine that if they are converted they need not be very par-

ticular about entire sanctification. But often, under temptation, there is an explosion of anger. A quarrel is excited in the church. Difficulties that years will not overcome grow up in an hour. Influence for good is blown to the winds. Remove the explosives. Be entirely sanctified, that the last tinge of the carnal mind may be removed.

Beware of explosives!

ANGER KILLS.

It takes many coffins every year to accommodate those who die of anger. Some when angry turn pale, the voice is tremulous and husky, the heart throbs, and the whole frame is shaken like a house in a tempest. The blood has flowed in upon the heart and is producing suffocation.

Others when angry become red in the face; the veins in the neck and temples swell; the eyes flash like those of a tiger; the blood is rushing up to the brain. Apoplexy may come directly.

Anger is a fire in which souls and bodies are burned. Many very pleasant ladies and gentlemen are subject to anger—at least they are pleasant except when these fits are on them; then you would rather they were a mile or so away. Anger soon shatters the soul-house.

I saw a house a few months since in which there had been an explosion. It was not torn down, but shattered. It seemed to me that every board on it was split, and every piece of slate on the roof broken. It was a wreck. So a few bursts of anger in the soul soon tear the body to pieces.

The nervous system is one of the most exquisite

contrivances ever made by the great Inventor himself. The electric telegraph is nowhere in comparison with it. When it is worn out or put out of gear, you might as well die. You are of no account, but a nuisance to all.

A storm of passion will disorder one's nervous system about as soon as a thunder-storm the wires of a telegraphic line. A few such storms will destroy it altogether.

You will die soon enough without calling in anger to help you off the stage. The Christian should not allow the devil to kindle the fire of anger in his soul.

Suppose the basement of the house in which you live takes fire; you soon extinguish the flames, and thank God that the fire is out. But on going up in the apartments above you find the walls and ceilings dingy, and the room offensive with the odor of smoke.

Many a soul-house is in a bad condition to-day because of the fire of anger that recently burned there. Let love reign in your soul, and the demon of anger will find no place.

Give Christ a fair chance, and he will save you from this as well as any other sin.

Anger may do very well for a tiger or rattlesnake, but it is a disgrace to a man, and especially to a Christian.

CAN YOU GOVERN YOUR TEMPER?

Riding in the cars lately, I fell in with an acquaintance who had been in the church for nineteen years. Speaking of the subject of perfect love, he said he did *not* believe that any one could be so influenced by love *as to never be* angry. He said he did not see that per-

sons in the church governed their tempers any better than those out of it. I said not much in reply, save to remark that it was a shame that there was so little grace in the church.

Since that I have been asking, What have that man's pastors been preaching about for nineteen years, seeing that he has not yet learned that "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee because he trusteth in thee"? Maybe geology or astronomy. And if it be true that Christians cannot control their tempers, what a miserable failure must the mission of Jesus Christ to this world have been, seeing that he brought not enough power with him to save his people from these murderous ebullitions of anger! Anger is a murderer, Jesus says. Let us beware how we slander the Son of God by saying that he cannot extinguish the fires of anger in the bosoms of true believers. But let us rather publish everywhere that "he saves his people *from* their sins."

RELIGION MADE EASY.

A mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost makes religion easy, both in doing and suffering; but when men make religion easy, it is another matter. In this kind of "religion made easy" there are crosses, but they hang upon the neck as adornments, or are put on the spire of the church to please the eye. It is more easy to *pay* for putting a cross on the spire than it is to *bear* a cross for Christ. Dr. Smooth-em-down knows how to make religion easy.

Some of his people went to Camp Meeting, and heard much about *holiness*, *perfect love*, etc. One of

them came home with her soul greatly stirred. She went to the doctor, told him her story and asked him how she was to obtain the desired blessing. After dealing a while in "glittering generalities," he asked her if she had not been converted. "Oh yes." Then said he, "Go on, be faithful to the grace already given, and all will be well." So he smoothed down the way, made it all easy, and she went to sleep again. Then, in a sermon soon after, he took occasion to hit the "perfectionists," and soon his whole church was sleeping nicely as before.

Class-leader Smooth-em-down deals in "religion made easy" too. One of the members of his class was the wife of one of the stewards of the church. Said steward had almost any quantity of piety on hand —official piety. It might almost have been cut into cubes, sawed into blocks and sold in pounds avoirdupois, like ice, so heavy, solid and cold was it.

His wife, poor thing! had been dead spiritually for a long time, though keeping up some external show of religion, such as attending and working at fairs, festivals and donations.

But she waked up at last to see that her soul was void of grace, and that she had no more ground for hope than any other sinner. Not knowing what else to do, she went to class, and with tears told the sad story of her destitution and asked for help.

What an opportunity had that leader to lead a soul into the realm of spiritual life! How natural for him, seeing that hungry soul before him crying for bread, to have offered her the bread of life! Instead of that, *Class-leader* Smooth-em-down began to sing something

about heaven, and then in substance said, "Now, sister, the devil is tempting you, and trying to make you think you are not a Christian; now, we know what has been the manner of your life here among us better than you do."

Then he told her of her good works, long years in the church, etc., until she had some reason to think herself quite a saint. And yet all the while her soul was almost consumed with spiritual want, and her heart cried out for the living God. O ye guides of the people! it is not Dr. Smooth-em-down's soothing-syrup that the people need, but truths sharp as the hail that swept the coasts of Egypt, to make them walk well in their going, lest the next step plunge them into hell.

Take your stand out there in the midst of the many paths human feet are treading, and shout to them, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Don't be afraid that people will be too holy and somewhat overleap perfection. Do not hold them back or discourage them, but stimulate them and encourage them on. And let all souls beware of *religion made easy*. Many go down to death and hell by that smooth pathway.

THE SAVIOUR'S METHOD WITH THE FALLEN.

Many in the church have little or no patience with the feeble and wavering. Paul says: "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one." But many who are influential in the church have little or no patience with the unsteady. No effort may be made to discipline them, and, on the

other hand, no effort is made to restore them; but they are left as rubbish in the church. In calling upon such pastorally, I have found them in doubt whether they were church-members or not. No one, not even a class-leader, had been looking them up, and whether in the church or out of it they could not tell. Jesus would have us look after the wanderers, and he would have us deal tenderly with them. Some have none but sharp words for the unfaithful. When Jesus found one who had been "overtaken in a fault," he spoke as tenderly to him as ever did a mother to her child.

Peter, in the hour of Christ's arrest, forsook him and fled. He then "followed him afar off," "sat down" with his enemies, denied him, and finally "swore" that he "knew not the man." Rather a faulty Christian! Had Jesus possessed the spirit of many in the church, he would have said, when he found him among his disciples, "You villain! are you here among my disciples to disgrace them and my church? Out of this!" But he did not—did not even refer specifically to his sins, did not so much as say, "Peter, I am sorry you cursed and swore the other day." But in his own tender, significant way, he said, "Peter, lovest thou me?" And that, it seems, was almost enough to kill Peter. The Saviour's delicacy in not referring to his faults, while he sought to win him from his sins, melted his heart, while severe denunciation could only have crushed him and sunk him in the deepest despair. Some might have thought that it would not pay to restore one who had denied his Lord and cursed and swore, but in the first revival effort after the Saviour's ascension Peter had the leadership, and three thousand

were converted to God. No wonder that Jesus in the early morning along the shore of the lake took more notice of Peter than of the more faithful John, James and Andrew. He was after the one sheep that had gone astray. The "ninety and nine" were now safe in the fold.

Oh, how few in the church have the Saviour's tender skill in leading souls back into the fold! Too many in their rude rebukes drive them farther away. I remember one Sabbath morning when I received a young woman into the church on probation. She was a poor weak thing both in intellect and morals. But she had been sick—had seen the grave uncomfortably near; had, to all appearance, sincerely sought God and professed conversion. She had now joined the church, and we were willing to let her try to walk the narrow way. But one of the more aged and really spiritual sisters present did not like the young girl's bonnet, and indeed it was rather a wild-looking bonnet for one to wear who proposed to be a Christian and a Methodist. I suppose it had enough feathers on it to suggest the thought of its flying away. When the congregation was dismissed, the good sister in question severely reprimanded her for wearing such an outlandish bonnet. It crushed her, and she came not back. Had she invited the poor girl around to her house, and kindly taught her that the religion of Jesus required nonconformity to the fashions of this world, and much more especially that the "King's daughter" should be "all glorious within," a soul might have been saved and another star set in the Redeemer's crown.

Go out after the wanderers, and remember that the

kind word tells. Souls are not to be driven into the kingdom of God, but led. You may crush hearts by severity, but kindness binds up and heals. Half of those lost to the church each year might be saved if the "spiritual" would make Christ-like efforts to restore them. To every heart there is a door, if you have wisdom and kindness enough to find it.

NO OTHER NAME.

At a meeting for the promotion of holiness many were testifying in regard to their spiritual state. Some, forgetting the purpose of the meeting, indulged in long talks about matters general and irrelevant. This wearied the congregation, as was manifest from the expression on their faces and evident listlessness. At length, after two or three tiresome testimonies, one arose and told a sweet story about Jesus and his love. Immediately the faces of the congregation brightened and glowed as if the sun had arisen upon them. And I noticed that whenever thereafter the name of Jesus was uttered by one who felt its power, faces brightened and tears flowed. In my heart I said, There is no name like that name. It rouses, enlightens and charms.

It is our stronghold, and our mightiest weapon of offence and defence. We should have more of Christ in our hearts, in our words and in our lives. And in our experience-meetings speak of Christ. Tell what you know of his love and power to save. Pass by your dreams; begin no long story about some military hero or classical character. Neither preach a sermon nor deliver an exhortation, but tell us what you know about Jesus.

BE DEFINITE.

In a recent experience-meeting a local preacher who had just received a glorious baptism said, "You may call it what you please, but I have just received a precious blessing." He went on to tell how happy he felt, and what a victory he had obtained. Yet he was indefinite, and ventured not to say what God had done for him, save that in general terms he said that great things had been done for him.

Father Coleman soon arose, and said in substance, "Call the blessings God gives you by their right names, for he has given names to all the blessings he gives to us. He calls one of his blessings a clean heart. If he has given it to you, say so." And how true this is! God calls everything by its appropriate name. He names one phase of the work he does for the soul "justification;" another, "regeneration;" another, "clean heart," "perfect love," etc. Now, when we speak of any one of these blessings, had we not better do so under the name that God hath given it? Have we any right to call it what we "please," when God has given it a name descriptive of its nature? Or is it likely that we can invent a better name than God has given it? Can we truthfully call a mountain a valley, or say that white is yellow? Be definite and truthful in speaking of God's dealings with your soul.

WARPED.

You have seen a warped weather-board on a building. It had been well nailed on, but being cross-grained or imperfectly seasoned, it warped—the edge

twisted, kinked up, making quite an opening for the wind to enter and for the rain to drive in upon the timbers of the edifice.

After a heavy rain, when the board is wet and pliable, the owner goes with hammer and long, strong nails, and applying much force, fixes the board to its place and nails it there. Now the opening is closed, and the board lies uniform like its fellows.

But as it dries under the influence of the sun and atmosphere it strains to resume its previous shape, and soon it snaps the nails or draws their heads through its own substance, and becomes a warped board again.

So the human heart becomes warped by sinful habits and twisted out of all virtuous shape. At conversion the grace of God is poured into it, and it seems conformed to the heavenly pattern. But under the influence of temptation a tendency is felt to warp back into old habits.

The reformed drinker feels the witchery of the old appetite. The converted libertine often sees the path that leads to his old haunts. Sanctifying grace is the best remedy for a warped heart. But a heart once warped must ever be watched. Jesus must live in it all the time, or it will soon be hopelessly kinked with sin.

FEEBLE ONES EASILY FALL.

It don't cost the devil much exertion to overthrow some professors, they are so feeble. He just casts them down with his little finger—trips them up with a straw, and brings them down sprawling upon the ground. He sets his trap out in plain sight, scatters some chaff around it, and they go in and are ruined.

He ties them hand and foot with a gossamer thread of doubt and fear, so that they cannot do anything for God and souls. He plays with them as a cat plays with a mouse that she means to kill and eat directly. Ah, the feeble ones! The church has so many of them limping about with Satan right at their heels.

But he has to beware how he approaches the *strong ones.* They have so much of God in them that it is hardly safe for him to lay his paw upon them. They live so near the cross, which makes the ground so holy that the devil himself slips up every time he sets his foot upon it. The atmosphere there is so pure that he cannot well breathe it. They resist him, and he flees from them.

O ye feeble ones, go ye and sit at the Lord's table, and eating the God-given food, grow strong, that ye may not be limping and falling about, to the disgrace of the church.

PREVALENT EVIL HABITS.

TYRANNY OF TOBACCO.

HOW strange that tobacco-users should so generally forget other people's rights! After a sick night recently, I got into a railway car to go home, having been away from home trying to save souls. Upon sitting down in the seat selected, I saw a great quid of tobacco spread over the floor at my feet, in the midst of puddles of spittle. I commonly avoid such a seat at any time; but feeling as I did then, I left that place tolerably quick. If I did chew tobacco, I would neither spit on other people nor leave it where they would get into it.

While suffering one day with nervous headache, I went out on the street for fresh air. I soon found a man on the walk before me smoking a miserable cigar. I rushed past the smoker to get rid of the nuisance. But I found another tobacco-chimney before me, and rushed by him in like manner, only to find another belching smoke like a volcano just ahead.

It then seemed to me that a curtain of tobacco-smoke rested down on the whole city. I at once raised the

question in my mind whether a man with nervous headache had any street rights that smokers were bound to respect. I then remembered that in some New England town a municipal law forbade smoking on the streets. I longed to be there.

I went into the State-house one day to look at the law-makers of the State of New Jersey. I arrived a few minutes before the time for opening. About one-fourth of the members present were smoking, and the chamber was filled with the sickening odors common to a crowded and heated room. It was a *nice* place—a likely fountain for pure laws. The ladies were there, too, to see the gallant legislators, and to smell the smoke.

I was at a select meeting of temperance men, many of them men of mark. It was an occasion of interest. I asked a minister present how he enjoyed the meeting. "Very well," said he, "except that the man next to me on my right stunk so of tobacco that it made me sick. All that right side of me is sick now." The man was temperate about rum, but intemperate in the use of tobacco.

Well, this is a free country; of course it is. Your smoker and chewer has a right to smoke and spit when he chooses. Bunker Hill and Monmouth stand good for that. But what becomes of our rights not to be smoked brown and sick, and spit upon besides? Don't Bunker Hill and Monmouth work that way too? And what if a man does his smoking at home, and then brings his smoke-dried carcass, wrapped in well-smoked clothes, and sits down by you in church, or in a car-seat? Must you endure, even to nausea? Can neither

the Declaration of Independence nor the Golden Rule do anything for you? Is this such a free country that everybody has the right to take your rights away?

It is consoling that there will be no smoking or chewing in heaven. Thank God for that! But what is to become of those who smoke and spit the saints half to death while on earth? Will the smoking-car take them through the gates of pearl into the celestial city? And if so, what will they do for tobacco? "for there shall not enter into it any thing that defileth." But that is their business, not mine. I am not to be tormented with smoke and juice any more.

THOUGHTLESSNESS A SIN.

"My people perish for lack of knowledge," said God, and it is as true now as then that *ignorance* sends its millions down to the grave and to hell every year. Ignorance is a sin when it may be superseded by knowledge. One who is too careless or too lazy to study, is accountable to God for his ignorance.

Next to ignorance as a cause of evil is *thoughtlessness.* It has destroyed millions of property and thousands of lives during this year of disaster. The great North-west was scorched by drought. For months the rain falls not. Prairie and forest are like tinder. Men of education and foresight are engaged in managing railroads. The train is made up and the passengers are in their seats; the signal is given, and away they fly across the plain and through the forests; a constant stream of sparks pours from the chimney of the locomotive; they ignite the grass on the prairie or the leaves in the forest, and soon hundreds of thousands

of acres are burned over—forests whose wood we need so much are destroyed; towns with thousands of people are consumed and grain and cattle swept away. Any one should have foreseen this, but these men did not *think*. Railroad companies should have the chimneys of their locomotives covered over with wire gauze in such a manner as to prevent the sparks from falling in such showers upon the parched plains and forests. But the trains dash on, and no one thinks of the flames of death they are liable to kindle in every mile of country through which they run.

Legislators meet in the State-houses in the various State capitals. They are supposed to know enough to keep out of the fire, but they take no measures to prevent thoughtless railroad managers from burning the forests and towns of the country. They don't *think* of that evil.

An Irish woman in Chicago has some cows to milk. Through some neglect, the work is not done until the darkness of night comes on. Maybe they have been to a Catholic parade. She sends her son out with a kerosene lamp to the stable, which is full of combustibles. It is supposed that said woman must have known something of the dangerous character of kerosene, as it has been constantly burning people and houses for the last dozen years. Almost any numskull should know now that it is most fearfully combustible and explosive. But she did not *think*. The boy goes out to the stable, and with a wisdom equal to his mother's, sets the lamp down within reach of the cow's foot, where he had often doubtless put it before. The cow kicked it over, and a city is burned to ashes and

many hundreds of lives are lost. Of course neither the mother nor the boy meant to burn the city. But they did not think.

The father who is raising a family of boys sees a drinking-saloon opened near his home, with all its infernal attractions for the young and unwary—violin, songs, jokes, games, etc. Said father is confounded to learn directly that two or three of his boys are first-class rowdies and almost ready for the penitentiary. He might have foreseen this very thing. But he did not think. He attended to his business, and allowed these man-traps to be set all around his home to ensnare his children.

The Christian, too, meets with losses and disappointments; the tide seems to be against him. He desponds, becomes gloomy, loses his cheerfulness and joy, all because he does not think. Why does he not think of God, of his almightiness, of his kindness to man, of his willingness to bless, of his ability to bring good out of evil, of his declaration that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God," and of heaven as our grand compensation for all our losses here? Ten minutes of such thinking would clear all the clouds away from his sky in the darkest day. But he does not, as a Christian should, thus think of the great fundamentals of his faith, but broods over his ills, counts up his losses, and whines around like a half idiot until he is about ready to commit suicide. Why does he not lift his head up like a man and *think?*

Some people don't use their minds much—that is, on the right subjects. They have not acquired the wisdom that sees the best end and the best mode of

attaining it. They do not mark the avenues of evil nor accurately note the fountains of good. "My people doth not consider," saith God. Thoughtlessness is one of the great sins of the day. Want of consideration is one of the great evils of the times.

"When wisdom entereth into thy heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee." Knowledge, thoughtfulness and faith will take you through life and render you a blessing to all around you. "Consider!"

YOUNG MAN, STOP!

You have gone far enough on the pathway of ruin. Put down that glass; you are its slave now. If you dash it not down soon, you can never be free.

Recently in a country town in New Jersey there took place a sad funeral. A young man of noble form and rare natural gifts was buried. He was a graduate of Harvard University, and also of the law-school at that place. He had graduated with distinction, and was considered one of the most brilliant young men ever reared in that part of the State. He seemed to have almost every element of power. But he was the slave of the cup, and such a slave! He had been known to drink two quarts of whisky and two bottles of champagne while dressing. Great efforts were made to save him. An indulgent father and loving mother entreated. Hosts of friends who were expecting so much of him expostulated. Men who had not sense enough to see that to drink at all is damnation thought he *was* drinking rather too much. Radical temperance men whose motto is "taste not, touch not," gathered round him

and got him to join their band. He seemed a new man. He opened a law-office, and prospects brightened. He lectured on temperance to crowded audiences of people who were delighted with his eloquence.

But a demon clad in human flesh, instigated by the devil-in-chief, got him to take *one glass*. The awakened appetite cried, "More, *more!*" He never ceased after that. He took his last spree with the county judge, who is also an eminent lawyer, but doubtless will fill a drunkard's grave. When entirely exhausted, he was taken by a friend to his father's farm and left in care of a tenant at his house, for the young man would not go into the presence of his mother when drunk. There he died. He was buried on the 29th of December amid falling rain and hail, as if the skies were weeping too. The minister gently intimated that somebody was responsible for the young man's death. That was true enough. His blood is spattered about on many garments. All the people in that community save those who are doing what they can to bring about entire prohibition have that man's blood upon them. Some are red with his blood. Those who tempted him to drink, sold him drink and drank with him will appear in the judgment with his blood dripping from them. Stand aside when the thunderbolts of vengeance shall be launched from the hands of justice at the guilty heads of those murderers. Stand aside.

Young man, put down that glass. Are you fool enough to sip it until you are its slave? Are you so void of sense as to continue in the very pathway that you know has led so many to ruin?

"I do not mean to be a drunkard." You do not. Well, who ever did? Who of the hundreds of thousands of drunkards now reeling our streets or rotting in our almshouses ever meant to be a drunkard? They became drunkards because they would not see that it is unsafe to drink at all. They became drunkards because filled with the *silly self-conceit* that *they* could stand when others fell. If the brilliant graduate of Harvard could not resist the power of the cup, how dare *you* touch the devilish thing?

Please, now, don't be a fool. Dash down the glass; never touch it again. Maybe your father or grandfather was a tippler or drunkard, and the latent distemper is in your blood, only needing a *taste* to excite it to ungovernable violence. Many are hereditary drunkards. A man may inherit a tendency to drunkenness as well as to consumption—may inherit a grave in the potter's field as well as a title to a farm.

Away, then, with the cup! Stop where you are. Sell not your liberty to please your palate. Barter not away prosperity for this life for the sake of a pleasing sensation in the organs of taste. Bottle not up tears of eternal misery in order that you may, in company with fools, drain the whisky-bottle now.

Come, now, show yourself to be a man. Drink, drink! What employment for an immortal soul! Tipple, tipple! What business for an intellectual being in the last half of the nineteenth century, with fields most suggestive of thought opening on every hand!

Again I say to the young man on his way to the drink-shop, Stop! Now, at the beginning of the year,

lock hands with sobriety, morality and religion, and march on to the fair realm of prosperity and peace.

IS IT SAFE TO FOLLOW YOUR EXAMPLE?

Beware of the character of your influence, for "no man liveth to himself."

A promising young man just entering on the stage of life was revolving the wine question in his mind. He half inclined to the opinion that there was no harm in drinking a little wine, especially domestic wine, in the social circle. On the other hand, some that loved him were trying to dissuade him from so much as tasting it. Thus the contest went on. He did not wish to incur the ridicule of his young associates by refusing a little wine if it was harmless. At the same time, the animal, to which his intellectual and moral natures had been united, craved whatever food or drink might be agreeable to the appetite. Neither did he wish to grieve his friends who would pledge him to total abstinence.

Just at this critical time, a "wine wedding" came off to which our young man was invited. As soon as the wine-glasses started round, the contest commenced anew in his mind. Drink or not drink was the question. Said he at last, "I will do as my pastor does." He watched his minister. (How ministers are watched as well as listened to!) When the waiter offered the wine to the man of God (so called), he took the glass without hesitation, and drained it dry perhaps, or, it may be, only touched his lips to its contents. But in either case enough was done. The young man's scruples were swept away; he followed his pastor's

example—drank until he was merry, drank after that until an appetite for something stronger was awakened, and then drank something stronger until he became a drunkard. Those who made the wine wedding and the wine-drinking minister must in the judgment share the responsibility of destroying a man.

Reader, which way does your example point? Not what is the import of your words, but which way do your deeds point? You live on a hill—a small one, perhaps; all the world does not see you, but somebody does, and somebody will follow in your wake to heaven or hell. One act of yours—one in which you may mean no harm—may start a soul on a career whose end is eternal death. How careful should teachers, college presidents and professors and ministers, upon whom the eyes of the young so constantly rest, be in respect to the direction in which their examples point!

ASPECTS OF HOLINESS.

HOLINESS EASY.

SOME think it is hard. The hard part comes in just before entire holiness commences. It is found just at that point where the soul is determining whether God shall have all, or that uncertain part given by the mass of professors in the church. The hill is steep and very difficult at that part of the journey.

The man finds it hard, too, who is determined to be so faithful to God as to be considered a "very good Christian," and at the same time conform to the fashions of the world so much as to retain its respect as a man of "liberal views," and "no fanatic." That man will find sharp corners to turn. He will find it hard to go double in religion. He will have his "ups and downs," and many more *downs* than ups. He will be able to testify from his own experience that "this world is no friend to grace, to help us on to God."

But when one has counted the cost of a passage on the air-line to heaven, and paid it, he will find religion becoming easy and very pleasant. It is haggling

about the price of the passage that makes the business so hard. Holiness hard! Why should it be? Is it hard for Jesus to cleanse and keep and fill the heart "with all the fullness of God"? When the soul is filled with perfect love, is it hard for us to measure up to the demands of duty?

When once you are on the highway of holiness, and have resolved that you will keep on it at all hazards, you will find it easy going. Not but what there will be trials and afflictions, for in this world "ye shall have tribulations." The devil will occasionally heat up a furnace about seven times hotter than need be for your accommodation, but it will be better for you to be in it with Jesus than outside without him, for the escape heat slew those by the door of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, while the Hebrew children were safe with the Son of God amidst the fire.

When you determine "to obey God" at any cost, you must find holiness. And not only so, but as has been already intimated, all the duties of religion will be easy. Working in the vineyard with an empty heart is hard, oh so hard—almost enough to kill one! But working in any field with a heart full of love to both God and man is easy—oh how easy! Perfect love will work you as steam works an engine.

HOLINESS POSSIBLE, REASONABLE AND PRACTICABLE.

Man requires less talent for holiness than for any other Christian duty. To preach a sermon, deliver an exhortation, lead a class, counsel the ignorant or to comfort the sorrowful, you need talents, gifts, power. But holiness is possible to him who has only the fewest

grains of common sense conceivable. Jesus came to save us from our sins, and he knows much, though we may know but little. There is an ocean of divine blood for us to wash in. The Holy Ghost has come to dwell in us, apply the blood and keep us clean.

The great problem of holiness is not for us to work out, but for God, who dwelleth in us. We have simply to obey God, hold on to him by faith, and be saved fully and all the time. If you have a grain of common sense, you know enough to be holy. The difficult part is done by Jesus; you have only to do the natural and easy thing of believing, having the almighty Holy Ghost to help you even in that. God's law requires little, if anything, easier than holiness. Do not, then, the foolish thing of saying that holiness is difficult or impossible.

After admitting that Jesus is the God-man, the very God, and that he came into the world with all his divine powers to save us from our sins, don't stultify yourselves by saying you cannot be holy. If Jesus be divine, how can he do less than save to the uttermost? An uttermost salvation is holiness. Some deny the possibility of holiness because they have been badly taught, some because they have a wicked prejudice against the subject, and some because they don't want to be holy—don't want to walk in that narrow path and be fenced in from all the pleasure-fields of sin—wouldn't be holy for a thousand dollars a year.

But if the Scriptures mean anything, holiness is possible, reasonable and easy—easy because God helps all the time.

GOD TENACIOUS ABOUT HOLINESS.

Many have an idea that some make entirely too much ado about the matter of holiness. They seem to think that the churches are quite good enough now, and do not need so much urging to holiness: "People are not to be expected to be so very good in this world of sin and temptation. And as to being always walking in the narrow way, it is out of the question." Certain ones blamed Moses for demanding so much of the people. They said, "Are not all the people holy? They are as good as you are now: why don't you let them alone?" "The church is all right; get more sinners converted, and stop this noise about holiness. Holiness Camp Meetings, holiness conventions, holiness social meetings—we are tired of the whole thing."

Religion made easy is well enough, unless God has shown a disposition to be strict. Is God tenacious in regard to the matter?

Achan was a pretty fair sort of a church-member, so far as we know, save that he was a little sharp about a wedge of gold and a fine Babylonish garment.

"Oh, this everlasting talk about business integrity, the Golden Rule and business!" "Business-men must do business on business principles. What do ministers know about business? Why don't they mind their own affairs, and let things alone of which they know nothing?"

"And dress! Preach about dress! What has one's clothes to do with his religion? Preach the gospel, and let these outside issues alone!" To be sure; but then God killed Achan because he was a little too sharp

about gold and ran a little too much after fine garments.

God is somewhat particular about these matters. God also shut Moses out of Canaan because he got angry *once.*

"Oh, this talk about anger! I am tired of it. Why don't you preach the gospel and cease talking about such commonplace things? Who can get along in this aggravating world without getting angry once in a while? Do you imagine that God will shut one out of heaven because he shows a little temper occasionally?"

Perhaps not. And yet if God could have given any man license to blaze away in anger now and then, I think he would have done so to Moses, for Moses had stood by the cause of God when fidelity cost something. But God, it seems, could not afford to lower the standard of holiness to accommodate even such a favorite as Moses, but exacted of him heavy penalty for anger.

God is particular.

Ananias and Sapphira, too, sold some real estate, intending to give the money to God, but getting somewhat economical, "kept back part of the price," laying down, nevertheless, a large sum at the apostles' feet. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yea, for so much." And so they did, and for somewhat more. It was not much of a lie, only about half a lie—the fair side of a lie. Yet they fell down dead under the curse of God, and were buried. "Truth in the inward parts" is God's demand—holiness within and without, first, last and all the time; and nothing else will please God.

So we might as well clear away the rubbish and chaff, and keep ourselves pure, or we shall have trouble at the last. Mere outside varnish will not do; but "blessed are the pure *in heart!*"

WHAT WOULD BE THE CASE?

What would be the case if the Church enjoyed perfect love?

There would be no lack of money to carry out the most enlarged plans of benevolence. Churches would be sustained, tracts distributed, missionaries sent abroad, church debts paid, etc., without difficulty, as *entire consecration*, which is indispensable to perfect love, would compel even the naturally *miserly* to unlock and give. If the agents of our various church charities, in their money-raising efforts, would endeavor to make the experience of entire sanctification more common in the Church, they would do quite as much toward the accomplishment of their end as by jokes and witticisms. Entire consecration, holiness and tender conscience will pay more money into the treasury of the Church than the smallest tricks ever tried in giving money for charity. Let ministers be true to the Bible and Wesleyan doctrine of holiness, embracing of course entire consecration, and we will have money enough. A sermon in behalf of perfect love is at the same time a sermon in behalf of giving all, including money, to God.

There would be no lack of laborers in the Church if the experience of perfect love were general; no lack of help in the prayer-meetings; plenty to go out and lovingly seek souls for Jesus; a surplus of volunteers

to distribute tracts and visit the sick and needy; pastors would not have to whip the church a month to get the members ready to work in a revival effort. Entire consecration would compel them to do it. Their ardent and perfect love would drive them, and make work and sacrifice a pleasure. What! Starve a church, and then expect work! Poor lean souls that can hardly live themselves expected to go out and drag others out of the pit! This is the extreme of folly.

Fill the souls of your people with love, and they cannot be held back from work. But if you hide the doctrine of perfect love from them, don't complain if there is coldness and death in your church. Christians in the full enjoyment of perfect love, are continually making direct efforts to save souls from sin. Others do so only periodically, if at all.

In a church where perfect love was generally enjoyed, there would be a divine power that would subdue the ungodly and bring them to Christ almost without direct effort on the part of the Church.

The writer, a few evenings since, was at a large meeting convened expressly for the promotion of holiness. Prayers were offered and hymns were sung. Holiness was the burden of prayer and song. Then testimonies were given in regard to the same blessed grace. But no direct endeavor was made to impress sinners. If the growler was there, most likely he said, "Why don't they try to get sinners converted?"

Toward the close of the meeting, which was as sweet almost as heaven, an opportunity was given for persons to come to the altar and seek either purity or pardon. In a moment the altar was well filled. Upon

inquiry it was found that the most of them were seeking pardon. The genial warmth of the meeting had thawed them out.

Some dear ministers make herculean efforts to drag sinners to the altar over the heads of dead professors composing the church, and fail, and then inform the aforesaid sinners that they will have a hot time of it for rejecting salvation thus offered.

If these blessed men only could understand that flowers do not bloom in midwinter, and that winter is upon their churches, they would perhaps get down before God, ask for help, and then make specific efforts to lead their own people into the land of perfect love, where summer always abides and flowers and fruits together grow. Then souls would come to Christ, and could not be well kept away.

Oh, this caviling against perfect love, when churches are frozen through! Oh, this sneering against "holiness meetings," when many churches have not strength enough to save a dozen souls in a year! Folly still lingers among men.

Perfect love to God is just what is needed in the Church to give her success in all her enterprises. Let Zion come into the enjoyment of this blessed grace, and there will be no more quarrels in the official board, no more discord among the private members. To cushion a few seats will not then prostrate a church for years.

Let us pray and work until Zion is saved. Then "out of Zion, the perfection of beauty," God will shine.

SANCTIFICATION BY CULTURE.

Souls are sanctified by education or culture, some would have us believe. Not that the proposition is hardly ever stated in so many words. But from the fact that it is held that time is necessary for purification, sanctification being a gradual work, it is evident that the theory of sanctification by culture is believed in by some. Culture with a certain class is a pet word. Satan is to be driven from the soul by culture. Sinners are after the process of time to be made saints by culture. Children are to be taken in their infantile innocence and made Christians by culture. Christians are to grow by development, rather than by grace added to the soul by the Holy Ghost. Said one who should have known better, "My idea of sanctification is something like this: A man goes west and buys a large tract of forest. Huge trees stand thick. He girdles the trees and leaves them to die. He cuts away the smaller trees and underbrush; ploughs the ground among the girdled trees as well as he can, and sows his seed. He does not reap much the first year, or the second, or the third; but after a while some of the trees, as the roots soon decay, blow down. He cuts up the trunks and limbs, burns them, gets the half-torn-out roots out of the ground, ploughs and sows again, and has a better crop. After the lapse of several years—twenty or thirty, perhaps—all the trees blow down and are out of the way, and all the earth is tilled, and good crops are raised."

This he thought was an illustration of the process of sanctification. The trees of sin in the soul were

girdled, left to die, fall and be removed during the lapse of years. What nonsense! And this is sanctification by culture. Just as if the blessed Holy Ghost, in answer to the prayer of a comprehensive faith, has not power to consume sin from the soul with one blaze and flash!

Is that the way that God has been saving souls during the centuries past? When Jesus met the demoniac of Gadara, did he say to the devils, "I want a few of you to come out of the man, and then I will put good into him, which will develop in the process of time, so as to crowd out all the rest of you"? Most likely the devils would have agreed to that, and undertaken to do something in the way of development in their part of the house. But he said to all of them, "Come out of him," and they came out.

Not by growth, not by development, not by culture, but by the direct power of the Holy Ghost, is the soul sanctified. Ask him, and he will do it.

UNFINISHED WORK.

"Go on to perfection." So says God to believers. He seems to be urgent, and can you wonder? Do you think it pleases him to see so much unfinished work in the Church?

There is a factory in which sewing-machines are made. The proprietor employs a hundred hands in the work. He goes in to-day and finds hundreds of machines commenced, but not one finished. He is not pleased with the management. He orders the foreman to have the work finished up, so that it may be thrown on the market. Being absent from home some weeks,

when he returns, he visits the factory again. Many more machines have been commenced, but none finished yet. He is greatly displeased—discharges the foreman, and orders the work finished up.

Is God pleased with the imperfect work in the Church? We move heaven and earth during the fall and winter to get souls converted, and then let them forget that God says, "Go on to perfection." Why, God wants you perfected so that he can put you on exhibition—don't want you to exhibit yourself, but wants himself to put you on exhibition, to show you to the world and to devils. God had one perfect man about three thousand years ago, and he took good care to show him to the world. He told the devil to go and take a look at him; and when Satan hinted that Job was no great thing, and wanted to gnash upon him with his teeth to test the quality of his perfection, God let him gnaw away at the old saint for a while. God made the trial very public, and took good care to let the world know that no fault was found in Job at all.

Now, God, I think, would have some of the unfinished work in the Church finished up. He would have you covered all over with the beauty of perfect love and sent out for the world to examine. Oh, I suppose Christians often grieve God by their failures.

Here is a mother whose little girl sang a Sabbath-school hymn very sweetly when they were alone together. In the afternoon a visitor calls, and the mother, proud of her child, wants her to sing for her friend. But the little one hesitates, goes at it shyly, forgets one of the lines, pitches the tune too high and breaks down. The mother is mortified, and thinks her child does

worse when strangers are present than at any other time. So God gets us along until it seems that we should have some virtue and power, and then puts us in the furnace, or some grand theatre of action, or on the cross; and just when the world gets to looking at us, we fail, the cause is dishonored, and if such a thing can be, God is mortified.

Come, now, let us "go on to perfection;" let us have some Christian character furnished us, so that it will bear inspection. The Church has been too long lumbered up with unfinished work—too long a nursery filled with babes instead of strong men and holy women of God—too long exhibiting dwarfs instead of giants.

MOVE ON.

The Israelites, in the journey from Egypt to the promised land, had arrived to within a short distance of their destination. A committee of twelve went over to see the land, and to estimate difficulties to be surmounted in taking possession of it. The committee returned with a majority and minority report. The majority report admitted that it was in many respects a good sort of country, but advised against attempting to take possession, because of certain "walled cities" and "giants" that they had seen—just as if God, who had opened a way through the Red Sea and done sundry other miracles and wonders, was not more than a match for walled cities and giants.

The minority report spoke a different language; the *two* in the minority had, it's true, seen some walled cities and giants, but they said, "Let us go up and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." But

the cowards would not "go up," and so they went back to meet worse dangers in the wilderness, with God against them.

We of the Church are on our way to a better country, not heaven, but first to the land of perfect love, where there are "pomegranates," and "grapes" of peace and joy—

> "A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
> Favored with God's peculiar smile,
> With every blessing blest," etc.

Not many have gone up there yet. We got off from the land of sin, spiritual Egypt, some time since, but our Israel are scattered all along the route from Egypt to the land of "perfect rest." Some are barely over the Red Sea—indeed, if Pharaoh hurries up his forces, some of the lagging ones will most likely be overtaken and carried back. Some are making doleful faces by the waters of Marah, some are trembling with fright at Sinai, some are feeding on the quails of lust, and the Reubenites, Gadites and half the sons of Manasseh have concluded to go no farther; they seem to be satisfied with present attainments, and don't care to hear much about perfect love and holiness.

But others have crossed the Jordan of *entire consecration*, being desirous of the "second blessing," and willing to get as far from the wilderness and Egypt as possible, and have gone into the very heart of the promised land of spiritual peace and rest. And they like it. They have found the evil reports are all false, and mean to stay. Their present residence in the goodly land is so near heaven that it won't take them *long* to go when called; hence they not only propose

not to go back, but to *edge up* to the nethermost boundary line of heaven.

But a great many have not *gone up* a step since they sang their song of deliverance after the passage of the Red Sea. *Caleb* is just now a little noisy, and is crying out, "Let us go up at once." Many think him somewhat of a fanatic, and maybe he is, but he has been up to Round Lake, and one place and another in the woods, making such a time about "going up" that a great many, both of priests and people, have concluded to go. And indeed suppose we all strike tents and go. God says, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest;" and if he goes along, we certainly shall "be well able to overcome it," for He who made mighty Pharaoh bite the dust, and with one look of his eye cut a dry path through the Red Sea, would find walled cities and giants only as chaff before his breath. Let *us* go up. If the two and a half tribes of Reuben, Gad and Manasseh will not go up, we must leave them behind and go on without them. It is well to glory in justifying and converting grace, and many seem disposed to "let well enough alone." But "well enough" is not good enough when there is something better beyond. "Let us go up at once," then. God is urgent. Hark! "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy." "Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man can see the Lord." "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Follow Caleb. Keep company with Paul, who says, "Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on *unto* perfection." Though you do possess and enjoy much, Joshua says,

"There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." Move on, move on.

> "Though you have much peace and comfort,
> Greater things you yet may find."

ENTER BOLDLY.

Ever since the fall men have been afraid of God, of holy places and holy experiences. When Adam and Eve, after the fall, heard God coming, they ran and hid —were afraid of God, he was so holy and they so unholy. After Jacob had met God face to face, he was afraid lest he might die.

The high priest as he went into the holiest place in the temple no doubt often trembled. What if he had failed in some minutiæ of the law? Would he not die right there by the mercy-seat? What if there was some little spot of defilement on his garments? Would not the fire of God kindle upon and consume him? And many thoughtful and sincere people are now afraid of God and holiness. Many sincere Christians shrink back from holiness as if it were something that would hurt them.

Two kinds of people—of professors—shun holiness: first, those who want to get to heaven, but who want to enjoy the world as they go. They do not mean to work in tight harness, will not put on a strait-jacket, will be free—very free.

Second, those who tremble at the thought of getting near enough to God to be holy.

It seems to be such an awful thing to be holy. How many have been shrinking back for years from the holiest, afraid to enter! But the apostle says we may

have "boldness to enter into the holiest." "But how can I?" "Enter by the blood of Jesus." "I am so unworthy!" "Enter by the blood of Jesus." "But how can I presume to live a holy life?" "Enter by the blood of Jesus." "But my past life has not been such as to warrant me in taking this step." "Enter by the blood of Jesus." "Oh, I fear I could not live the life if I should get the experience now." "Enter by the blood of Jesus." "But my minister has not entered yet; dare I enter where such good men hesitate to go?"

Never mind the priests. Christ, your great High Priest, has entered and opened up a new and living way for you. "Enter by the blood of Jesus."

Oh the blood! it answers every question, it meets every need, it removes every obstacle. Come boldly, timid one. You have been at the door full long enough. By faith cover yourself all over with the blood and enter the holiest.

> "Lord, I believe; were sinners more
> Than sands upon the ocean shore,
> Thou hast for each a ransom paid—
> For all a full atonement made."

HOLINESS A THING OF POWER.

Some see it not, but it is true, nevertheless. A few months since, a lady found the precious pearl of a clean heart in a small meeting held for the promotion of holiness by a few earnest men and women in a class-room. Her husband followed the sea as captain of a vessel. Though she had been a professor of religion some

years, he was unconverted. He came home soon after she received the blessing of purity.

He saw that she was changed. She was different; he could not explain it to himself, but so it was. He liked her better, but himself not so well. He began to feel himself a *sinner*. He went away from home on his next voyage a miserable man. She in prayer took hold of God in his behalf. The Spirit of God went with him on that voyage, telling him day and night that he was a sinner and should repent. He came back hoping that his wife would say something to him about his soul. On retiring to rest the first night, she asked him if he would not kneel with her in prayer. The ice was thus broken. He disclosed to her the state of his mind. She enlisted others of a like spirit with herself to pray for and with him; he was soon converted to God. Holiness is a thing of power.

A sickly woman who was so crippled that she could not walk received the blessing of perfect love. What of it? A small thing!

She started a meeting for holiness at her house, which was attended by a few—a half dozen perhaps—plain people.

What of it? Neither the preacher nor leading officials took notice of it. But the little meeting went on. God took notice of it. The Holy Ghost came down to see about it. Souls were blessed—some sanctified and some converted. The fire caught in the neighborhood of a little church a mile away from the humble house where the holiness meeting was held, it being, however, part of the charge on which she lived. The preacher looked over that way, and saw that a fire was kindled;

he went over and commenced extra services, and some forty or fifty were converted to God, giving him some very respectable figures for the "probationers'" column in the Conference minutes.

Holiness is a thing of power. A meeting for the promotion of holiness is a thing of power, though some think such had better be suppressed. And so they had if you don't want any more stir around you.

If you are afraid of fire, you had better extinguish the meeting for holiness—at least throw a wet blanket upon it and smother it down. If not suppressed, all the spiritual incendiaries of the neighborhood will gather in there, and something will happen. Somebody will be sanctified and several somebodies will be convicted and converted. But of one thing be sure—holiness is a thing of power in the Church. It will melt and charm and break hearts. It will attract and drive, subdue and elevate, awaken and soothe.

Power in the Church! We need it. Of machinery there is no lack—Conferences, General, Annual and Quarterly—societies, committees and commissions, machinery enough to save ten worlds like this. The thing we need is *power*. That grand machine-shop, the General Conference, will, no doubt, mend up all the old machinery, and most likely make some new. But we have too much machinery now for the power. If our machine makers only would turn their attention to the *power*, and get all of us, the operatives, to do the same, it would be better. The eldership would be all right with more power, the episcopacy all right with more power, the itinerancy all right with more power—even the Book Concern and the book committee, too, all

right with more power. If the General Conference can make arrangements that will secure four years of holiness in the Church, it may adjourn in a week—time enough to elect bishops and editors—and we, the pastors, will report five millions of members to the General Conference in 1876. We want no more machinery, but more power—nothing new, but more attention to the old specialty of Methodism; perfect love is the need of the hour.

PREACHING HOLINESS.

If the foreman of a machine-shop should present to his workmen patterns that were incorrect, or if he should give them as models correct patterns, but hint that he did not expect a very close imitation, said correct models being more for admiration than imitation, could he reasonably expect a high degree of excellence in the work produced?

And if *holiness* is kept out of the pulpit, or preached, if preached at all, in a way that says, "Holiness is most beautiful in theory, but, bless your soul! is not to be experienced and practiced this side the grave," have we a right to expect the people to reach a very high standard of piety?

The machinist would expect the use of imperfect patterns, or the careless use of perfect ones, to be followed by the turning out of very imperfect and unsalable work; and much of the unholiness so painfully visible in the Church is traceable to the absence of the standard of holiness from the pulpit ministrations. Let the pulpit furnish us the best pattern, with the command to work up to the model.

Great responsibility rests upon us as ministers. "I don't believe in sanctification," said a layman, recently. "Why?" one asked. "Well, I hardly know," said he, hesitatingly, "unless it is because my pastor does not, and I think he is a good man." And so the pastor and his sheep were going up to the judgment not believing in sanctification, though God says, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." "But not the kind of sanctification set forth by the self-appointed exponents of that doctrine heard at National Camp Meetings," etc. Never mind these exponents. *We* have a duty in connection with this matter. God's emphatic utterances, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," "Be ye holy," "Follow peace with all men, and holiness," and many others, mean something—mean that somebody is to live a holy life of some kind, mean that somebody is to do better than most are doing. Now, let us find out for ourselves, God helping us, what these utterances mean, and tell the people. The most of them want to know. They cannot afford to be deceived, nor can we afford to deceive them or leave them in ignorance. The lines that we draw across the fields of time must remain just as we leave them. We cannot go back to straighten them. If we put the feet of our hearers in the wrong path in respect to entire sanctification, who will put them right as long as they retain confidence in us? Said a minister recently, "I always preach holiness." Many of his people say he never does. Should we not preach it so that the people know it and feel it? Preaching against sin *generally* is not preaching in favor of holiness *specifically*.

As it is wise to preach at one time definitely and exclusively on repentance, at another on faith and at another on the new birth, so it is wise, and must be expedient, to preach at proper times on entire holiness. These various doctrines are so many dishes provided for our souls; but can souls grow if some of these are never brought on the table at all? As God has appointed us waiters to spread a table for his people in the wilderness, let us see to it that every item of food is brought forth.

THE TEMPERING PROCESS.

Christians are led through the waters of tribulation, shut up in the furnace of affliction and tried in a variety of ways in order that they may gain strength and breadth of experience for usefulness. Tough trees grow in exposed situations where the mightiest winds of heaven sweep and whirl from year to year. An experienced shipbuilder would not think of using for the mainmast of a ship a tree that had grown in a hothouse where the whirlwind had never come.

The best steel is subjected to the alternatives of extreme heat and extreme cold. Were you ever in a cutlery? If you were, you noticed that the knife-blades were heated and beaten, and then heated again, and plunged into the coldest water, in order to give them the right shape and temper.

And perhaps you also noticed that there was a large heap of rejected blades—rejected because they would not bear the tempering process. They cracked and warped; when put upon the grindstone, little flaws appeared in some that up to that point had seemed fair

and perfect. Hence they were thrown aside as unfit for market.

So souls, in order to ensure the right temper, are heated in the furnace of affliction, plunged into the cold waters of tribulation and ground between the upper and nether stones of adversity and disaster. Some come out of the trial pure, elastic and bright, ready for the highest service; others come out brittle, with ill temper, full of flaws and spots of rust, and are thrown into the rubbish-room of the Church as unfit for any but the lowest uses. The rubbish-room of the Church is quite full now. The Spiritualists and other dealers in delusions and lies carry off large quantities of this rubbish every year, but still the Church has on her hands about as much of this flawy ware as she can stow away on the shelves and in the vaults assigned to dead professors. Class-leaders mark each individual of this brand with an "A," to be laid away in the rubbish-room. Satan, I opine, looks into the rubbish-room occasionally, and keeps an account of its contents.

Now, if you would be of any account among the forces that are working out the salvation of this world, be still in the hands of God until he tempers you. Listen to that knife-blade in the hands of the cutler.

"Stop, now! I have been in the fire often enough. Would you burn the life out of me?"

But in it goes again into the glowing furnace, and is heated to a white heat.

"Stop hammering me! I have been pounded enough now."

But down comes the sledge.

"Keep me out of this cold water! One moment in

the fiery furnace and the next in ice-cold water! It is enough to kill one!"

But in it goes.

"Keep me off the grindstone! You'll chafe the life out of me!"

But it is made to kiss the stone until the cutler is satisfied.

But now see. When all the heating and cooling and pounding and grinding is done, you may bend it double, and yet it springs back straight as an arrow; it is as bright as polished silver, hard as a diamond and will cut like a Damascus blade. It has been shaped, tempered and polished, and is worth something.

Be still now, and let God temper and polish you, and you will be worth something too. Allow yourself to be prepared for usefulness. If you are so ill-tempered that your character is marred by the flaws of impatience, petulance and anger, you will be thrown into the room assigned the useless, to be stolen away by Spiritualists, or somebody else as godless, and finally consigned to hell—the rubbish-room of the universe. Lie still in faith in the hands of God, and let him make something of you. He will give you a post of holy renown if you will let him fit you for it. He will cover you with glory immortal if you will be still in the furnace fire while the Holy Ghost moulds and polishes your soul.

FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

If you are filled with the Spirit, you will have supernatural power in your labors in the vineyard of the Lord.

God has some mighty agents at work. Recently I

passed beneath an old oak that was an acquaintance of my childhood. It had withstood the hurricanes and whirlwinds of centuries. But now, alas! it was in ruins; it had been struck by lightning. Its mighty arms were broken and its huge trunk so splintered that there seemed not a square inch of solid wood in the whole of it. I said, Here is power—the invisible fluid tearing this mighty oak to pieces from top to bottom.

But the Spirit is mightier. I would rather in my own strength undertake to splinter the toughest oak than to break the hardened sinner's heart. And yet one little word, when you are filled with the Spirit, will do it.

A minister was recently to preach at a certain woods-meeting. The train he took did not make connections, so that, though he hired a carriage and hurried across the country, he did not arrive at the appointed time. Another minister was preaching when he arrived. The sermon was on heaven, and doubtless affected many hearts. After the sermon the minister who was to have preached arose and told them how the railroad trains had failed to make connections, which had caused him to disappoint them. He then said he hoped to make better connections on the road to heaven—told of some trains that did not make connection with heaven at all. This was the case with the backsliders', formalists' and worldlings' trains. He then asked them if they were sure that the trains they were on made direct connection with heaven.

All this was very simple, not difficult for any one to say, nor would the saying of it stamp any one as a genius. Yet God's Spirit sanctified those simple com-

parisons to the conviction of souls. People began to weep; some came forward for prayers, and that evening there was a mighty movement among the people, some being converted, and some dead members revived and filled with the Holy Spirit.

What you need for your work is to be filled with the Spirit. A locomotive with but half a head of steam makes but little headway with a heavy train. A man half dead with disease makes but sorry work with the duties of life. The Church is trying to work with half power—yea, less than that; and the consequence is half failure, or worse.

Yet some people are so afraid of fanaticism, or something else, that they will not preach entire consecration or Christian perfection. What if the engineer, when expostulated with for having only half a head of steam on his locomotive, should say, "Oh, beware of extravagance! Let everything be done decently and in order"? He would soon be informed that there was no need for such a fool on that road, and he would be replaced by one who would "fire up." And yet there are men who are proud of their engineering skill who are trying to run salvation trains on half power, and the result is *nothing*, or the next thing to it.

What the Church needs is to be filled with the *Spirit*, and then she would move on. O God! breathe on the bones in the valley.

THE SPIRIT FILLS WITH LOVE.

When filled with the Spirit, you will be kind and loving. Hate is long-lived. There was a woman who had not spoken to her own brother for two years.

But the Spirit came upon her and wrought conviction for sin. She sent for him at once, that there might be a reconciliation. It took twenty minutes of persuasion to induce him to go—quite a saint too, for he was a member of the church in good and regular standing. Zion has a few more of the same sort. He came at last, and they were sweetly reconciled under the melting influence of the Spirit of God. In the evening this woman was filled with the Spirit—so filled that there was an overflow of love and joy in shouts and praises. Again she goes to her brother and lavishes her caresses upon him. He too is filled with the Spirit. Together they go to the father, an aged pillar in the church. But he and the son had not been on loving terms; they had disagreed about some potatoes, small ones, most likely, and only a few—three pecks, perhaps—but enough, it seems, to cool off the love between father and son. That pleased Satan, without doubt, and most likely the devil on picket duty in that particular locality at that time ran down to within hailing distance of hell, and hissed, "Come up here, devils, and have a good laugh over two saints that are quarreling about some small potatoes."

But on the night in question the Spirit filled this woman. She, in love, talked and shouted around her brother. The Spirit came upon him, and they together went to the father, and the Spirit came upon him, making him forget the small potatoes, and causing him, with tears and shouts, to embrace his children; and so this ugly family quarrel was healed. If you are filled with the Spirit, you will be filled with kindness and love; you will forgive everybody, speak well of everybody, and

think everybody is a pretty good sort of a fellow. Not that you will have less judgment as to character—you will have more, the Holy Ghost helping you to look through people as you never did before. But you will have a disposition to make allowances for frailties and infirmities. When filled with the Spirit, there will be a fountain of love in you.

The sand at Ocean Grove in places is white and dry. At sultry noon it does not seem that there is any water near fit to drink. But drive down a piece of iron pipe with a pump apparatus connected, and a few feet below the surface you will find an inexhaustible fountain of as pure, sweet, cold water as ever you drank. Now pump away; there is plenty of water.

If filled with the Spirit, there will be a fountain of love in you that no amount of ill-usage will dry up, so long as you, by faith, hold on to God.

This is the love that the fanatics (!) that go to the National Camp Meetings, Friday afternoon meeting and similar places talk so much about. They mean, if they can, to fill the Church with it; and, indeed, the Church needs to deal a little more in that commodity. At present there is more of dry theology than real Christ-like love, somewhat more of ecclesiastical politics than brotherly kindness, a great deal more liberality than Christian charity, five times as much enterprise as forbearance one toward another.

But we are improving. The tide of love is coming in. Empty souls are being filled. Love is supplanting hatred. Interest in each other's welfare is crowding out indifference. "The soft answer that turneth away wrath" is employed by many, rather than the "griev-

ous words that stir up anger." The better day *is* coming; it has dawned, and is sweeping on toward high noon. Rise, oh rise, Sun of righteousness, and fill the earth with light and love!

28 *

CAMP MEETING SUGGESTIONS.

THE CAMP MEETING.

IF permitted to mingle with those who worship in the "tented grove," you are favored with one of the greatest privileges of your life. You are in the midst of God's faithful ones. From the four winds they have gathered to enjoy the feast of tabernacles. Men and women of faith, holiness and power are about you. Ministers moved by a consuming zeal to preach Jesus and save souls are here wrestling even now, Jacob like, with God, for the unction that will enable them to prevail with men. And men and women too who have never yet been recognized by the Church as preachers nevertheless have come to preach—to preach by look, tear, tone and word for Jesus. Above all, Jesus is here to give you all you desire. The Holy Ghost is here to quicken your sluggish soul.

But the mere fact of being on the camp-ground in the midst of all these holy persons and influences will not make you more holy. Many will go from this ante-chamber of heaven back to their homes worse than when they came. Any of God's blessings may

be perverted into curses. The golden wheat may be distilled into alcohol. Iron, so indispensable to the good of man, may be fashioned into the murderous dagger. The sluggard's harvest may rot on the earth and produce malaria. The most heavenly scenes of the camp-ground, witnessed as a spectator, but not engaged in as a participant, will harden and disgust. The mere spectator had better hurry off the ground before the devil of ridicule and dislike creeps into his soul.

Sitting at a table of rich viands, hungry but not eating, is aggravating; sitting there without appetite is sickening. Eat or leave. Those in a congregation who receive not when there is a general and mighty spiritual baptism are commonly almost as devilish as Satan himself. I have seen cold-hearted professors at such pentecostal seasons with an awful leer in the eye. It seemed as though the devils cast out of other people have gone into them. If there had been no swine in Gadara, there is no telling where the devils would have taken refuge. Into Scribes and Pharisees, perhaps, to incite them to preach against holiness.

Now that you are here, get to work; put yourself into an attitude for receiving. Look around for Jesus. Never mind the great Camp Meeting committee; look for *him*. Be not disturbed if your pet preacher has not come. Let the inquiry of your soul be, "What think ye, that *he* will not come to the feast?" Go looking with eyes of faith saying, "We would see Jesus." Among all the thronging multitudes see no one "save Jesus only." Let this be uppermost in your mind in listening to sermons. Think not of the rhetoric or

defects in the logic. Criticise neither the pronunciation nor the syntax. The devil has a *sin tax* on your soul: get rid of that. Nothing but the blood of Jesus can cancel it. Then look all through the sermon for Jesus, rather than for tropes and eloquence. If the minister put not Jesus in, by faith put him in yourself. Go to the prayer-meeting looking for Jesus. He will be there. He always attends the prayer-meeting. Watch not others. Look not around. Lift up your eyes in holy devotion, and "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Neglect not secret devotion. This you are liable to do with the multitudes thronging you at all times. But you need to be alone with God. It is well for you to throw yourself without restraint at his feet, and unburden your heart to him as you used to in childhood to your mother. Confess to him all your slips and wanderings and shortcomings. In Jesus you may confide —tell him all. Forget not your Bible. It matters not how well the word is preached. You must read for yourself. You may while on the camp-ground receive a letter from a loved one at home. Will it suffice for some one else to read the letter to you? No, indeed; you wish to see those well-known characters yourself. To read the lines for yourself seems to bring the absent one very near. Then neglect not the word of God; its chapters are *letters from home.* In them a Father speaks. They contain a message from the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Be active in helping others. What! were you so selfish as to come all the way to this Camp Meeting for your own sole benefit? How unlike Jesus! He lived

for others, suffered for others, died for others. Yea, did all this for enemies. But you think only of yourself, and yet call yourself by his name—a Christian! Away with such Christianity! It is the old texture from satanic mills with a new brand upon it. Help some one. There is a poor man over there to whom no one has yet spoken. He feels so neglected and lonely. Speak kindly to him. There is a woman, poor thing! She has a rough time at home—no one to sympathize with her. Managed to get off to the great Camp Meeting. But she is so dejected. Speak to her. It will help you and her too. Be active. There is a blessing here for you; find it.

PREACHING HOLINESS AT CAMP MEETINGS,

Or, at least, too much exclusive attention given to the subject of holiness at Camp Meetings in these days, is the complaint we often hear. But in the fact that much attention is given to the subject of holiness now we think we discern the wisdom of the Spirit of God, who guides the spiritually-minded to success.

In the early days of Methodism but few save the unconverted attended Camp Meetings. Then the "fathers" of whose power in the groves we hear so much did wisely in preaching directly to the ungodly.

But now the case is greatly altered, as the following incident will show:

Last summer it was my privilege to attend for a part of a day a celebrated Conference Camp Meeting not far from New York City. It was one of the great days of the Camp Meeting. An eloquent, powerful and

popular minister who worthily wears a "D.D." to his name had preached a fine sermon, directed to the unconverted. He was followed by another minister in the old-fashioned style of exhortation, in which sinners were urged to flee the wrath to come at once.

Urgent appeals were made to them to come to the altar. None came. The preacher, disappointed, said perhaps the most present were already Christians. He then asked all that were members of the Church to rise to their feet. As nearly as I could judge, all the people save about fifty within a circle one hundred feet in diameter, on one side of which the pulpit stood, rose to their feet, revealing the fact that only about *three per cent.* of the congregation within fair hearing distance were out of the Church. There were, I thought, about fifteen hundred souls within that circle. Hence about fourteen hundred and fifty were in the Church.

What to practical men was the duty of that hour? Why, obviously to bring that crowd of professors nearer to God. An expert eye could see that the majority of them were not over-spiritual. But neither the sermon nor the exhortation was calculated to do that. They were aimed at non-professors. The fourteen hundred and fifty said, "This matter of repentance don't concern us; we have already gone over that ground"—at least they seemed to say it, for they sat listlessly, looked about or pared their finger-nails or slept, though the preacher of the hour was a favorite with them. It was not in human nature to listen attentively to a sermon that belonged to somebody else. And the few unconverted around them, seeing the mass unmoved, by contagion were unmoved too.

So, with a grand sermon and stirring exhortation, it was a dull time, because sermon and exhortation were out of time.

But suppose the preacher had, without any *ifs* and *ands*, preached to that fourteen hundred professors a direct, earnest sermon, on the subject of entire holiness, urging them to an immediate and entire consecration, reminding those who had not then the witness of the Spirit that they should do their first works over again, and showing those who had it that they might, through Jesus' blood and by the aid of the Holy Ghost, be fully saved at once.

Some of them—*many* of them—would have been moved to seek sanctifying grace, and all would have been interested. Then the unconverted around them, seeing the mass interested and moved, would have been interested and moved too. Besides that, the most of the believers that might have been sanctified would have gone to work on the spot, and kept at work after they reached home, and then the "consequential" blessings of the hour would have been great.

Let us not suppose, because our zealous "fathers" cut a wide swath preaching to sinners, when ninety-six per cent. of their congregation were non-professors, that we can do the same with the same kind of sermons, when ninety-six per cent. of our Camp Meeting congregation within fair hearing distance are church-members. Skill in adaptation is one of the laws of success.

If you should take a primer to teach beginners a b c's, and find that the most of your scholars pro-

fessed to be able to read, you had better lay the primer aside and select a more advanced lesson.

Let us plan for success. Let us remember that at any of our great Camp Meetings the majority of seats within good hearing distance are filled by church-members, and that most of the non-professors are far off, on the outside of the circle; and hence, if we would do much execution, it must be with those that are near. The unconverted should have an occasional sermon, but we can get many more souls converted by first stirring the Church up to fervor and activity. Move professors, and they will move others. And indeed the truth that will move believers commonly most affects sinners.

HOME FROM CAMP MEETING.

You are home from Camp Meeting. God in his love greatly blessed you there, and you came home rejoicing in the belief that the blood of Jesus cleansed you from all sin. But Satan knows where you live, and will, if he has not done so already, pay his respects in due time. He will insinuate doubts as to your having made such great advancement in the divine life. He will persuade you that you are hardly sanctified. You have already, perhaps, found that some of the members of your church receive your story rather incredulously. The quality of your faith is about to be tested. Will you stand by your Camp Meeting record? God help you! Meet the doubt-mongers with "One thing I know."

We read of a blind man to whom Jesus restored sight. The Pharisees heard of it, but did not believe

it. They went to him and asked him about it. He said, "Yes, he put clay on my eyes, and I washed and do see." The Pharisees doubted, and went to his parents to ask them if it was really so. The parents sent them back to the son. To him they came again in a manner that seemed to say, "See here! there must be some mistake about this matter of your receiving sight. Remember you have been blind from your birth. You must be under a delusion." But the answer was, "One thing I know—that whereas I was blind, I now see." "Well, if you have obtained your sight, it could not have been restored by Jesus of Nazareth, because he is a sinner." "Whether a sinner or not, one thing I know, I now see." "But how did he open thine eyes? What did he to thee?" said they, still being full of unbelief and opposition. Still he held to the "old, old story," and added to it argument to prove that Jesus must be the Christ.

They then cast him out of the synagogue, but as he went methinks he said to himself, "Cast me out if you will, but one thing I know, I now see."

You know Jesus did bless you at the Camp Meeting; you had such an experience as you never had before. Now hold on here. If Satan or any one of his helpers comes to reason you out of your blessing, at once take up the blind man's refrain, "One thing I know." Stand fast on that ground. Give not an inch. Take no lower stand. Make no concession, no compromise. If any one suggests that you cannot hold out, fall back on the "One thing I know." Jesus hath said, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee."

BIBLE TOPICS.

"UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD."

A BLESSED state, but no easy thing to "keep" one's self in it. I saw once in early June a flock of sheep turned out in the forest. The old ones were clean and white, having just been washed and sheared. The lambs in their new and unsullied vestments looked as if carried out of fresh-fallen snow. The forest into which they were turned had been swept with fire the year before. The twigs and bark of the trees were charred—encased in charcoal. The sheep and lambs, in eager pursuit of the tender whortleberry leaves that were springing up from the scorched earth, were soon *spotted*, soon smutty and dingy. In a few hours their snowy whiteness was gone. So I saw hundreds of souls turned out into the world from a most gracious revival of God's grace. The older members rewashed in the blood of the Lamb, and the young converts—the lambs—in their new robes of character that Christ had just given them at the altar, were "whiter than snow." The fires of sin had been burning in the wilderness around them. The soot of sin adhered to every

twig. The business, amusements and politics of the day were charred with satanic fires. The command to every one of these purified souls was to "keep himself unspotted from the world." But many heeded it not. They imitated the world instead of Christ. They traveled carelessly. Their robes were soon sullied. "The fine gold became dim." Some of them were soon known as Christian sharpers. Some of them after communing with the saints danced with the godless dancers. Others were soon known as scheming politicians. Their garments were "spotted." The spots soon *blended;* they became worse than spotted—were soiled all over, and at length wholly *black.*

"Keep himself unspotted from the world." You can do it if you will try. Don't walk with those that wear spotted garments. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Keep in the narrow way. The fires of sin have burned close up on either side of it, but never across it. No charred bush or twig can touch the robes of those who walk in it.

Get your heart clean, and it will help you keep your outer garments "unspotted." Steel filings cling to the magnet. A heart tainted with sinfulness is a magnet to attract the particles of sin that float in the moral atmosphere around us.

Through this sinful world *walk with Jesus,* and you'll never touch a sooty twig in all your journey in the wilderness.

WHAT SHE COULD.

Jesus was at the house of Simon the leper. A woman was there who loved him, and in manifestation of her love she anointed the Saviour's head with a

very costly ointment. There was also a committee on faults present.

Almost every church has a self-constituted committee on faults. To a church having such a committee a very interesting preacher was appointed a few years since. Of course the committee took his case into consideration. It was soon found that he was faulty in one respect, at least—his collar *was not of the right shape!* They did not consider its texture, whether paper or linen, but it was faulty in shape. History saith not whether its points were too sharp or too blunt, whether it was of the Byron or Derby pattern, but it was wrong. The preacher, poor fellow! labored on for a year, and left. How could he preach savingly to such a people when his collar was not of the approved pattern?

The committee on faults were at Bethany, and Judas Iscariot seems to have been chairman thereof. He reported that the beautiful deed of anointing the Saviour's head was wrong, and that the ointment should have been sold and the money given to the poor, though he really meant that if it was sold, and the money once put into a bag, he would have a better chance for stealing. He went for economy and good plunder at one and the same time.

But Jesus did not argue with him, only intimated, in substance, that he had better mind his own business and let Mary alone in her work; for said Jesus, "She hath done what she could!" Words of praise—"what she could!"

You may not be able to write a book that will produce a sensation, not able to preach a sermon that will

make a stir, not able to deliver an exhortation that will warm the blood of dead souls, not able to lead a class —a work requiring talents and qualifications of a high order; but will you *do what you can?* Some will not exhort because they are not licensed to preach, and some will not offer a prayer in prayer-meeting because not licensed to exhort, and some will only play the sullen when appointed to lead a class, and some will not give a dollar to charity because they are not able to give a thousand. Too proud to do a small thing for Jesus!

But Mary found something she could do, and she did it. Jesus was pleased. He has been holding her example up before the world ever since. "What she could!" You have been somewhat exercised in mind in regard to the matter of Christian perfection. Mary reached it at one bound. Here it is—doing *what you can, as best you can.* Have the angels in heaven, after thousands of years, got any higher than this?

What you can, as best you can, in your own sphere, all the time, and being so busy with *your* work as to have no time to serve on the committee on faults, is Christian perfection for you and me; and let angels do better if they can.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

So said Jesus in the agonies of death concerning his murderers.

How strangely sounded that prayer! "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," blood for blood, life for life, was the old maxim. And everywhere outside of the pale of Christianity the bloody code of revenge

prevails. The spirit of unforgiveness has kept the earth moist with blood for sixty centuries.

Do you forgive your enemies?

"Oh, I have been wronged so much."

How much?—more than Jesus? But what are your wrongs?

"Why, one from whom I expected better things slighted me—passed me in the street without a look of recognition."

Indeed! Poor soul! How did you survive it? Did not speak to you! Dreadful! However, that was not so bad as being talked to death by some tireless gabbler. But great as your wrong is, do you think it best to keep your church frozen up, so far as your influence extends, by the manifestation of an unforgiving spirit? Jesus was wronged a little more than you have yet suffered.

"But one spoke ill of me—lightly of me."

Well, that is worse. A wound in the flesh may be healed, but a stain on the character is not so easily effaced. But how do you know one spoke unjustly of you?

"A friend told me."

A friend! Was not his name Tattler? A good thing for you had his tongue been blistered, so that he could not have stirred up strife. But Jesus was not only wronged by unkind words, but by blows and thorns and nails and spear. And yet Jesus said, "Father, forgive."

"But I have been wronged in property, too."

Indeed! Well, I have read of some who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods. You don't belong to

that tribe of Christians, I think. It matters not what may be the nature of the wrongs you have suffered, Jesus will give you grace to forgive.

Stephen, it is presumed, suffered a little more of wrong than any of us, and yet his prayer, when dying at the hands of his murderers, was, "Lay not the sin to their account;" he had caught the spirit of his Master.

Nor must you suppose that none but far-advanced Christians are expected to forgive their enemies. When the young convert takes his first step into the kingdom of God, he lays aside his enmities and forgives in order to be forgiven. So that if you are a feeble Christian, a beginner in salvation, you can and do forgive.

The entirely sanctified, however, forgive easily. Inbred sin having been swept away, and the soul filled with God—filled with love, gentleness, kindness—they readily forgive the poor weak mortal that may have done the wrong, and such forgiveness is practical and hearty. It does not freeze the offender with reserve into still greater enmity, but melts him down into friendliness by the warmth of sympathy.

Learn how to forgive. Don't carry an unforgiving spirit with you all through life; it will hurt you more than any one else. It will destroy the happiness of many around you, yet its chief feeding-ground will be found in your own heart. You hate your neighbor. Yonder is his dwelling, one hundred and fifty yards away. You pass by a wood-fire, and you pluck a half-consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming, and thrusting it under your garment to hide it, start for your neighbor's dwelling to burn it. Who gets the

worst of it? You find your garments on fire and your own flesh burned before you can harm your neighbor. So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings his own soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who call themselves Christians who are miserable because of their own revengefulness. Forgive your enemies and get down on your knees and pray for them, and salvation will come into your soul like a flood. "Father, forgive them." Sweet prayer and blessed example!

WALKING ON THE SEA.

When Peter saw Jesus walking toward them on the sea, he wanted to go to him. He was always ready for a bold venture.

"Bid me come unto thee on the water," said Peter.

Jesus said, "Come."

It is always right and safe to venture when Jesus says, "Come."

At the word, Peter stepped out on the heaving sea. I am glad he did, for the event furnished us another illustration of the omnipotence of faith, and on this subject we need "line upon line and precept upon precept."

The disciples watch him. They expect to see him sink beneath those angry waves. But no! On he walks over the silvery waters. No impudent wave dares plash the top of his foot. It was sublime faith on the part of Peter, but omnipotent power on the part of Jesus.

But that walk was not without apparent danger and trial. The wind became more boisterous; the waves

rolled higher still. But Peter will not care, so long as Jesus is with him.

Yet he did. His faith failed, and he began to sink. How prone are we to doubt under new trials! We go through to-day half trembling for a while, until we grasp the hand of Jesus anew, and then, in the triumph of our deliverance, say, "I will never doubt again!"

To-morrow the wind is more furious and the dash of the waves wilder, and we say, "Oh, this is the greatest trial of my life! What shall I do?" Our faith was not quite prepared for the new trial. When faith is made perfect, we shall always have the deck cleared for a storm and be ready for the gale.

What of the wind? What of the waves? Jesus was there.

But Peter looked at the waves, thought of the rising wind, and down he went, crying, "Lord, save, or I perish!" Jesus reached out his hand and caught him, and again the yielding waters were adamant beneath his feet.

Were you ever near sinking?

Yes; when sick, when tempted, when beaten by the storm of opposition or adversity, at the yawning grave of a loved one, you went almost under the wave!

Was there a hand reached out to save? Yes, the same hand that caught Peter amid the mad waves of storm-tossed Galilee, and you too walked the waters.

Never again look at the waves or think of the wind; look unto Jesus.

ONE DEAD IN EVERY HOUSE.

"Not a house where there was not one dead."

What a night for Egypt! A father finds his son dying, runs over to his neighbor for help and sympathy, finds that there the first-born is already dead. What is to be done? Goes to the stable to get his horse to go for a physician. But the horse too is dead, for wrath divine has reached even the lower animal kingdom. But a physician must be had. The poor man runs to his house a mile away, but finds that the oldest child has just died there too.

A night of death. Hark! You can hear them cry over all the land. So now and here "there is not a house where there is not one dead."

One or more from every home lies still in the graveyard. But, worse still, we live in the domain of spiritual death. Souls are dead to God.

In some homes they are all dead—father, mother, son, daughters, all dead. A ship was discovered afloat on the Arctic Sea. About it there was no sign of life. When boarded, the captain, crew and all were found to be dead—frozen to death. From the last entry on the log, it seemed that they had been dead for thirteen years. Sometimes we may suppose that ship was locked in the ice, and then again afloat, but all the while death reigned.

So in some families all are dead in sin. But show us the house where there is not one dead. It may be the husband and father dead in sin; he who should be a living guide to others himself dead.

Or it may be the wife and mother. Woe to the

family when the mother is without spiritual life. How can a dead mother nurse the immortal souls of her children?

One dead in the house. The first-born son, perhaps. So dead to God, so far gone in spiritual putrefaction, that his bad name smells through the whole neighborhood. Or your daughter, so fair, so gentle, so attractive, and yet dead to God. No prayer from those fresh lips, no faint breath of spiritual life in that soul.

"Not a house where there is not one dead."

You want blood on the door-posts of your home and on the door-posts of your heart. That was the remedy for Israel. They were to slay a lamb and put the blood on the door-posts. Then death could not enter.

The night of death in Egypt is coming on. There is a poor Hebrew. He has no lamb. He must buy one, or his first-born, a noble son, will die. He goes over to a neighbor, but he has none to sell. To another who has one, but it is blemished. That will not do. The Hebrew is discouraged, and returns home.

"Our son must die; I can get no lamb."

"Husband, we *must* have a lamb. Our son must not die. Come, I will go with you. I have a little money left. I thought I would save it for our journey to that good land of which Moses speaks, but I will give it all for a lamb. Come, husband."

Out they go again among their neighbors. Lambs of the first year and without blemish are scarce now. They go from farm to farm. They are almost discouraged. Must their first-born die? At last they find an Egyptian who has such a lamb as they wish. But he, taking advantage of their eagerness, puts on

two prices for it. Yet they gladly pay it, take the lamb and hasten home. The sacrifice is slain, and the blood sprinkled from the hyssop branch upon the door.

When the morning after that night of death is come, they find their first-born safe, and together they start for the promised land.

Is there one dead in your house? What you want is blood on the door. Where is your sin-offering?

> "Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
> Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
> Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
> Can wash the dismal stain away."

But see! there is your lamb—the Lamb of God, slain for you. Behold his blood!

> "Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
> Hath power sufficient to atone;
> Thy blood can make me white as snow;
> No Jewish types could cleanse me so."

Take refuge under the blood, you and yours, and all are safe. Come, oh come, to the fountain of life, and live for ever!

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

The time for leaves has come; all the trees are green. Will there be fruit? Jesus found a tree in Judea well covered with leaves; but when he had looked up through its branches, and examined all its twigs, he saw "nothing but leaves." Then he cursed the tree.

Are there in the church *showy* Christians that bear none of the fruits of the Spirit, "love, joy," etc.? There are plenty of the leaves of profession and of works; are there any figs?

There is a man who was converted many years ago; and as he tells you the story thereof, he gets happy, and perhaps sends up a hearty shout, having a good time over the thought that he is a child of God. He seems to be a very happy man.

But now you ask him for a contribution to aid in feeding and clothing a widow and some fatherless children living near him. He refuses. You urge the case. He seems to get angry, and declares testily that he is begged to death, that the constant cry is "money, money." You turn away sadly, saying, No love; "nothing but leaves."

There is another man; he seems to love the church, attends her means of grace, gives money liberally and cheerfully. All say, as they look at him from a distance, that he is a good man—the tree is well covered with leaves. But now you get closer to him, and see how impatient and surly he becomes under the trials, disappointments and provocations of life; and while you respect him for his many good deeds, you say, "Nothing but leaves." "Now, don't be too severe. Our church couldn't get along without this man's money; he gives it cheerfully, and the 'Lord loves a cheerful giver.'" Well, what does Paul say about such a man? Hear him: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am 'nothing but leaves.' And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am 'nothing but leaves.' And though I bestow all my goods to

feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, I am 'nothing but leaves.'"

Perhaps there were figs on this tree, but passion shook them all off, and the devil ran away with them, so that now, though a very showy tree, there is "nothing but leaves."

See that man in the pulpit, so eloquent and graceful. What beautiful pictures of the love of God does he portray! How artistically does he use the stars, rocks, and especially the flowers, to beautify Scripture lessons!

The people go away in raptures, exclaiming, "How eloquent!" "He is splendid!" "Such a good man!" But the All-Seeing looks down into his motives, and finding only a desire to "spread a sounding name abroad" and to obtain a high salary, says, "Nothing but leaves."

Oh, there are many showy, leafy trees in the Church of God now, but Jesus is looking for the figs of "love, peace, joy, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness," etc. Be not discouraged if in your heart and life you find "nothing but leaves." Leaves are good things. They are signs of life and vigor. Thank God for leaves of profession and good works. Some people have not even leaves. Their branches are covered all over with the poison vines of sin. Some are "withered from the root up"—all the juices of human sympathy and love are gone.

Thank God for leaves. But rest not a moment there. Transplant the tree of your soul to the banks of the "rivers of water," where it will bring forth its "fruit in its season," and "its leaf shall not wither."

JESUS PRECIOUS.

"To you which believe he is precious." as a sympathetic friend to whom you may tell the story of your joys and sorrows. Among the blessings of earth none are more valuable than that of a sympathetic friend. But it is not every one that can enter into your feelings and sympathize with you freely. He may be very pleasant and agreeable, may speak kindly and act lovingly, and yet not be equal to that tender sympathy that the soul at times needs.

Not every one can look through the windows of your soul down into your heart—some too high, some too low in stature. But Jesus is brother and friend to every one. Mary and Martha were very unlike, but he touched the hearts of both. He could touch all the keys in every human heart. He can speak to you in the peculiar language of your own soul.

A Welsh woman who loved Jesus was talking with an Englishman about the Saviour. She said Jesus was a Welshman.

"Oh no," said the Englishman, "he was not."

"Yes, he was."

"Why, no; he was a Jew;" and he proceeded to prove it from the Scriptures.

She was convinced, and not a little crestfallen to think that her loved country had not given birth to the Saviour.

"Well," said she, "he understands our language; for when he speaks to me, he always speaks in Welsh."

She was right that time. He speaks to every one in the language of his own heart. You never misun-

derstand him. You know just what he meant when he said by his Spirit, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee."

You know what he meant when he said in the dark days of trouble that came upon you, "All these things work together for good to them that love God."

You know what he meant when he said, "I will never leave nor forsake thee." He understands you, and can make you understand him."

A lady who had lost a dear daughter by death, and was very disconsolate, journeyed thirty miles to see a friend to whom she might unburden her heart. But she received no comfort. "She don't understand my case," said the heartbroken mother as she returned to her home. Her friend's sympathy was too scant for so deep a sorrow. Soon after that she heard a sermon in which Jesus spoke to her soul, and she found that he understood her case. He could be touched with the feeling of her infirmities. She went home comforted.

"To you which believe he is precious" as a sympathetic friend. Do you believe with all your heart? He cannot do much for you if you doubt him. Doubt will put you so far from him that you cannot hear his sweet voice of assurance and love. Doubt will break the cords of sympathy and make him seem cold and strange. Draw near by faith.

JESUS PLEASED.

The poor widow who cast into the treasury two mites—all the money she had—pleased the Saviour. It was not the money that pleased him, but the faith

that prompted her to give it. Nothing displeased him more than unbelief. Faith is the mainspring of all well-doing.

Unbelief is the fountain of all vice. There is in the human heart a tendency to doubt.

A Western Methodist early in his religious life consecrated one-tenth of his gain to God. He engaged in manufacturing. God and he were the firm. The business prospered. At length, during the war-times, God's share of the gain reached thirty, forty and fifty dollars a day.

Avarice paid our brother a visit, and suggested that it was unreasonable to give so much for benevolent and religious purposes every day. It was fanatical. A portion was withheld. The same night the man awoke from slumber, and found his room brilliantly illuminated. He looked out and saw his mills burning. God was withdrawing from the firm. Many others have done the same thing and suffered in the same way.

This poor widow could trust God. She is about to cast in all that she had.

"Now, good woman, you had better keep one mite; you may want bread to-morrow. Cast in one, and keep the other."

"I can trust God for to-morrow. God wants money to-day."

"But, sister, be prudent; you will need a new dress soon. Lay up one mite for that purpose. Save a little every day."

"I can trust God for raiment."

In go the two mites, and that kind of *improvidence*

pleased the Saviour. He would have his disciples note that kind of faith.

By her side, I imagine, stood Mr. Moneybags, and cast in ten thousand mites. As the money went jingling down the people said, "What liberality!"

"Mr. Moneybags, please, sir, will you tell me how much you cast into the treasury? I perceive it was a very large sum."

"Certainly. True, I cannot tell exactly, for we are not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth; but as near as I can tell, about ten thousand mites."

Had there been a newspaper published in Jerusalem the next morning, the fact would have been heralded in something like this style: "Unprecedented liberality! Hon. Mr. Moneybags yesterday cast into the treasury ten thousand mites. It is seldom that any one gives so much to the cause of God. We should raise a monument seventy-five feet high to the honor of Brother Moneybags. At least, let his praise be in all the churches!"

But Jesus made no mention of Hon. Mr. Moneybags. What was ten thousand mites to a man who had four hundred thousand mites besides?

But this poor widow, who had faith that prompted her to cast in all she had, and trust in God for all that was to come, had done something worthy to be talked about. And do you think that he forgot her ever after? When the young lions got their share, and the ravens were fed, and the sparrow found her crumb, was the poor widow left to starve?

"Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

THE MODEL FAMILY AND ITS ROYAL GUEST.

It was composed of three persons, Mary, Martha and Lazarus. The parents were, most likely, already dead, in the spirit-land.

Mary is mentioned first, as if she might have been the head of the family, but it was doubtless because she loved Jesus the most ardently, for she washed the Saviour's feet with her tears and wiped them dry with the hair of her head. She also anointed him with costly ointment; and whenever it was at all possible, she sat at Jesus' feet to receive the words of wisdom as they fell from his heavenly lips. She seemed to act as though she knew that the world would not be long favored with his presence in the flesh, and hence she was anxious to catch and preserve every word of his as if it had been a drop of finest gold. She belonged to a class of women, many of whom still live on the earth, who through calm and storm, wet and dry, hot and cold, wend their way to the house of God, *not to show their finery*, but to hear what the blessed Lord may say. Yes, Mary sat at Jesus' feet. The world might not think it a high seat, yet to-day the archangel has no higher. Martha was a different character. She was one of your careful housewives—could tell you at any time just how many table-cloths and towels she had, every dish and cup was in its place, such a thing as a visible particle of dust could not be found about her house, and I suppose she felt as much frightened to see a fly buzzing about the parlor as to

see a sinful habit about to settle on her soul. Still, she was not devoid of spiritual loveliness, for it is written, "Jesus loved Martha and her sister." Yet it is quite evident that she carried her care about worldly and household matters too far, for one day when Jesus was at her house she evidently put *business* before *spirituality*. Jesus was teaching. Mary, as usual, was sitting at his feet, in love devouring every word he spoke. She felt that the Lord of glory had come to hold a few revival meetings, and she would not miss a service. Martha was showing her love for Jesus in another way. She was off in the kitchen, stewing, baking and frying—"caring about many things." Oh yes, she was going to show her friend from Nazareth what a dinner her house could afford. At length, wanting Mary's help about her extra cooking, she went into the room where Jesus was, and there she found Mary sitting at his feet. Speaking in rather an upbraiding way to both Jesus and Mary, she says, "Master, carest not thou that Mary hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me." But Jesus said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful about many things. thou art getting up a great dinner, but Mary hath chosen something better than that—the good part that shall not be taken away from her." Jesus saw that in carefulness about the things of this world she was neglecting the spiritual and eternal.

Yet the careful Marthas are not to be wholly condemned. The world is somewhat more cleanly and comfortable because of their careful labors, yet they sometimes *overdo*. There are times when careful Martha should lay aside household care and go with spirit-

ual Mary to sit at Jesus' feet. Martha often stays away from the Camp Meeting or other religious services to get up a feast, or iron off the last handkerchief or collar, when she should be away catching the golden words falling from wisdom's lips. It is rare, when the balance is so nicely adjusted, that one can serve

> "With careful Martha's hands,
> And loving Mary's heart."

Of Lazarus not much is said, yet he is put on about the same footing with Martha and Mary, for it is said "Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus."

One beautiful trait we discover in his character—he loved his sisters. Father and mother were dead. But Lazarus, unlike many another brother, did not forsake them; he stood between them and the rough, cold world. Commend me to the young man who shows a practical love for his sisters.

Such was the Bethany family. It was a model home—three hearts bound together by the ties of the purest consanguineous love, and Jesus in the midst as the central heart of all. Should an angel, when bearing a message from God to some distant territory of his dominions, need a place of rest for a night, methinks he would not disdain to lodge in such a home. Reader, are all hearts in your home circle bound together by the golden bands of love, and does Jesus dwell there with you? If so, yours is a happy home. Your house may be humble and plain, it may not be a "brown-stone," in a fashionable street; but if Jesus and love are guests, then it is a happy and honored place.

THE HAPPY FEAST AT BETHANY.

"And they made a supper, and Martha served, but Lazarus was one of them who sat at the table with him." This wonderful scene took place after the resurrection of Lazarus. It was a reunion of the Bethany family and their friend Jesus. Lazarus had come back from the grave to the sisters, and they were glad. Can your imagination help you to a conception of the scene? I suppose they had the best they could get from the markets for the table, just as you would do if your brother had died, and some great physician had gone to the vault and restored him to life, and you had made a feast for both brother and physician.

"And Martha served." And didn't she serve willingly? See her looking first at Jesus and then at her risen brother, and now how willingly she trips off to get another dish! She don't find fault with Mary for not helping her now, as she did on a former occasion, but, methinks, in her gratitude to Jesus for giving her back her brother, is willing to do it all. And Mary—she troubled herself about neither cooking nor eating, but she took a pound of ointment and anointed Jesus, and she could just as willingly have laid her life down at his feet. Jesus had loved them all and raised Lazarus from the dead; could she withhold anything from him? A host of angels were there too, I doubt not, to witness the scene.

And shall not *we* make a feast for Jesus? Has he not done something for us? Did he not raise us out of the tomb of sin? Look we not upon some that are dear to us who were dead, but are "alive again"?

Think too of the final resurrection, when, in literal truth, every grave shall be opened, and we all be borne away to the land of rest. Should *we* not make a feast for Jesus? But what shall we put on the altar before him? What will please him? Hear him: "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee; for the world is mine and the fullness thereof. Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or the blood of goats? Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High." Bring your hearts full of gratitude and offer them to God.

"Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation—
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

Bring your hearts as an offering to Jesus, and we'll have a feast of love around the cross. "The prayers of the poor in spirit" shall ascend as sweet incense to our Lord, and blessings sweet as manna shall descend upon our souls. Bring hearts, *whole* hearts, *perfect* hearts, *contrite* hearts, to Jesus just now.

MAKE SURE OF YOUR ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast."

Venture not out upon the sea of life without the sure and steadfast anchor.

Behold a fleet of soul-ships launching forth on the voyage for eternity. Among them *four* attract your

special attention. The first is commanded by Captain Orthodox Christian. He will not sail away until he has the heaviest and strongest double-sheet anchor that he can procure. He foresees that there will be storms and calms, dark, cloudy days when no reckoning can be made—that toward the close of the voyage the low, rocky, stormy coasts of death must be approached, when, if he have not a good anchor, his vessel must be wrecked. Hence he "lays hold of the hope set before him" in the gospel. True, he cannot carry so much merchandise and make so many pleasant excursions if he have so heavy an anchor, but he prefers safety to temporary pleasure and profit.

You notice a second ship, commanded by Captain Love-the-world. He admits that there are hidden rocks and sand-bars to be encountered in the voyage, that the coast beyond the sea of life is dangerous, and that one will often need to cast anchor and wait for fair weather, abatement of the storm or for a pilot. But as he does not wish to be encumbered with a heavy anchor in the early part of the voyage, and dreaming that there is an island called Death-bed-repentance toward the end of the voyage at which an anchor can be procured, he takes the risk, and goes forth without an anchor.

See another vessel; her captain says there are no reefs, sand-bars, dangerous coasts or fierce storms to be encountered. He can prove that all the ships will safely enter port on the other side. Hence he wants no such heavy anchor as has Captain Orthodox Christian—it would be in his way. As it is fashionable for ships to take anchors, he will take a nice, light anchor,

of one fluke, called Universalism, more for ornament than anything else, and going to the foundry of Devil, Pride & Co., gets what he wants and goes forth.

But behold the fourth ship, commanded by Captain Infidel. He says there are no shores beyond the sea —no port to enter; that the vessels will sail on until they decay, and then sink to the bottom and have no further existence.

Death-an-eternal-sleep is all the port he knows anything of. Hence he wants no anchor at all, and he laughs at all who do.

Now the voyage is commenced, and they are on the vast sea. For a while the voyage is pleasant enough. Captain Orthodox Christian seems to fare no better than do his companions. Indeed, they seem to have the best of it; for while he, because of his heavy burden, has to steer right along in the channel of truth without deviation, they sail away before every wind of pleasure, and make excursions into many a bay of licentiousness and sin. They ridicule his puritanic strictness and laugh at his long-faced piety.

But now the scene changes. From afar the storm demon puts in motion his steeds of wind; the wing of the whirlwind lashes the ocean to foam. The sea looks like rolling mountains and leaping hills. Where are our vessels now? Yonder, driving before the gale. Already through the thickening gloom you see the rocks along the stormy coasts of death, while in the surge dancing around the rocks you see evil spirits eager to drag wrecked souls down to deepest hell. Away beyond that deceitful coast is a fair land whose hills are clad in fadeless light. A narrow channel

leads through the rocks and quicksands of death to a safe harbor where ships from the sea of Time are securely moored.

But see the ships! How they drive before the storm right toward that dangerous shore!

Captain Love-the-world vainly tries to stop at the island of Death-bed-repentance to get an anchor. The storm drives him on, and his soul disappears beneath the angry surge. The Universalist throws out his little anchor, but it drags before the storm, and one wild shriek of despair tells that all is lost.

The Infidel, as he faces the stern reality of death, learns too late the folly of his choice; and striking on the rocks of despair, devils seize his soul and drag him down into the caverns of woe.

But now see the Christian. His ship too drives before the gale; the storm of death gathers fast around him; malignant demons shriek in his ears. But he casts anchor, he finds it "sure and steadfast," it "enters into that within the vail;" though his ship rocks on the angry sea, he is safe. Jesus the good Pilot comes out to meet him, pilots him in through the channel into the safe harbor, while the delivered soul sings:

> "Home at last, home at last,
> From an earthly shore,
> And I have joined the ransomed ones
> That passed on long before."

Venture not upon the sea of life without the Christian's sure and steadfast anchor. It is not safe. It matters not how well equipped your soul otherwise may be. Native integrity may be your ballast, Wis-

dom may command your ship, Sagacity may be on the lookout, Intelligence may point the course, Investigation may fathom the deep, Philosophy may guide the helm, Mathematics may reckon the log and Morality be chaplain on board; and yet if you go forth without the Christian's "hope which as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, enters into that within the vail," you will find that when the storm sets in and the night of death closes round, destruction will come upon you and damnation will be your doom.

FAITH MIGHTY.

See Abraham sitting in his tent door. God tells him to take his son to a mountain in the land of Moriah, and there give him for a burnt-offering. Without conferring with flesh and blood, he prepares for the journey and the awful sacrifice; and on the morning of the third day I see him on the top of the mountain, with the altar built, fire kindled, Isaac bound and the knife raised to strike the blow.

What now, Abraham? Wilt thou slay thy son, and make the promise of God of no effect? Has not God said, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called"?

"Yes, I know that is the promise, but now God has commanded me to offer Isaac for a burnt-offering, and I will do it, for God will raise him from the dead."

"Didst thou ever see one rise from the dead that had been cut in pieces and burnt to ashes?"

"No; but the same God who made the promise has given the commandment, and the command cannot make war on the promise."

How the patriarch's faith carries him above the dust

raised by human reason! Abraham knew that God's promise would march right forward to fulfillment.

THE RELAPSE OF FAITH.

Peter was in prison. Herod meant to kill him after the Passover. But the Christian friends of Peter did not forget him. "Ceaseless" prayer was offered up for his deliverance. A special prayer-meeting was held at the house of Mary Mark for that purpose. It was a solemn time. James was dead; his blood even then reddened the ground. Was Peter to die too? His precious life hung in the balance. Unless God stepped beyond the operation of natural law to interfere in his behalf, his useful years must end. They believed God could do it. They had not yet learned that God was a slave to the laws himself had made, and could not suspend their operation or go beyond them for man's good and in answer to prayer. It was left for the unbelief of a succeeding age to shut God up in a network of law from which he could not escape.

They asked God, in the simplicity of their faith, to deliver Peter from jail, and God did it. While they were praying and believing, there was a knock at the door. Rhoda, a young girl who was there with them praying, tripped softly to the door, and asked, "Who is there?" "It is I—Peter!"

Immediately her soul overflowed with joy: "Glory to God! He has heard our prayers; Peter is free!"

She didn't even think to open the door, but ran back crying to the others, "Peter is free; he is out of jail!"

Did they rejoice, praising God too? No; they would not believe her word, but said, "Thou art mad!"

Strange relapse into unbelief! Had been praying *in faith* for this very thing, and now, when their prayer was answered in full, and one of their number reported Peter standing at the outer gate, free and well, they swung back into unbelief, and said it could not be. How natural is unbelief! Thus you, young convert, when under conviction of sin, prayed God to forgive you and convert your soul. It was done. You were filled with the light of the morning. Joy, like a flood, poured in upon your soul and testified of God's grace.

But in a little while the tempter suggested that it was a delusion, and you said, "Oh, I am afraid that I was mistaken!" You relapsed again into unbelief.

Mother, your child was sick. The crisis came; you knelt by the bedside; how you prayed God to raise your child! It was done. Next morning, when the physician came, he said the child was better and would recover. Did you praise God for it? No; you hardly remembered that you had prayed to him in behalf of your child. You praised the physician, recommended him to all your acquaintances, but said nothing about the great Physician to whom you had applied in your trouble; you suffered a relapse of faith.

Or you were sick yourself. The tide of life ran far down. Physicians gave you up. Some dear friend knelt at your side as knelt Luther at the side of the sick Melanchthon and wrestled with God for you. You felt in your soul that his prayer saved you.

But as you got better you became ashamed of that impression, and spoke not of it, lest some one should consider you a fanatic, for that kind of faith is not fashionable in the churches. You relapsed into unbelief.

Or you were in a financial strait; your note in bank was maturing. You had asked for help all around among your friends. No help was found; ruin stared you full in the face. You got down on your knees and asked God to help you in some way, and in a most unlooked-for way the help came, and you were out of jail.

But did you glorify God for deliverance? No; you almost forgot that you had prayed, or if you remembered it, perhaps you were ready to think your deliverance as much due to your own perseverance and skill, and to *luck*, as to any interference on the part of God. So you yielded to unbelief.

So, too, in regard to the blessing of holiness. Faith brings the blessing of pardon and the spirit of life. But you are told that another and most precious blessing stands at the door knocking, even the blessing of a pure heart. But you are incredulous. "Thou art mad, to suppose that I can be pure in this impure world!" Where is your faith in Jesus? Almost gone. You have relapsed into unbelief. Stand up, Abraham like, and believe. "Stagger not!"

EVANGELISM.

EVANGELISTS.—SEND THEM OUT.

THE Church begins to recognize her need of regularly-appointed evangelists. We have evangelists now, but they are, in a sense, self-appointed. Or, perhaps, it would be better to say that God has called or appointed them, but the Church has not. And yet the Church in her cries for aid has called them and employed them, though she has not recognized them by law.

In the present state of things they are needed. Very few ministers have all the qualifications needed by preacher and pastor. One can preach well and powerfully, drawing and entertaining large audiences, but lacks the power to bring souls to immediate action. Another, though he may have many of the requisites for success in revival labors, don't know what in the world to do with a prayer-meeting when he has it on his hands, so that, though he cuts a good swath, he knows not how to cure and garner it.

A third has large capacity for the secular and financial business of the church, but cannot touch the

masses—preaching Sabbath after Sabbath to a few sleepy people and many empty seats.

A fourth has so much pastoral work—so many sick to visit, so many dead to bury and so many odds and ends to look after—that he cannot (unless he is one of those rare, many-sided men that can, at the same time, push a hundred interests with success) properly conduct revivalistic labors from night to night and from week to week.

On the other hand, there are others who are specially endowed for evangelistic labors. They have power over the masses; their word cuts like a sword and pierces like a spear; they seem to know how to bring souls to action *now;* in managing a prayer-meeting they seem to be able to plant the whole congregation right at the gate of heaven and close to the ear of God. On the other hand, for the dry detail of church business and disciplinary oversight, they may have neither capacity nor taste. To shut such a man up in one little field is to shut him away from his legitimate work, and to leave much of the business of the church to which he is assigned only half attended to.

And to leave a church that is under the pastorate of a minister who is skilled in the detail of church business, but lacking in revivalistic power and spiritual force, is to leave it to languish and drag on miserably, as hundreds of churches are now doing, waiting for the advent of a pastor who can wake them up, and keep them awake.

You may advise these men who can do only one or two things well to wake up, to cultivate their powers, stir about and be good at everything. Good advice;

and if every man was fully endowed on every side, it might be followed; and if a minister tries to follow it, he will accomplish more than if he does not try.

But take us as we are, and it will be found that many of us have not natural endowments sufficient to warrant success in all this varied work. You might as well expect every man who is skillful in raising potatoes to be eminent as a machinist at the same time, and every great statesman to be a great general too. When you find one who knows everything and can do everything, let him go on doing everything. But when you have a man who can do one thing well, but has no aptitude for many other things that should be done, let him continue in the line of his specialty, and get some one to aid him in doing what he cannot do so well.

Send forth the evangelist to aid those pastors who either have not the ability and skill, or time for the measure of revival effort necessary to rouse a dead church and community and bring the people to God. And if a pastor hitherto eminently successful as a revivalist should find himself failing to stir the dead around him in a given instance, let him not be ashamed to send for some one who, under God, may be instrumental in animating his church and bringing souls to Christ. Every man to his specialty in the Church as well as in the callings of secular life.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

Many a minister has lived on this promise when everything else has failed. There is Elijah by the brook; been preaching for God, out of money and out of bread. His *stewards* had made a light apportion-

ment for him, and the classes had paid up but poorly. Out of money and out of bread! He thinks he would about as lief die now as not, and close out his interest in this world.

But God's word still stands good—"I am with you"—and now there is the whir of wings about his head, and the ravens as waiters come with meat; he eats, drinks from the brook and is satisfied.

There is Paul. He has a poor appointment this year. The people, voting him a poor preacher, conclude they will not receive him at all, so they put two chains on him and send him to Rome. There he is on the ship. But all forces and powers seem to be in arms against him. The storm rages, the vessel leaks, the soldiers threaten to kill him, the ship sinks and leaves him struggling in the waters, the great waves go over him, and after the hardest work getting to shore a snake bites him. Poor Paul has a hard time preaching for God. And yet all the while he hears in a soft undertone the blessed Saviour's voice, "Lo, I am with you alway." And under this blessed assurance he exclaims: "But none of these things move me;" and goes forth on his mission, laboring for God and for souls as though nothing trying had occurred.

> "Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
> Though pressed by every foe,
> That will not tremble on the brink
> Of any earthly woe."

Do God's work well, and he will do well by you. Should the severest affliction come upon you, God will be with you and let you know it. Dr. Olin, when con-

fined to his room by the sickness of which he died, was one day walking the floor, not being as yet down to the bed. His little boy was sick in the cradle in the same room. Suddenly he said, "Papa, take baby." When in the father's arms, he said, "Papa, kiss baby, mamma, kiss baby." When that was done, he said, "Now God take baby," and died at once. The blow to that sick father's heart was heavy, but he so plainly saw God in the child's death that he calmly submitted It was as if God had said, "Lo, I am with you alway." It was a faith

> "That will not murmur nor complain
> Beneath the chastening rod,
> But in the hour of grief or pain
> Will lean upon its God."

LET THE WOMEN PREACH.

Women should have the right to preach the gospel—to persuade men and women to come to Christ. One of the highest privileges ever vouchsafed by God to a human being is that of doing good to others. To be made the instrument of saving a soul from sin and hell fills the heart with a joy unequaled by any other joy. To be cut off from this privilege is the cruelest wrong that can be inflicted upon a man or woman. This wrong is inflicted upon the Christian woman of the Church. Though she may yearn for the salvation of souls, though she may be highly gifted and though her voice may be surpassingly sweet and eloquent, yet she may not take the public stand to invite the people to the cross of Christ. The field may be broad, the harvest white and the laborers few, yet she may not, in

the exercise of ministerial functions, garner sheaves for Jesus. True, she may pray in some private circle, may in one or two denominations relate her experience, may give a tract here and there, but to proclaim Jesus to the multitude she is not permitted. What a cruel wrong! Imagine you are in India. The street out there is full of starving men, women and children. Many are in the last stages. There in that house is a woman having an abundant supply of food. Her heart palpitates, her tears flow, at the sight of the suffering so near her. But she may not take full baskets and go forth to feed those hungry, dying ones. Law and custom forbid it. If some poor wretch can but stagger up to her window, she may, in a very quiet way and with covered face, give him a crumb. But though she may weep with desire to save the multitude, she may not go forth. How cruel the wrong both to them and to her!

Is not this true in respect to woman and to the gospel of the Son of God? See the multitudes dying for want of the bread of life. Many a woman who has a ready address and could sway the multitudes has also a burning desire to go and tell the people of Jesus. But she may not preach the word. She is not free, even in this land, to do this! Only Quakers have recognized woman's right to preach the gospel as the Spirit and her conscience may move her. Even the Methodists, who have in so many things broken over the restraints imposed by a darker age, have failed in this. They have licensed but one woman to preach the gospel in this land. And as if to approve this step, God is owning her labors in a most wonderful manner. She has labored with almost unprecedented success

among some of the most highly-cultivated people of New England, New York and the West. At this very time she is kindling the flames of revival and has invitations to scores of churches that she has no time to visit.

Let Christian women no longer be withheld from preaching the gospel to any that will lend listening ears. But this is an era of progress. *One* woman licensed to preach Jesus is a sign that more are coming. The wrongs will cease by and by. The right is marching on. As the sun of truth rises higher and higher in the moral heavens, the mistakes, errors and wrongs of the night recede and disappear. Faith takes new ground, hope mounts higher, and right prepares to proclaim her universal reign!

"THE HARVESTERS."

Great is the breadth of the harvest-field, but the laborers are few. There are, it is true, many laborers standing in their places waiting for souls to come to be saved, but not many ready to go out and shout to the unwilling multitudes, and, as it were, force salvation into their souls. The world will not be saved until the Church becomes more *impertinent, impudent, aggressive.* Build, if you please, a thousand handsome churches, and put into every one of them a prim theologian to wait with due dignity until the people come in and decorously sit down to be saved, and you will find it long before much saving is done.

We want soul-harvesters who will go where souls are and raise an excitement among them—who will pitch a big tent somewhere, or sing together a crowd

on the corner, or go to some dead church, and then in love utter burning words that will make souls move in some direction. We want laborers who will in some way get out of the network of Church proprieties within which so many are slaves, and going forth, labor anywhere, like the free sons of God. We want evangelists, too, who have their eyes open wide enough to see that all who are by profession within the pale of the Church are not saints—that the chief business of soul-harvesters is not simply to "preach to sinners" (outside sinners), and to get such converted, varied by telling professors how happy they are to be in heaven by and by when they meet their little children and mothers, but that there is in the Lord's garner (the Church) a vast mass of rubbish and chaff that needs to be cleaned and winnowed up before any more sheaves are brought in.

A band to be called "The Harvesters" is being organized in New Jersey for this kind of work, and it is to be hoped that its members will have some of the above qualifications. Their motto is to be "Holiness to the Lord." They will make direct efforts—1st, to *perfect* professed Christians, and 2d, to get souls converted. They will stand ready to help each other in their respective churches, and to visit any other place from which there comes the Macedonian cry, the whole band going together and remaining for two or three days.

It will be composed of ministers and laymen, not excluding "elect women," all pledging themselves to *holiness* and *work*. Such a band, moving under the impulses of the Holy Ghost, might regenerate the

whole Church in a Conference, produce a moral revolution in a State, barricade the broad road to death and hell, and open the gate of pearl to unnumbered thousands of souls.

We hope the "Harvesters" will put their sickles into many fields during the coming autumn and winter, and by the advent of another summer have a mammoth tabernacle ready to shelter thousands, while salvation is offered to them in the name of the Lamb.*

DIVIDING THE CHURCH.

Certain writers in some of our Church periodicals express the fear that the National Camp Meeting movement will split the Church. How getting souls converted and sanctified by hundreds and warming up thousands of dead professors is to produce schism we are not informed, nor can we guess, unless it is on the principle that a frozen mass cannot be divided until it is *thawed.* On this ground there may be danger, for wherever these meetings are held there is a very great *thaw*, and when the *thawed* ones go home, there is pretty generally a thaw there.

We think there certainly cannot be much danger to the Church in the movements of twelve or fifteen ministers who go about the country holding mammoth Camp Meetings, at which they spend their time and strength in persuading the people to love God with all their hearts, and to be kind and loving to all. Their

* These suggestions were assuming practical shape, and would have resulted in an immediate organization but for the urgent demands of other duties on those who were designated to lead the movement.—EDITOR.

pacific efforts may split something, but they seem much more likely to draw together and bind up.

It is possible, even in these days, "to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." It would be better to bid these men Godspeed, even though they may not *invite us to preach at their Camp Meetings.* A little more holiness and perfect love won't hurt the Church much.

No need of putting on an extinguisher just yet. "Be ye holy," and get everybody else to follow your example.

THE FUTURE OF OCEAN GROVE.*

I have been asked, "What will be the future of Ocean Grove?" And I have answered in substance as follows:

"Its patronage will be limited only by its capacity to accommodate.

"Its matchless tonics, sea air and atmosphere laden with the odor of the pines, together with the excellent medicinal qualities of its abundant drinking-water, will attract the sick.

"The wonders of the ocean, the picturesque beauty of the lakes and shady retreats of the grove, have charms for all.

"The purity of the moral atmosphere and the entrancing services of the camp-ground will draw the good and spiritual.

"The railroad facilities to be established within a few months will afford convenience of access from New York, Philadelphia and the populous Middle States in general. It will be a Methodist city—rather, a Chris-

* One of the last articles written by Rev. R. V. Lawrence, June, 1872.

tian city; for Christians of all names are already flocking thither.

"As there are at least one hundred and fifty, perhaps two hundred, cottages now built, in process of construction or under contract for erection, I have no doubt that in five years there will be one thousand cottages on the ground. Living in these and in boarding-houses and tents, there will be a summer population of from five to eight thousand people; and yet, because of the extent of the ground, the width of the avenues and the space reserved for parks, all these will have abundance of room and all the pure air that the ocean can supply.

"Owing to the stimulus imparted by Ocean Grove to the surrounding country, there will be in ten years, within a circle of two miles, measuring from the preaching stand and including Asbury Park, a summer population of ten or fifteen, maybe twenty, thousand souls, without reckoning the transient multitudes of Camp Meeting week."

Many will think the above estimates very wild, but give this article a place in your scrap-book, and wait and see. Nor is this written in the interests of the Ocean Grove association. The enterprise is already safe. But these lines are penned for the benefit of those who are anxious to secure cheap summer homes in connection with religious privileges and good society. Nowhere else can you get so much sea, quiet, good society, health and grace for the same money.

OUR FUTURE INHERITANCE.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE WITH THY LIKENESS."

YOU may not now clearly see the likeness of Christ on your soul. You may believe that the blood cleanseth, and that the divine nature has been imparted, and you may feel, too, that impurity has gone from your soul, and yet, as you turn your eye in upon your thoughts and feelings and consider your words and involuntary motions, you may not *see* the image of God upon you so clearly as you could wish.

Wandering and undesirable thoughts may float along between your eye and the image on your heart. Words not always wise may detract from your own estimate of your wisdom and Godlikeness. Fleshly disturbances may affect your mind. In one case heaviness of the flesh may stupefy the soul; in another, nervous disorder may agitate the heart so as to make you to yourself look unlike the immutable God. Thus a cloud of infirmities may hover along over your soul, hiding from your eye the beautiful image that has been stamped there. Others may see it more plainly than

yourself. But in the morning of the resurrection you will see it, infirmities being gone, and be "satisfied."

The young swan is proverbially ugly. Fable has it that a young swan was hatched in the nest of another fowl. It was so ugly that all the fowls of the yard began to pick it. Ashamed of itself and afraid of its enemies, it ran away to a swampy place and hid for months, supporting itself as best it could. In the mean time, all unconsciously to itself, it was putting on the beauty that nature has given to the swan. Early in autumn in its wanderings it came to a beautiful lake, and swimming out on its glassy bosom, fell in with a number of its own species, none of which it had ever seen before. It admired their beauty, but was ashamed of what it supposed was yet its own ugly appearance. But on looking down into the clear water it was startled to see what it was convinced was its own image, and to its joy found itself as white, symmetrical and graceful as the beautiful birds it had just been admiring and envying.

So you, marred by infirmities, disturbed by doubts, accused by Satan, blamed by the world and sometimes reproved by the good, are not always satisfied with yourself. Sometimes you are greatly discouraged. But hold on by faith; look not at self so much, but at Jesus more. Keep yourself just where the Sun of righteousness can shine upon you all the time, at the last fall asleep in Jesus, and when the angel wakes you up early in the morning of the resurrection, you'll not only see a great many Christlike ones all around you, but will yourself awake "with his likeness," and "be satisfied."

HEAVEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH.

The soul, between death and judgment, is in a condition that may be called the intermediate state; but what warrant is there in Scripture for believing that it is also in an intermediate *place*—in some halfway heaven, in some ante-room, waiting a thousand years or so for an usher to come and lead the long expectant soul into the presence of the great King? Is it likely that Jesus stops the soul in some "lower bay" for quarantine, as if it was not quite ready yet for the purity of heaven? It does seem that some delight in stripping religion and heaven of as many of their attractions as possible, so as to give Satan the best possible chance for misleading and overcoming souls.

Heaven at once after death, without quarantine, without delay, is, no doubt, the Christian's home. After years of toil or self-denial, of fightings without and fears within—after perhaps dying for Christ at the stake, or in the gloomy vaults of the Inquisition, or in the den of ferocious beasts—do you imagine that Jesus will keep his saints off in some outside territory, and not let them in to eat the fruits fresh from the tree of life, and drink of the streams of joy flowing forth from the throne of God, until after the long lapse of ages? No; the Master is not so slow to pay.

As death approaches the saint always seems to find out that heaven is near. Thus Elijah, by some means, ascertained that God would take him, body and soul, "into heaven;" not into an "intermediate place." 2 Kings i. 2. And the thing pleased Elijah well; he was ready for such a journey as that. He and Elisha went

down to Bethel, and then to Jericho, and then to Jordan, whose waters he smote with his mantle, dividing them as when Israel came up out of Egypt. Just over on the other bank he found the chariot of fire, and went "up into heaven," soul and body, where he found Moses without any body, with whom, after some hundreds of years, he descended to the Mount of Transfiguration to hold a conference with Jesus of Nazareth concerning the death that he was to accomplish at Jerusalem.

After death, then heaven. Did you ever know a dying saint with eternal things in full view to say, "Oh, I see the intermediate place"? When Stephen was dying, did he see the intermediate place, or "heaven opened"? Lately I visited the death-chamber of one of these favored ones. She seemed to see heaven so clearly. I asked her which seemed the most *real*, this world or *that* "over there." "Oh," said she, with ecstasy, "this is the land of shadows—that is the real world." She seemed almost out of this world, and to her spirit's eye God revealed, not an "intermediate place," but heaven. Hold fast to your title to an immediate home in heaven. Let no man call it an "intermediate place." Beware of those who take pleasure in making God's truths a *little less* than what the language implies—those who are always clipping God's coin. With some the declaration that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin" means a little *less* than all sin. "Sanctify you wholly" don't mean quite wholly—it means somewhat, but not quite that. "Without spot or wrinkle" must be taken with some grains of allowance. So all God's promises must be discounted; the paper is not quite up to the gold standard. Beware of

such. They'll "explain away" the heart from all your hopes. They would have you believe that heaven is only "a state," or for some thousands of years only "an intermediate place," that eternal things are only shadows, that the difference between heaven and hell is only as the difference between a pleasant and an unpleasant dream. But there is nothing so real, so substantial, as the truth of God and the things in the future to which they refer.

"To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord," but the Lord is in heaven; therefore, for the saint to be dead is to be in heaven. To stand "on Jordan's stormy banks," and look across to a real world and to an immediate heaven, does so help us bear the trials and afflictions of the present.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

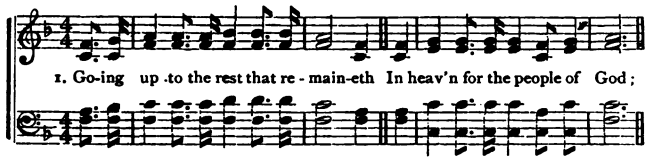
I stood in the pulpit and looked down into an open coffin upon the corpse of a young girl of only eighteen summers. She had died in the triumph of Christian faith, and was beautiful even in death. Upon her frozen lips there still seemed to linger a smile of holy joy. Her cheek, though robbed of the roses of health, was as fair as the lily of the vale. Her eye was closed in death, but her arched brow was as beautiful as ever, and around her transparent forehead the soft brown hair was placidly laid. Her motionless body was wrapped in snowy white, spotted here and there with green leaves that a friendly tree of the homestead might have wept upon her bier. I felt that the maid was sweetly sleeping in Jesus, but methought, "Must all this beauty be swallowed up in the grave and

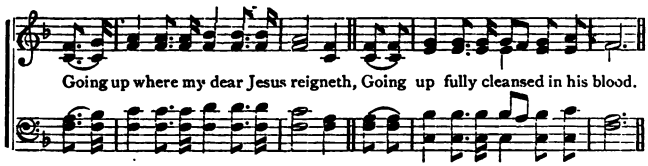
eternally hid in its gloom?" No, no; the answer came flashing from the heavens, "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." The tomb has a door that opens heavenward, and the precious dust, animated by Jesus, the Life-giver, shall go out thereat, clad in immortality's fairest robes, and entering through the gates into the city, live for ever in that blessed land of the living. Why weep when loved ones die in Jesus? Would you disturb their rest in the quiet grave? Would you draw them back into this land of sin and tears? Let them go, and gather up your robes and go after them.

GOING UP.

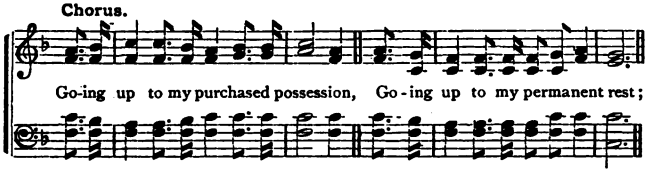
Words by JAS. NICHOLSON. Music by ASA HULL.

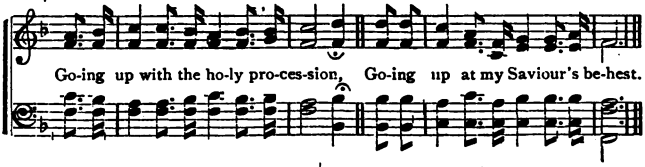
When the REV. R. V. LAWRENCE was dying, he was asked by REV. E. J. KENNEY what message he would send to the people. Lifting his hand, and pointing heavenward, he said: "*Going up! up! up! Tell everybody to be ready.*" He preached his last sermon at Broad and Arch Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, from these words: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—HEB. iv. 9.





Chorus.





2.

Going up with my labors all ended,
Where conflict and strife are unknown;
Going up where my Lord hath ascended,
Going up to a seat on his throne.
CHORUS.—Going up, etc.

3.

Going up to the joys everlasting,
My friends and companions to meet;
Where sanctified millions are casting
Their crowns at Emmanuel's feet.
CHORUS.—Going up, etc.

4.

Going up to unite with the voices
That like "many waters" do sound;
My soul in the prospect rejoices,
With glory I soon shall be crowned.
CHORUS.—Going up, etc.

5.

Going up with a faith calm and steady,
My day's work completed at noon;
Oh, "tell every one to be ready,"
The Master may call for them soon.
CHORUS.—Going up, etc.

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